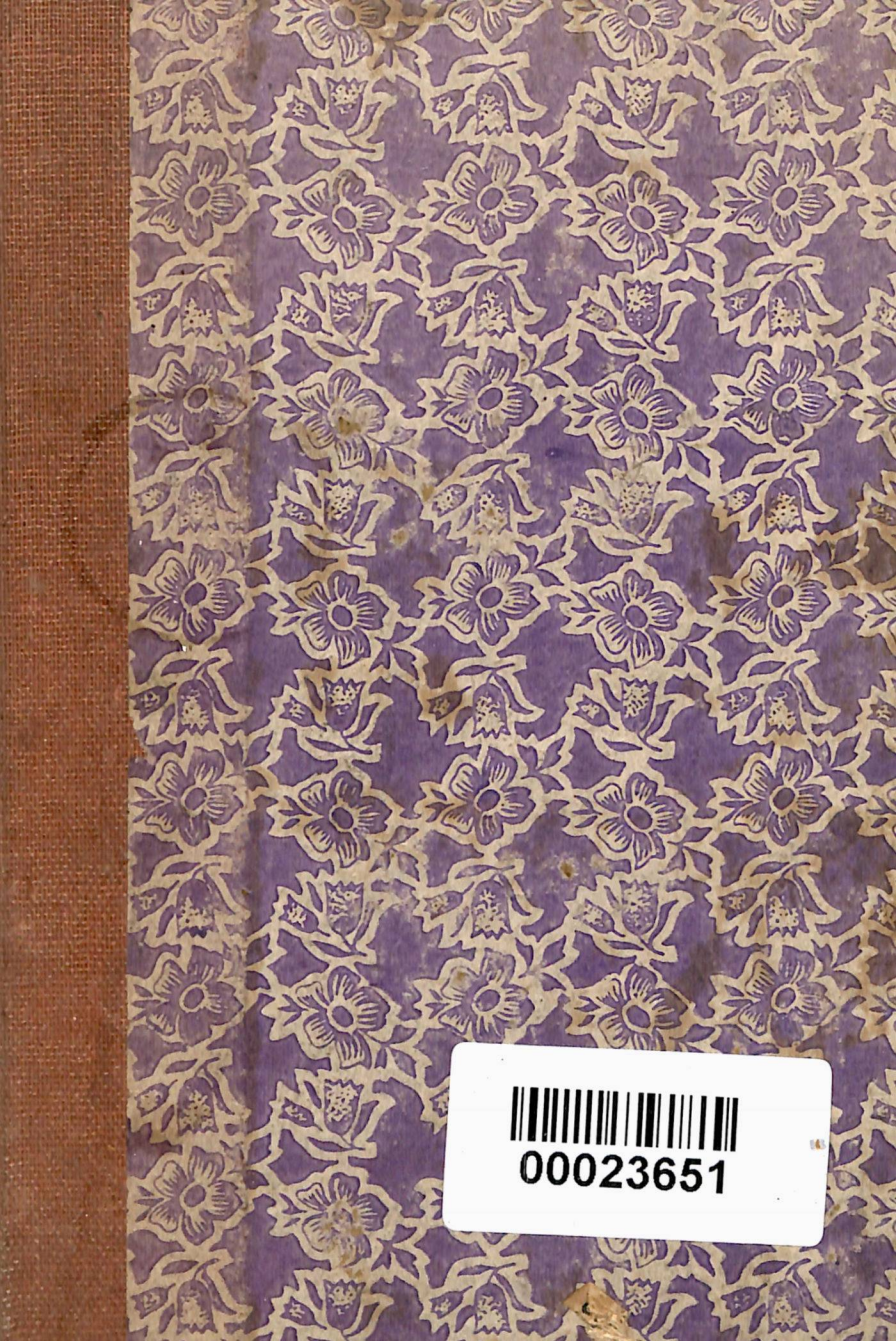
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

Autobiography

OF

AN INDIAN OFFICER.

BY

MAJOR H. M. CONRAN,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF COLONEL WHELER."

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"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—PSALM lxvi. 16.

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PREFACE.

IT is not so much to my personal history, or even to India in its earthly aspect, I have desired to draw attention in my book; for, as Bishop Hall says of his memoirs, "What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness, but what God hath done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory." It is thus, too, I desire to contribute my feeble share towards rescuing from oblivion those fleeting events wherein God's hand has been so conspicuously manifest in uniting Great Britain and India, "which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that He hath done."

It is subject of regret that, with some few illustrious exceptions, we have no modern literature in India that deals with its social and religious history. Amidst the onerous duties of government,

and fiercer struggles for existence, such subjects have been mainly left to the ephemeral articles of periodicals or to the stately pages of history. My humble attempt is offered to supply their lack of service, or rather to provoke those to jealousy who are competent to supply this vacuum.

We are witnessing in our day the revival of ancient kingdoms, and we also behold the birth of new ones. India, in her modern history, is an illustration of both. Wider in extent than was ever possessed by Oriental monarchs of old, British India yet partakes of a civilization and government approximate, if not equal, to many in Europe, and promising ere long to become part and parcel of the nation most imbued with Christianity. With the great highway of nations once more restored, whilst time and distance are neutralized by our perfected communication, what hinders the reunion of the diverse tribes and nations throughout the East, if not under one head, yet with the same principles of government and religion? This at least is the problem now being attempted; and with Britain and India already within speaking distance of each other, who will venture to say there is no sign of its accomplishment? But, as already remarked, it is not with the worldly aspect I would deal in this book.

It is on the fulcrum of social life and religion that

the history of India is moving forward. There is more to be done than to drill its population, and we must reign in their affections ere Britain can fulfil her lofty vocation as "the repairer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in." As mere political aggrandizement and material wealth cannot effect this, so no mere mechanical imitation of the past, or blind subjection to European routine, will satisfy the conditions of our trust in India. The remarkable coincidence of modern missions to the heathen rising simultaneously with our Eastern empire, would appear to denote God's purpose as to the principles and agency on which He would have it governed: "He showed His people the power of His works, that He might give them the heritage of the heathen." Effete abuses, inherited from the dark ages, cannot be transplanted to India; and to indoctrinate its people with the corruptions of a superannuated Christendom will not be permitted. Unless Christianity—and of a standard high beyond precedent—effectually permeates our laws and lives, we shall inevitably fail in the grand enterprise before us.

Other nations have risen from the fertility of their soil and climate, the abundance of their mineral and mercantile resources, or from geographical position, combined with political achievements; but in addition to all these, India possesses a source of greatness

in her vast population: "In the multitude of the people is the king's honour:" and our Eastern empire stands pre-eminent for its "nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues."

The problem how to unite such multitudinous races is now being solved. The melancholy extinction of the aborigines and other inhabitants in both North and South America, as well as in Australia, before the European immigrants, warns us of the solemn responsibility incurred by those who should admit into India an uncontrolled horde of adventurers, whose advent into other countries has hitherto been the harbinger of death and destruction. A great moral question evidently underlies this government of the heathen. That success is not unattainable seems certain, both from the earlier histories of Christianity, when barbarous nations were converted instead of being exterminated, and also from instances in modern missions, as in the islands of the sea, and the measure of success in other fields.

There has been one crying sin in all our dealings with heathen nations since our first introduction to them in the days of Captain Cook. As he assumed the character of an almost superhuman being, and exacted a homage from them little short of divine, so have we, in our intercourse with the people of India, exalted ourselves as though we were a superior order

of beings, using our many inventions and superior worldly knowledge as a means of exclusiveness to widen the gulf between us. Even our religion is practically withheld in many cases, or so wrapped up in mystery as to make it unpalatable and obscure to the simpler portion of the people. Much of our prestige, as a nation, is upheld by mere childish display and tamasha* of earthly—not to say idolatrous—ceremonies. A superstitious awe towards our persons is inculcated, that recalls the thought of Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold. The result of all this has been equally prejudicial in its effect on our own character and on that of our dependents. In ourselves it has fostered a pride of caste, and isolation from the natives; whilst in them it has produced a fawning sycophancy and slavish subservience to the will of their superiors, destructive of all manly independence.

Whilst a professing Christian government has a very solemn responsibility and immense influence for promoting the truth, it is chiefly to individual character and the example of our European communities the native looks as representing at once the governing race and the Christian religion. It is on their lives, "known and read of all men," that the progress of religion chiefly depends. Although missionaries and religious literature are supplied, it is in a proportion so scanty,

* Native shows and processions.

compared with the amount of influence exercised for good or evil by our countrymen—to say nothing of the infinitesimal ratio it bears to the number of the native population—we can hardly expect the overthrow of false religion in India by that agency alone.

It is in the colonization of India by Christians, that God's providence seems to indicate one instrumentality by which Christianity is to pervade the world. Our countrymen in India, no longer called to a life-long struggle for political ascendancy, are beginning to settle down in peaceful habitations; commerce and industrial pursuits are succeeding the ploughshare of war; scattered colonies of professing Christians are to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land, and there are but few stations where some true servants of God are not to be found as lights in the world; whilst in many parts churches of the saints are established as "cities set upon a hill that cannot be hid." These communities, like a network of electric telegraph wires, in their essential unity exercise a combined influence for the spread of the gospel, suggesting that the great victory yet to be achieved for the gospel is the vocation *of the Church itself, rather than by the labour of its deputies.* Compared by the late Daniel Wilson of Calcutta to the church of Philadelphia, God's people in India exemplify the blessed effect of this position they occupy

in a higher life as contrasted with the church at home, and their fitness to bring a united action to bear on the heathen world. We may thus anticipate that in the day of God's power, when a revival is bestowed on our countrymen in India, it will be felt throughout the land; and that once more, in a far wider extent, "all that dwell in Asia will hear the word of the Lord Jesus;" and the result of past labours becoming manifest, it will be seen as though "the earth had been made to bring forth at once, and a nation were born in a day."

To lay the foundation of such an evangelistic church, God, who bringeth the blind in a way they knew not, has guided the steps of many a reckless wanderer from his father's house to a haven of rest in the plains of India; "taking the beggar from the dunghill, to set him amongst princes," He has thus awakened in many a sin-stricken soul deep springs of gratitude, and many a devoted labourer has been raised up for the land of their second birth. "Having opportunity to have returned, if they had been mindful of the country whence they came out," they have chosen rather to make India their promised land, and "Jesus only" the place of their rest.

In the view of such a number of our heedless youths rushing, as the writer formerly did, "to a far country" he would fain attract their attention to how the Lord

met with him in the day of his calamity, and how, *through the instrumentality of the lightly-esteemed native,* Christ was first revealed to his soul.

In his rambles through the country, when "considering the lilies how they grow," the writer has observed exceptional cases where the normal colours seem to have been refined, and, as in the case of the harebell, the usual blue is brightened into a chaste white of dazzling purity; thus, amongst those wild flowers of our so-called heathen, has he occasionally witnessed a rare beauty of character, recalling the words of our Lord, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

With my heart still in India, many a beloved spot in that land of my pilgrimage is deeply engraven on my memory, many an "Anwoth" of which, to my dying hour, I shall sing with holy Rutherford,—

"Ye little birds of Anwoth,
I used to count ye blest;
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
And if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
Even in Immanuel's land."

H. M. CONRAN.

INVERNESS, *September,* 1870.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

Family origin—Huguenot ancestors—Early connection of family with India—Major Baynes, Cromwell's officer—Early propensities—Visit to native village—Craving for sensational reading—First convictions—Love of excitement—Expulsion from school—Classical education—Dangerous illness—Taste excited for arts and literature—Susceptibility of disposition—Serious accident.

IVE or six years previous to the final struggle which restored peace to Europe through the battle of Waterloo, an officer of H.M.'s army, after twenty-two years' service in India, sold his commission, and turning his sword into a ploughshare, married, and settled in a rural village on the borders of Suffolk and Norfolk, and there brought up a family of ten children, of whom eight still survive. I was the fourth, and was born in 1813. My ancestors some two or three hundred years ago seem to have occupied the position of merchants in Ireland; and latterly resided near Waterford. A branch of the family during the last century had settled in Calcutta; and one of them, my paternal grandfather, was on the staff of

Warren Hastings. His father had also served in the army in India, and one or other of them was present at the capture of Ceylon from the Dutch, as well as in the campaign by which the French possessions in India were captured, and the foundation of our eastern empire laid in the eighteenth century. My family, in at least one branch, of the name of Marcell, were descended from Huguenot refugees; and it seems something like a retributive providence that many of their descendants took part, as British soldiers, in humbling their Bourbon persecutors.

One branch of the Conrans was a much esteemed leading member of the Society of Friends, in Lismore; and another of that denomination emigrated to the St. Lawrence, in Canada, during the last century; there also superseding their French forerunners. A Major Baynes, another branch of the family, was a distinguished officer in the service of the Parliament under Cromwell. He resided at Nostrop Hall, Leeds, and was the first member that sat in Parliament for that borough. One of my earliest recollections is, that my grandfather, a Suffolk rector, used regularly to take in the *Leeds Mercury*. A striking print of the great Protector was one of the chief objects that impressed my youthful mind amongst the portraits of a very miscellaneous picture-gallery that adorned my nursery walls; and all the current scandal of history did not efface the deep reverence I first conceived for Oliver Cromwell from the study of that picture.

Amidst the usual scenes of rustic folly and juvenile depravity of an outlying district, still but partially reached by the evangelistic movement of modern times, I lived for five or six years at home. No stinted share had I of wise parental care, and in due course I had my portion of elementary education at a somewhat superior village school. The usual boyish preference for sport over study was strong in me, and by the injunction of my father, a discipline of a semi-military kind was employed to instil into me the first rudiments of learning. My being, unfortunately, the only gentleman's son at the village school, secured me an unusual amount of favouritism with the notables of the neighbourhood, fostering in me no small degree of self-conceit and overbearing manners.

Many instances occur to my mind when more than the usual fruit of an evil heart burst forth. In one of my paroxysms of rage I took up a stone to throw at my brother, which would probably have felled him to the ground, had I not providentially missed my aim. On another occasion, when promised a Prayer-book, on certain attainments being reached in my lessons, I invented, as by a message from the master, the required certificate, and secured my object—my first religious prize! My language at this time not unfrequently outraged both propriety and religion.

Although hitherto only severity and the externals of religion had been employed in my training, I was not without religious impressions, even from my ear-

liest years. At the age of four or five, I remember experiencing the most delightful emotions on reading, or hearing read, the epitaph, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided" (2 Sam. i. 23), on the tomb of two children, then lately dead, and who had belonged to a family with whom we were intimate. I was also, when about that age, sensible of serious feelings when spoken to on the recent death of a little sister.

I was doubtless more indebted than I was at the time aware of, to a seed of godly people amongst the poor of my native village, with whom I was rather a favourite. Several of them manifested in their lives a savour of true piety, which diffused its influence all around. Never will the impression made by the holy manners of these humble saints be obliterated from my mind. I sometimes, nevertheless, took advantage of one of them talking with my maid, to steal the nuts out of her little shop!

God had here left a poor and afflicted people. One of them, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, was a very godly young man, and much beloved by all. He went down a well to dig one morning, having previously written Psalm v. 1-3, on the wall of his room; the side of the well caved in, and he was drawn out dead. The itinerant Methodist preachers, to whom alone the village was indebted in those days for gospel truth, had gathered out a little flock, and they were called to endure the full measure of perse-

cution. Even in my own family the name of "dissenter" was bandied about as a term of the deepest disgrace. Strange to say, it never shook my esteem for the despised saints, nor at all disturbed in my mind the distinction I very early formed between mere outward profession of church-going religion and vital truth according to godliness. On one occasion a leading member of these Methodists took me to task very solemnly for stealing cucumbers out of a relative's garden, where he worked; yet I never esteemed him the less, though he was discharged on account of his religious principles. I often listened with pleasure, and a measure of awe, to the psalm-singing. The numerous bad characters amongst the youth of the village, whose society I frequented, were sufficient to neutralize all such good influences. I made acquaintance, amongst others, with a noted poacher, who escaped transportation on one occasion at the Quarter Sessions through my father's interposition. This man possessed an accomplished dog, a lurcher, which made his company indispensable to us when we wanted sport.

Thirty years later, after my return from India, I walked, a stranger to every one, through the village, to discover old acquaintances; and, in company of the venerable squire, sought out my old poaching tutor. He was unchanged in habits; I met him near his old haunts, gun in hand, *keeping birds.* I asked him if he recollected Captain Conran and his two boys; he

said, "Yes." I added, "I am Henry Conran, who used to go shooting with you." He stared wildly at me, and I added, "God has shown me my sins, and given me grace to repent and forsake them, and I am now come to advise you to turn to God." Ere I could say more he turned away and escaped. I could find no response on religion through the village, and left it the same evening, under deep depression of mind, as though all my prayers and hopes were disappointed.

It was not until eight or nine years after this, through a notice in the *Revival*, that I found the gracious issue, betraying itself like the ointment of the right hand, and denoting that in the old village God had still "a seed to serve him." I was thus led to open a correspondence with a dear servant of God, through whom "the gospel is still preached to the poor" in my native place and the neighbourhood, and much precious fruit is being gathered. I learnt a hopeful account of many I was once intimate with, and the happy end of others. I have since maintained a blessed intercourse with the people, and last March (1868) I had the joyful task of reporting to the *Revival* an awakening, through which some forty souls were added to the church during that month. No, no! my prayers are *not* unanswered. I expect to "see greater things than these," if only as fruits of the blessed intercession presented there before I was born; including, I doubt not, my own conversion.

It would only harrow the feelings of the reader if I were to enter into details of my vicious conduct and propensities at a very early period of my childhood, scandalizing our neighbours and compelling their remonstrances. As punishment was generally reserved for school discipline, I was led to regard cleverness and success in study as the one thing needful, and to consider immorality as a matter of minor importance. Every inducement was given me to attain eminence in learning, and I rapidly acquired a thirst for knowledge. It led me however to an indiscriminate reading of any books that came in my way, and I contracted a liking for such tales as "Hans of Iceland," "Dick Turpin," "Bamfylde Moore Carew," and all the bloody histories of robbers and buccaneers, such as now circulate so widely amongst our neglected population. My disposition was rapidly assuming a bloodthirsty character, and ripening for deeds of darkness and iniquity, only needing an appropriate sphere to make me a thorough desperado.

I was not, even in my youth, destitute of occasional awakenings of conscience; and once was greatly shocked when one of my young playmates stamped his foot under some excitement, and cried out, looking fiercely upward, "God! there is no God!" The very spot, with all the circumstances, is still imprinted on my memory. I was once much impressed by some conversation with a boy, who was on a visit from some neighbouring place, on the subject of Antichrist being

about to come, with the probable recurrence of the ancient persecutions of the saints. But throughout the entire period of my youth I cannot remember ever having offered up a prayer in secret.

It was intended I should go to India, and into the army. I had progressed rapidly in evil habits, leading to scenes of disgrace and punishment; and my parents at length decided to send me away from the younger branches of the family, to a boarding school at some distance. Then, entering on the second stage of my youth, under the forcing process of evil example and companionship, I attained a pre-eminence in wickedness. It was the saying of our venerable preceptor, a man distinguished by every good earthly quality and accomplishment, that if there were any disturbance or complaint in school, a "Conran" was sure to be in it. Amongst other reckless conduct, I was in the habit of ascending to the roof of the house and dancing on the tiles, and this, on one occasion, when the beloved daughter of our revered master had just been carried forth to interment! From a corresponding failure in my studies he often bitterly remarked, that all the good I should ever do would be to "stop a cannon-ball with my head," alluding to my determination to be a soldier.

Yet even then my feelings were not altogether hardened. Having once found her marriage-ring and returned it to her, I had secured the favourable regards of the schoolmaster's wife, whose motherly attentions

and acts of kindness were some slight restraint on my excesses; while the affecting remonstances with which the master himself appealed to my heart in his private room drew tears from my eyes, and even called forth the best resolutions of amendment. Our master was beloved by us all, and such was the beauty of domestic life exhibited in his family, we realized of them all that for such good people "one could even dare to die." It was through the tender and benevolent feelings they possessed in so great a degree that I was permitted to remain so long—from four to five years—in that school.

At last the boys themselves, many of whom were probably as wicked lads as any boyish community could produce, became so disgusted with my outrageous conduct, that they presented a "round robin" to the master for my expulsion. He was won over to a belief in my innocence, as was really the fact in this particular case, through reading a piteous letter which I had written to my father, and he appealed to the boys publicly and individually on my behalf; but every voice was against me, and my father was in consequence recommended to remove me, which he did when I was eleven or twelve years of age. He had next to seek out a more rigid system of training for me, and then he separated me also from my younger brother. I did not again meet this one, to whom I was most attached, until my return from India thirty years afterwards.

I next found myself amongst a set where the most Spartan discipline, able teaching, and extreme wickedness were united. Regarding these last school-mates I have often reflected since, when in command of soldiers in India, that if I had discovered amongst the latter conduct such as abounded amongst us, I should have been tempted to commit suicide in despair at the disgrace.

When looking back on the means employed in our education, I see but the natural result of such a course of procedure. The only systems of religion brought to bear on our *hearts* were the old heathen ones of Rome and Greece, the puerilities of which were discussed and inculcated with the fervour of apostles, and as though worthy of solemn belief. Our every feeling was enlisted towards the beauties of Ovid, Juvenal, and Virgil; and our very passions were inflamed, and a prurient imagination fostered, by the legends of Lempriére. The current maxims and principles, even amongst the boys themselves, were at the best drawn from Plutarch's Lives or Homer's heroes, eked out by occasional romances of no high order. The usual forms of public worship, tiresome, dull, and often unintelligible, as little arrested this ceaseless stream of false religion, as driftwood floating along a swollen river could affect its rapid torrent. That nothing might be left undone which would prejudice us against Christianity, our Sabbath morning was spent at my last school in construing the Greek Testament.

The entire religious instruction of my youth was fatally limited to these lessons, and to some little occasional class-teaching from Paley's "Evidences;" but the latter only when I was in the highest form, and in the last year of my schooling; *nor did any one of my countrymen ever personally address me regarding my soul or religion,* if I except that venerated servant of God, Bishop Corrie, who spoke to me once in after-years, when I was in Calcutta.

Almost the first book I ever possessed was a sceptical one—Rochefoucauld's Maxims, a present from a clergyman, which I carefully preserved, as with intuitive desire for that forbidden fruit I tasted so eagerly ere long.

The system pursued at this particular school failed to effect its own object, except in a few instances. The very classical knowledge, so highly estimated and taught by distinguished members of the universities, was mastered only by a petted few, whose connections were high, or whose talents were naturally above the average; and I have had bitter cause to lament, amongst other evil results of my early misconduct, the loss of my opportunities of securing even a good secular education.

From this my third school I was removed, having been brought to the verge of the grave by a contagious disease, which swept off several of the boys; engendered, as I have always thought, in righteous retribution for the vices prevalent amongst us.

On recovery and return home, I attended for two years a somewhat celebrated public school, in the town where my parents then resided; and thus once more enjoyed the privileges of parental and family influences, and felt the charm of home. Somewhat sobered by my illness, and encouraged by the kindly inducements held out by my friends, with the assistance of a private tutor my mind was beginning to draw towards more useful pursuits, and to taste the sweets of knowledge. I had previously gained considerable proficiency in water-colour drawing, and some taste and enthusiasm for the art; drawn forth by the example of a school-master, who not only was an artist of great merit, but possessed the rare faculty of instilling his habits and tastes into his pupils. This art, after rising to its zenith at college, where I carried off the highest prizes in each successive term, was, at the period of my religious convictions, for ever abandoned, partly through the idolatrous influence all studies had acquired over me, in dragging my soul towards earthly things, and partly from the effect of climate and sickness in debilitating my faculties.

As I began to mix in social circles with young ladies, my susceptible heart was affected by tender emotions, which in some feeble degree counteracted my more degrading propensities. One young lady, at whose house I was a welcome guest, and enjoyed many recreations pleasing to youth, was remarkable for her attractions and piety, awakening, even in some

of us, serious reflections as we talked over things amongst ourselves. God would still have drawn me as with "the cords of love and the bands of a man." He would have healed me, but I was not healed. No! though He "took balm for my pain, if so be I might be healed," I too often "returned as a dog to his vomit," and lost even the better tastes and pursuits of my earlier years.

Although early left to my own resources, I attained by reading to some degree of intellectual culture; but I have often regretted that, for want of the one motive power, in a practical and experimental knowledge of the gospel, I was left like a mechanic with tools of which he knows not the use, or at best without an object of pursuit. I certainly had, at times, deep yearnings after better things; but the literature within my reach, of the Edgeworth and Walter Scott school, had no soul-satisfying power. It was "as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

I was naturally of a susceptible disposition, easier drawn than driven, and my very vices were frequently the result of neglected feelings left to run waste. I recollect our holding a council of war, after some family freak and the usual unpleasant consequences, when we children deeply deplored that we were not admitted to more familiar relations with elders of the family, that we might cultivate and prove our better qualities, instead of being ever kept aloof and then punished

for what might have been prevented; our domestic *régime* partaking more of the law than the gospel.

My mind in youth was much influenced by the example of two individuals with whom my parents were intimate: these, gentlemen of rank and eminent accomplishments, belonged to the French sceptical school. Through the fascination they exerted over me, as models of all that was great, I oscillated between them and my high-church relatives, alternately a Sadducee and a Pharisee.

Throughout my whole career, an appeal to my affections was the most powerful motive for restraining my evil propensities, or rousing me to noble efforts; and even in listening to preaching, any harshness or want of love instantly grated on my nature, and repelled my heart. A few years later, ere I had yet realized an interest in Christ, although then left almost idle, with all the temptations of Calcutta at hand, I was, for some two years, powerfully restrained from my old vices by an honourable attachment to a young lady. Disappointment in this case left me—though in the interval I had become converted—in a most wretched state of mind, and called forth all the resources of newly-acquired faith to sustain me Inordinate affection to some earthly object has from my earliest youth been a besetting sin with me; any fresh acquaintance or ideal character ever inspiring me with a romantic attachment, the result probably of my inveterate propensity to novel-reading, indulged in to

excess from my boyhood. The humiliating circumstance of the above-mentioned failure in my hopes was eminently useful to me in weaning my heart from its idolatrous worship of the creature.

When my health and spirits were completely restored from the last dangerous illness (referred to on page 11), and a brother, younger than my former companion, had grown up within the sphere of my influence, I, under inducements ever at hand in a large town, again relapsed into still greater depths of vice, into which I should have inevitably drawn this other brother, had it not pleased God to permit a startling event to arrest my evil courses, and, as it seemed, to put an end to the pleasing anticipations of my friends. Devotedly given to field sports, I had obtained a fowling-piece, contrary to the express commands of my parents, and went shooting in a small plantation near our house. I had just perpetrated the barbarous deed of shooting a thrush on its nest, when, hearing my father's voice calling me, I ran to conceal my gun on a stack of fagots in an out-house; my little brother, as usual, at my heels. I raised the gun with my right hand over the muzzle, when the trigger caught, I suppose, a piece of the wood: the gun went off, driving the entire charge like a ball through the palm of my right hand, lodging several shots around my little brother's eyes, *where they are still.* Stunned and frightened, though not aware I was wounded till I

heard my brother begin to cry, I got back somehow to the house. Two surgeons came prepared to amputate my hand; but my father, as an old experienced veteran, would not consent to this; and the Lord allowed me once more, after months of tossing weariness and pain, to rise from my bed not much the worse in body, and nothing benefited in mind.

My only anxiety had been lest I should have unfitted myself for the commission in the army, which a relative had promised me. His death soon afterwards put another obstacle in the way of my attaining the desire of my life. I consequently remained at home up to the age of sixteen, still resisting every inducement to fulfil the desire of my parents,—that I should prepare for college, with a view to the ministry of the Church of England.

CHAPTER II.

Sceptical views—A providence—Obtain a cadetship—Military college—Appeal to the directors—The examination—Dissipation in London—A solemn impression—Request for a Bible—Departure for India—Life on board—Ship takes fire.

HAD now passed into an era of my youth, during which an ambitious desire for learning and distinction took possession of my mind, a feeling which was fostered by another circumstance. Through access to a large library, the contents of which were, many of them, by the most accomplished sceptical authors, I imbibed similar views; and was confirmed in them by being under a tutor who held kindred sentiments. Not that I had come to disbelieve in God, or in the Bible; but, from my utter ignorance of vital religion, and from the general want of it in the society around me, with the exception of one or two families, I considered myself, though holding the opinions of Gibbon, Volney, Voltaire, and others of that class, *still orthodox, or, at least, an enlightened Christian.*

A striking providence is observable in the means employed to obtain a cadetship for me. Colonel Toone, a director of the old East India Company, had been solicited by a mutual friend, on behalf of my younger brother; but, as in Jacob's case, it was

schemed in my family that I should be substituted for the blessing, as more likely to get on at college, where our standing was the result of competition. The friend in question was offended at his intentions for his godson being set aside, and refused to promote the new plan; thus a lasting quarrel resulted. My father, resolute to carry the object he had set his heart upon in my favour, sought an interview with Colonel Toone, and pleaded with such effect that, in spite of all the influence now brought to bear against it by the other party, I obtained the cadetship, a nomination to Addiscombe College. The director observed to my father at the time, whilst pointing to a picture of Warren Hastings over the mantel-piece, "Your father and I were together in that great man's family;" and thus, in the marvellous cycle of history, was I sent forth to become another Major Conran, in the steps of my ancestor who also held that rank, that I might be an instrument, after more than a century, in helping to expose and overthrow the system * inaugurated by that ancestor when secretary and aide-de-camp to Warren Hastings.

This appointment to a cadetship was brought about in opposition to two consecutive plans of my family, the first of which intended me for the church, and, on that failing, then for a commission in the Queen's army,

* The famous "Traditional Policy" adopted about this time from motives of political expediency; the Indian Government thenceforth countenancing idolatry, and subordinating the principles of its rule to heathen prejudices.

in which it was expected I should obtain promotion through the favour of a relative, who held high rank and influence in it. This person conceived a regard for me, and manifested a purpose of taking me under his express care. My ambition was thus excited, and my pride not a little flattered, so that I quite scorned the idea of immuring myself in a cloister—that being the view I took of the position of a clergyman. Thus was I "allured into the wilderness," and induced to seek that life in India, where it was the purpose of God to deal effectually with me for my soul's welfare; for when all my hopes were scattered by the sudden death of the relative in question, the craving for military glory and seeing the world had become overpowering, and I was willing to accede to any plan that held out a prospect of its gratification.

The appointment to the Military College at Addiscombe, and the completion of my military education, necessitated my again leaving home for a crowded scene of competition and vice. Here my first beginnings of reformation and good resolutions were soon dissipated. I found this institution no exception to the descending scale of corruption I passed through at my other schools. Before I had been many weeks there, I was drawn into the prevailing habits, and became a follower of others in iniquity. Having become implicated in a disgraceful outrage, and being brought to public notice by being summoned before the Lieut.-Governor, I narrowly escaped,

and only in consequence of its being my first offence, the sentence of expulsion, which was passed on others. This sobered me for the time, and made me at least more cautious in outward behaviour.

The repeated blows my constitution had received by my dangerous illnesses, and my last accident, had depressed my natural impetuosity, and weakened my disposition towards evil, though it had not reformed my character. I now rather shrank from the more boisterous throng of my evil associates, even courting solitary life, and avoiding companionship. My mutilated hand too, which ought properly to have excluded me from my appointment, as incapacitated for military service, was a constant source of anxiety to me, lest my awkwardness at military exercises should lead to the discovery of the defect. It was to me a "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;" and no enthusiast in any art ever laboured more incessantly than I did to preserve my prospects of a commission. With this object I really made honest endeavours to live soberly, and to succeed in my college studies and duties.

I began to feel the responsibility I was under not to lose the advantages afforded by the college in pursuing the object of my ambition, and gratifying the hopes entertained of me by my relatives. I gave due attention to every branch of study, and hoped to obtain the great object of our competition—an appointment in the Engineers. This I just missed, and was obliged to be satisfied with heading those in the Artillery.

The day before our final examination—and that day was a high day with us—it came into my head to petition the Honourable Court of Directors to bestow the usual number of Engineer appointments so as to include me. "No sooner said than done.' It must have been a rare specimen of special pleading. Next day, when the college was assembled in the examination hall, in presence of the magnates of the land, I was summoned to the front by the clerk of the court, and questioned as to this daring act of irregularity. Of course I had little to say, but the circumstance seemed to create some amusement amongst the spectators, at the head of whom was "Rammohun Roy," the celebrated Bengal reformer.

No sooner were we free of the college, than, exulting in our newly-acquired liberty, we threw off all restraint. According to custom, the party who passed their examination met together in London that night; and there, in excess and festivity, at theatres and cider cellars, I was initiated into the devil's work in its finished form. The last I recollect, on extricating myself from one of those dens, at two or three o'clock in the morning, was being found by a policeman, unable to stand, and conducted to the coach-office, from whence—after an hour or two of drunken sleep—I started for home. I passed no enviable time on the coach, nor for some days after my arrival, with my parents. This was not the only orgie I partici-

pated in, amidst London dens of vice, whilst yet at college; though I managed to obtain a character as "exemplary" to the last, and, with the solitary exception mentioned at my first start, escaped censure. I cannot record—would to God I could obliterate them from my memory—all the evil doings I participated in during those two years at college. I was not only corrupt, but became a corrupter of others. Verily, "the light that was in me was darkness," and "how great was that darkness!"

I was not permitted, however, to lose the opportunity of "remembering my Creator in the days of my youth," without a remarkable interposition of Divine favour to my heart. When at church one day, during my two years' stay at the Addiscombe Military College, in order to while away the weariness of the utterly disregarded services, I turned over the leaves of the Prayer-book, in which I usually drew portraits of the people around me. I was on this occasion arrested by the ninety-first psalm; for, having ever been an insatiable reader and deep thinker on the subjects which form the burden of that psalm, such parts of the Bible had attractions for me. But now the feeling awakened was something unusual and most fascinating. I can truly say, that although for twenty-five or thirty years the Bible has been "the man of my counsel,"—and many a time have I enjoyed seasons "of joy unspeakble," and "times of refreshing," in its perusal,—never have I had a clearer view of God's mind on that branch

of truth, or greater delight in that view, than on this transient occasion. Strange to say, though its effect on my *conscience and character* was over immediately, I have never lost the impression made on my mind by that psalm, nor altered the opinion I entertained at the time, that it was the truth of God, and peculiarly adapted to my own case. Indeed, its deep bass note had previously been struck, in the solemn warning already mentioned, when the sound of death and judgment had reverberated through my soul: this I believe my narrative will forcibly illustrate.

The wholesome discipline and industrious habits I had necessarily been subjected to at college had exerted some temporary benefit on my mind and body, notwithstanding my occasional outbreaks. Rambling amidst the beauties of the country, for which the study of surveying and sketching from nature in the open fields afforded opportunity, I was enabled to rise occasionally to a taste for better things.

These intervals of higher pursuits, transient as they were, and depending on no higher principle than the force of circumstances, exerted no permanent benefit on my character. After every such gleam of sunshine, my heart relapsed into deeper despondency and disappointment, till I was ready,—like Nebuchadnezzar, in the loss of his vision,—to slay my wise men (end my studies) in despair.

With all the realization of my fond hopes of a commission in the army, and the other triumphs of my

college life, I hardly tasted a day's happiness during the five weeks' interval I spent at home previous to my embarkation for India. The prospects of freedom and of seeing the world, all failed to raise my spirits. Deep misgivings oppressed my soul up to the very hour of embarkation; and so distressing were my feelings, that my father, who accompanied me, could not gratify me amidst all the novelties of London and the Isle of Wight, where we parted, and where I found the *Roxburgh Castle*, the vessel that conveyed me to India. It was quite a relief to all parties when, early in August, 1832, I got on board and under way, fairly adrift on the ocean of life.

> "Some natural tears I shed, but wiped them soon;
> The world was all before me."

It was not until after experiencing more than the usual ordeal of sea-sickness, during a stormy passage through the Bay of Biscay—a time of unutterable wretchedness, and marked by the usual emotions of repentance and fond resolutions—that I rallied a little in the fine weather as we approached the island of Madeira. Here, during a stay of a week, amidst the lovely scenery, novel sights, and all the delights of its splendid fruit season, then just beginning, I revived in spirit and peace of mind. Our stay at this oasis in the ocean desert proved a crisis in my feelings; from that time I made myself at home on board, and could look back to the happy time we spent in the island, as a subject of pleasant conversation for weeks after.

Previous to my departure from England I had collected my infidel books for the long voyage round the Cape. One book was wanting: for until within a few days of embarkation I had never possessed a Bible! Now I regarded the Bible as a venerable chronicle of ancient history; and in order that I might not expose my ignorance before religious people, and to show my superiority to their superstitions, I felt I must have it, and asked my mother to buy me one. After twenty-three years of my eventful career in the East, when my feelings and appearance were changed, my circumstances and character altered, as well as my heart and opinions,—when "old things had passed away, and all things became new,"—that Bible alone, of all my treasures, returned home with me the same.

For a time I read the Greek Testament every Sunday, besides a course of useful study through the week, especially in Hindostanee, which had been laid upon me with special earnestness by my father at parting.

The tedium and idleness of a long four months' voyage, with only the break at Madeira, proved too much for all my efforts and resolutions. Some clever ardent youths on board at last drew me within their influence, so that I fell into my old habits, never hitherto in sincerity hated or forsaken. My scepticism got a fresh quickening under the companionship of a shrewd and accomplished infidel on board; and every corruption of my heart burst out, though secretly, with renewed strength.

Before I entered on the second branch of my history, by landing in Calcutta, another solemn warning was thundered in my ear. Sitting at breakfast one morning in the crowded cuddy, whilst the vessel, five hundred miles from land, was quietly sailing up the Bay of Bengal, a servant came and whispered to the captain, who immediately left the table. One by one others went out, and soon the awful tidings spread that the ship was on fire, and the smoke ascending from the fore-hatch too surely proved the fact. I felt sick with fear during the panic that ensued; but the crew, catching confidence from those who, even in this crisis, were superior to such feelings, now began to cast overboard the cargo (we were laden with coals, spirits, and gunpowder). Two or three noble characters on board inspired the est with calmness and energy by their example, and after an awful suspense of thirty-six hours, during part of which a tropical thunder-storm raged, whilst our gunpowder was exposed on deck, the means used were blessed of God to the extinguishing of the fire; not, however, until the stanchions of the vessel in the vicinity of the magazine were charred nearly through! The first night of the fire I felt quite peaceful when uniting with a godly family in prayer to God for deliverance, and truly thankful on first realizing the fact of our safety.

A circumstance that occurred during the crisis of the fire has often recurred with deep interest to my

mind. I went down into the hold, where the half-naked and excited crew were straining every nerve to cast out the burning coals—the atmosphere unbearable, and their feet burnt till they could hardly stand—with only the murky light from a few tallow candles to guide them. The scene too much resembled the idea suggested of hell, to bear reflection, when suddenly a gleam of brilliant cærulean light shot athwart the hold like a rainbow, and the welcome sound of rushing water met our ears! All stopped to gaze in wonder, and ask the meaning. As a last resource the captain had bored a large hole through the sides of the ship, below water mark, and it was the bright light of a tropical sky at noon which thus burst on our view through the sea flowing to our help—apt emblem of the speedy and effectual remedy provided for man's misery and danger in the gospel. This scuttling of the ship let in such an abundant supply of water as soon quenched the fire, and secured our safety.

I would here acknowledge that this solemn providence, like all the rest, left no apparent result on my character; and but few days had elapsed after resuming our course for Calcutta, before the religious feelings which were awakened during danger had quite disappeared, and my levity and folly became as great as ever.

And now, ere bidding farewell to my youth (the first branch of my history), let me ask the question,

What had it resulted in as to my moral state? A signal failure! A young man, nearly nineteen years of age, after enjoying the highest advantages of a Christian country; trained, if not in the very first, at least in good society, with all its appliances of education and social culture; I was entering on the sphere of active life, destitute of the first elements of Christianity, and inferior even to the heathen in practical morality; filled, too, with haughty ideas of European supremacy, and holding in utter contempt all missionary efforts, or other work of a like nature, tending to raise the natives to a level with ourselves. I had to enter the lists with the native candidates for office in our eastern metropolis, but found myself compelled to quit the field, and soon "began with shame to take the lowest room." In after-years I was even too happy to avail myself of the teachings of the despised race to show me the way of deliverance from sin, and was chiefly indebted to them for the knowledge of salvation!

I found amongst the Christian natives a vital power of religion, quite equal to cope with my hostility to the truth; and, *unlike any of my own countrymen*, they were often ready to address me regarding the condition of my soul; and, in spite of all my evasions, would press home the most solemn truths, until my conscience became awakened, and my refuges of lies were scattered to the winds. I was compelled to own their superiority in this respect to

my own vaunted race and country, and I perceived that native Christianity was a tree bearing fruit, whose seed was in itself. Instead of having come to India, as I had proudly boasted, to "enlighten the natives," I was there, on the very theatre of my ancestors' renown for several generations past, of which I was proud to a degree, learning "the first principles of religion" from the despised Bengalee.

Ere this was accomplished, however, I was reduced to a still lower state of humiliation and wretchedness. The record of nearly the whole of the next seven years of my life will rather be that of a patient in hospital, than a life of active service. Providentially peace reigned, and a subaltern's duties at head-quarters in those days were almost nominal. That period therefore proved as it were my college course, wherein I obtained a personal experience of religion, and underwent a training in the church for the real work of my military Christian career.

CHAPTER III.

Land in Calcutta—Find a home—Colonel Powney—Chrishna Mohun Bannerjee—Conviction of sin—Change my life—Seeking rest—Self-righteousness—Entertain a hope—A stumbling-block—Incident of the "Far Country"—Alarming occurrence—Indian life—Bible reading—A startling incident—Dr. Masham—Lady W. Bentinck—Domestic influence—Soldiers' pets.

LANDED in Calcutta on the 22nd of December, 1832; and the first news that I heard was of the death of my eldest brother, an officer in the Bengal army, and the only relation I had in India. Such was the care and tenderness of my heavenly Father to his prodigal, who was still going farther and farther from Him, that I was soon introduced, through my fellow-passengers, to a valuable circle of friends, so that, notwithstanding my sore bereavement and desolation in that "far country," the buoyancy of youth, and my naturally strong spirit, soon made me almost as much at home in India as in my native land. The carriage was merely shunted on to a fresh line of rail, but the passengers still kept their seats—"*Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

Calcutta, however much it was destined to affect my character during several of the ensuing years, was not to be my residence. I soon proceeded to Dum-Dum, eight miles distant, at that time the

head-quarters of my regiment, the Bengal Artillery. Here again, cut off from old associations and friends, I felt lonely and wretched for a season; and having been kindly invited to take up my abode with a Christian brotherhood of young officers, mostly of my own standing, I was easily prevailed on to join them, and thus secure companionship, the first craving of my nature.

An officer of standing in the regiment had for some years been gathering around him an attached band of young Christian disciples. With the exception of a few, "whose end was peace," they are still surviving to enjoy the reward of long service, and spend useful lives in their native land. Col. Powney's "butchas"* were well known, nor had he ever cause to be ashamed of them. The superior intelligence, good taste, and gentlemanly manners of this body, and, above all, their warm-hearted fellowship together, and their reception of me, a "stranger in the land," won my heart from the first; but the spectacle of a set of young men in the prime of life, and under every circumstance most alluring to the natural mind, sternly resisting the current of carnal enjoyments, and plodding the dusty path of the Christian pilgrim—this was beyond my philosophy, and awakened new and serious reflections in my mind.

There were six or eight generally living in the same house—named, from its pleasant situation, "Tivoli;"

* Young ones.

and here family worship was held morning and evening with military punctuality, and many a good work in the station for the cause of Christ emanated thence. Besides the field-officer before-mentioned, another somewhat less advanced in years was more permanently associated with our community, being on the staff, and not liable to removal as the rest of us were after every two or three years. To him, on account of his high character and attainments as an officer and a Christian, we all looked up; and under God he cemented the bond of union, and succeeded in maintaining the piety of the household all the time he was in India, some thirty years. Many of us, who, like wandering birds out of the nest, found shelter under his feathers, will have cause to thank God through eternity for the labours of this Christian man and his associates. If the fact of some of that number being still alive did not restrain fuller allusion to those well-remembered scenes and characters, I should still feel the subject beyond my ability to do it justice. I hope it will find a more competent historian at no distant period, as one of them still survives, who has exercised the pen of a ready writer on the subject, in the "Memorials of Lieutenant Edwards,"—the firstfruits of "Tivoli," and a bright example of grace in the army.

In spite of all these, and many more blessed influences, I was daily barricading my position, and gathering fresh strength in my "enlightened views." In

Calcutta, only eight miles off, I obtained fresh access to men of the sceptical school, which was then very rampant in that city. I recruited my library, of which I was amazingly proud, with their writings, and formed an intimacy with some of their leaders. Nor did I hesitate on certain occasions to avow my principles, and defend them. Learning that a great public meeting on some political question was to be held in Calcutta, and feeling assured of hearing something to my taste, I went; and found the town-hall crowded with the fashion and intelligence of that great city. To my surprise, when I entered the room, I beheld a native on the platform, addressing the company on the propriety of the Government abolishing the practice of "Suttee," (the burning of widows,) a measure which was given effect to soon after. Still more to my amazement, he brought the truths of Christianity to bear on the question at issue with a power that rivetted the assembly, and carried all before it! I left that meeting ill at ease, hardly knowing whether I was standing on my head or heels. I seemed to have heard little of what was spoken on that occasion; but the scene I had witnessed caused a revolution in my feelings.

From that date I felt my scepticism tottering to its foundations, and myself adrift as to all my opinions. Soon after this, the orator of that night, a native convert of Dr. Duff's, now the "Rev. Chrishna Mohun Bannerjee" of the Church of England in Calcutta,

and professor in Bishop's College, came with another native friend and convert to visit the officers with whom I lived. He had no hesitation in probing my conscience, and asserting "the truth as it is in Jesus;" but his younger friend, a most captivating youth, for his intelligence, education, and suavity of address, most won my confidence, by the way in which he engaged me in personal conversation concerning my soul. Much must he have wondered to see how thoroughgoing a heathen could exist, under the garb apparently of the highest Christian profession.

In this way my convictions were completely aroused; and ill-health bringing me lower into the depths, I soon found myself in "the horrible pit and miry clay" of despair. My former evil habits had taken such hold upon me that I was not able to look up, and at that period I have gone into the jungles, if peradventure I might find some clue to the chaos in which my soul was involved. Like Saul at Endor, I was ready to tamper with the powers of darkness. Yet all this time I was too proud to confess my sin and misery. I still refused to bow the knee in secret prayer, or to "search the Scriptures." At length my illness became critical, producing, as the effect of my vices, something resembling the native disease "elephantiasis," causing my legs to turn all colours, and to swell to an extraordinary size. The fear of death now took hold upon me, and became unbearable One night, in the darkness, which "hideth not from

God," I got out of bed, fell on my knees, and called upon the Lord to have mercy upon me. That prayer was heard and answered, and my health was somewhat restored.

From that night I *determined* that my life should be changed; and old vices, though of long standing, were henceforth entirely overcome. To curb my temper and passion was a hard matter; nor was I allowed to rest until I had destroyed all my infidel books, and broken off my besetting sin of cursing and abusing my native servants. I was also led to warn some of my associates of their danger; and two of them, who afterwards died happily in India, became my dearest friends.

It was long after this crisis in my history ere I came to any settled peace in believing. I had still an incapacity for prayer, and continued in a dark, desponding state, because "sin had dominion over me." Still my moral blindness was such that I have even gone on my knees to pray for pardon of a sin I was expecting to commit, if not even intending to do so!

There was a party of poor despised soldiers who held a daily meeting for prayer and reading the Scriptures in a little chapel they had built behind the barracks. Here I sometimes went, and received some temporary alleviation of my anxiety; but, generally speaking, with the exception of such intervals as were spent in the service and house of God, I still carried

about an insupportable load of misery consequent on occasional relapses into sin. My long career of willing bondage to Satan, with the absence of any religious antidote or restraining influence, was now yielding its bitter fruits, and I was made to "bear the sins of my youth." "When I had ceased to deal treacherously, they began to deal treacherously with me." The powers of hell seemed at times to have hold of me still. There were, however, precious seasons—especially whilst enjoying fellowship with the saints—when the mist seemed to be raised off the valleys, and, as though from Pisgah's top, "I beheld the land that was very far off." But again would "the clouds return after rain;" and I used to dread these short-lived enjoyments, so bitter was the disappointment on relapsing.

God in his mercy so ordered it that I remained the unusual period of five years at Dum-Dum,* until my mind became somewhat enlightened in the principles of the Gospel; the poison of infidelity, with which my whole moral nature had been saturated, somewhat counteracted; and my continued resolutions and efforts to resist vice and walk in the paths of God strengthened. After two or three years of this experience, although not altogether "without hope and without God in the world," I still despaired of that entire deliverance which Bunyan's pilgrim experienced when his load fell off at the cross. From

* The Woolwich of Bengal in 1832-7.

such books as Owen on "Indwelling Sin in Believers," and on Psalm cxxx., I gathered the hope that I might be saved at last; but I had made up my mind that I should have to endure chastisement for my sins, and be subject to darkness of mind throughout my earthly course, not being yet sufficiently enlightened to detect that this was an evident phase of unbelief in "limiting the Holy One of Israel." Through ignorance of the Spirit's work and the strength thereby vouchsafed to all who are called by grace, I hardly believed in such experience as described by Owen—perfect peace, high assurance, and uniform happiness of mind, but attributed these to delusion and overwrought feelings. I received by degrees additional light from such books as Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and Flavel's "Saint Indeed," but especially from Bunyan's "Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners," and from such experimental works as the memoirs of Charles of Bala, Halyburton, and Brainerd. I had now as insatiable an appetite for Christian biographies, as previously I had for that pernicious novel and romance reading, to the effect of which I attribute much of my then depressed feelings. Soon after this, a little tract by Madame Guyon, on prayer, much comforted me by enabling me to attain some facility in that exercise. A book by the Rev. Mr. Goode, on Heb. viii. 10-12, was also blessed to me.

My great want hitherto had been power to understand and enjoy the Word in private reading of the

Scriptures. This was my earnest cry, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!" a privilege which I began to see was enjoyed by others with whom I came in contact. But in vain did I pore over its pages—that very book I had so presumptuously obtained to show my superiority to God's people!—it was a sealed book. Its words, when I opened it, seemed to speak only of wrath to me, so that it became my hardest, most dreaded task, to read a stated portion daily in private. Nor was it until I had come so constantly to "search the Scriptures," that with all care the book was worn out, and I had twice to get it repaired, and even the leaves patched by the bookbinder, that I found HIM in it—"Him of whom the prophets did write," and of whom I had so long heard Christians talk and ministers preach.

A peculiar phase of my character at this period, and partially accounting for my darkness of mind, was the prejudice I still retained regarding certain religious systems. Thus, although living for five years within an easy walk of Calcutta, the focus of missionary enterprise in India, I carefully, perhaps unconsciously, avoided identifying myself with that work of God. I admitted the society of any class of Christians in private, but shrank from anything tending to publicity beyond the ceremonial forms in which I had been brought up. Although constrained by conscience to join the church, and submit to the

rite of confirmation, I could never be prevailed on to enter or teach in the Sabbath-school; and even when visiting the regimental school periodically, in my tour of duty as an officer, the short examination of the children in secular learning was a dreaded ordeal to me. All this time my self-righteousness was multiplying self-invented duties, burdening my conscience with long prayers, fastings, and various privations, so that I became afraid to eat my necessary food, or join in the ordinary intercourse of life with any of my brother-officers whom I thought unconverted.

The rich means of grace I enjoyed, with other drawings of God, were, nevertheless, all this time weaning me from sin; they exposed my delusions, and scattered my excuses, and especially revealed the idol self which I had set up in my heart whilst pretending "to come and inquire before the Lord." I was by degrees compelled to relinquish many worldly pursuits, as hunting and shooting, to which, with the pleasures of the table and the mess, I was much given. My inordinate pursuit of worldly knowledge was also kept in abeyance; and although not brought to the entire sacrifice of gun and horse, library and philosophical apparatus, yet I gradually gave myself more resolutely to the study of religious books,—and above all, of the Bible,—at the sacrifice of certain openings in professional advancement which were presented to me. So earnest was my pursuit of the truth; so dead did I become to all worldly ob-

jects; that I believe it would have given me no comfort to hear that the noblest estate had been left me. I had lost the desire of returning home, although for the first two or three years after landing I pined for my native country. My only hope now was to hide my head in the darkest corner of the world, and to be forgotten by all who knew me.

It was only a year or two later, when still giving myself to the Word of God and to prayer, that I was "heard in that I feared." I remember that my mind first opened to the truth in all its fulness and beauty, in a fondness for *reading of Jesus* in the Gospels. I became conscious of turning to this portion of the Word in hours of languishing and dulness. My heart being affected, I was drawn as "with the cords of love;" and in this course I was attracted by Romans viii. 1, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The passage did not make its full impression at the moment, but a spark from this lamp had caught the stores of evangelical truth which had been accumulating in my soul for some time previously; and in course of time, "whilst I was musing the fire burnëd," and "in the multitude of my thoughts within me God's comforts delighted my soul." I, by degrees, applied this key to that intricate problem, which had so often mocked my most laboured researches, how "God could be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

In the enjoyment of various means of grace, in the

study of the afore-mentioned books, and in glimpses of the glad tidings, I even now experienced a measure of deliverance from darkness and bondage, and occasionally my peace flowed like a river. The truth in 1 John iii. 14, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren," was a special ground of hope to me, as I was conscious of loving the most despised of the natives, if only I could recognize in him a believer in Jesus. This test I constantly applied in my daily intercourse with them.

The work in my soul at this period resembled the first faint streaks of dawn, very precious because divine; but my inexperience and self-conceit left me at the mercy of every fresh temptation; for, being pleased with the novelty of the light I then received, and puffed up with superficial knowledge, I was ere long disposed to rest in my inward feelings, "as though I had already attained." I recollect taking counsel in my own heart regarding "a revival" I heard of at that time in New York, and came to the conclusion that such people were going to extremes, and that some I heard of there as wearing themselves out "in labours more abundant," were beacons to warn me from such excesses, and that they were "righteous over-much." A chaplain who was seated next to me at a grand mess dinner much confirmed me in these views, deprecating such characters as Brainerd and Martyn. In short, I resolved to avoid such movements, and to be a *judicious* Christian.

Meanwhile my self-confidence and inward feeling of comfort gradually lulled to sleep all my former scruples; and seeing my mistake in the asceticism I had formerly practised, I went gradually into the other extreme, resuming my sporting and other questionable habits. I determined to show people *that religion did not require us to be miserable,* and before long I thus became a victim to self-indulgence and practical antinomianism.

A circumstance occurred about this time, which, as it affected the course of my life for four or five years, deserves mention. My frequent bodily ailments, which probably occasioned somewhat of the mental depression under which I had so long laboured, led me to use a celebrated quack medicine, by advice of a Christian friend, and for the time with surprising benefit, although the ultimate effect was to seriously injure my constitution. I obtained a feeling of health and power of bodily enjoyment to which I had for years been a stranger. This increased my elation of spirit, fostering extravagant notions of all physical evils being curable by this medicine! I experimented on animals and men, and still more on myself, till I had not only spent some hundreds of pounds, but had become so much in bondage to it that no dram-drinker had a greater craving for his spirits than I had for my pills! I had more than once been brought to the verge of the grave, and had besides fallen into the habit of excessive drinking, with-

out seeing my error; and it was not until I had been sent on active service against a rebellious fort, and cannon shot were roaring about me, that my "sin was brought to remembrance." There, during the prolonged anxieties of a desperate siege, I once again called upon the Lord, resolving to forsake my sin, and He heard and answered. We not only achieved a speedy victory, but I from that time "returned not again to folly."

Some previous incidents of my religious experience deserve mention, as concurring in my progress towards a fixed "peace in believing."

Soon after my first serious awakening and repentance I remarked a native of humble appearance visiting our house, and I once found him amongst an assembly of our numerous servants (of whom we had from seven to ten each), preaching to them. This was a novelty that greatly excited my curiosity, and I invited him to come and converse with me in my room, he having a tolerable acquaintance with English. I found he was a Madras man, and had been converted through Dr. Carey, of Serampore, and employed by him as a catechist. The funds by which he was sustained having failed, he had resorted to keeping a few cows for his subsistence, still continuing his labours of love "without money and without price." From this man's holy life, as I heard it described by others, as well as from what I witnessed myself during five years, I became deeply

impressed with the practical value of Christianity. He itinerated for many miles through a dense heathen population, where his life had at first been in danger; and for some time he had endured imprisonment in one of the villages, with little expectation of release. When cholera was decimating, as it often did, the native population, this man nursed the sick and ministered to the dying, and came at last to be regarded by his countrymen as an angel of light. Many an affecting incident did I hear regarding him. He did not omit to place the solemn realities of eternity before myself; and when in the earlier part of my career my ungoverned passion sometimes led to cruel treatment of my servants, I have reason to believe that they more than once sent for "Charles Subroo" to reason with me. Certain it is that his meek and yet dignified presence always exorcised the evil spirit, if but "for a season;" and to the last he possessed such power over me that I could never refuse him a request, and always enjoyed his visits. I envied him his noblest gift, the faith to overturn mountains.

It was some ten years after this, when I had attained some strength to labour for God, that in a remote station of central India, finding no one to lift up a voice against almost total and overspreading iniquity, I procured a native Christian to live with me, and to hold meetings amongst that much-neglected race, the East Indian drummers of the native regi-

ments, who generally combined the vices of their ancestors of both races. After we had held a few meetings with fifteen or twenty of these youths, I noticed a great change for the better in one of them, who was a pure native. His manners and seriousness greatly interesting me, I inquired his history, which he told me, after first expressing deep repentance on account of his past life, and determination by God's help to live to His glory. I found he was, like myself, a prodigal who had left his father's house, and that father no other than my old friend C. Subroo! I rejoice to say, "he arose and went to his father," not only in a spiritual but in a literal sense.

On another occasion, in the early days of my Indian life, when visited by a native youth, a convert of Dr. Duff's, to whom I have already alluded as instrumental in my first awakening, our commanding officer and others were announced. Feeling ashamed of being seen so familiar with natives, I hastily showed my young friend into my private room, whilst I went and received the officers. Getting interested with the company, I quite forgot my imprisoned friend, till he became tired of waiting. To my dismay the door suddenly opened, and in he marched, introducing himself with unaffected simplicity to the circle of officers, with some of whom he was acquainted; and, taking a seat, showed himself perfectly at home in manners and conversation, and made a most favourable impression on all the company. This little scene taught me a

lesson, though at the time I felt not a little humiliation.

Whilst at Dum-Dum we were occasionally sent on detached duty to Fort William and Ishapore ; but my visits to the former place, whether on duty or for other purposes, were equally dull and uninteresting to me. A deep sense of sin and a dread of relapse among abounding temptations restrained me from uniting in any public scenes of excitement; and, unless with two or three very intimate friends of my period of trouble after my first arrival in the country, I rarely visited anywhere. I scarcely got acquainted even with the clergymen and true Christians I really admired. My course of life and experience, whether of books or persons, having been hitherto confined to those of the Church of England, I had little interest in the great work so extensively carried on in Calcutta by other denominations.

In my morbid state of mind I had a dislike to society, and nothing seemed to give me real pleasure, except a still lingering love of nature; amidst the beauties of which, in this luxuriant country, I have often revelled, when seeking to alleviate my gloom by wandering amidst the woods and fields, just as the early sun was beginning to gild the landscape, or the evening shadows to melt the various objects into solemn repose. A love of poetry aided my enjoyment of these scenes, and I not unfrequently walked in and out of Calcutta, sixteen or eighteen

miles in all, for the pleasure of such solitary musings.

Strange to say, although members of my family for several generations had been buried in the Calcutta cemetery, I never visited it that I can recollect; such was my dread of death, and dislike of everything associated with it. A similar horror of hospitals also kept me from visiting them, except in the rapid perfunctory manner required by military duty.

One of my duties was at the powder works of Ishapore, sixteen miles from Dum-Dum: it was a pleasant diversity from the dull routine of head-quarters. Colonel Powney, who was the pioneer of religion amongst our artillery officers, and at one time superintendent of the works, had a pleasant house and establishment, where we were always made welcome, and enjoyed many means of grace and other privileges. Here, beyond the light amusement of proving powder occasionally, we were our own masters. I greatly enjoyed the change. The military station at Barrackpore, with the Governor-General's park, was but a walk from us. The scenery on the banks of the Hooghly—here upwards of a mile broad—and the thickly-wooded country afforded subjects of interest and novelty for a time. A season of retirement also from the regimental mess, and from the society of the numerous officers at head-quarters, was healthy in the then infantile state of my new nature.

I here tried to cultivate more friendly relations with the sergeants on duty with me, though with but in-

different success. I even then yearned for that social sympathy between all classes, which Christianity implies.

Some startling incidents occurred to vary the monotony that occasionally beset our life here. One evening a party of us were watching the breaking of a tremendous north-wester, from the verandah of the superintendent's house, which overlooked the river; and amidst the uproar of the elements, just after a cocoa-nut tree had been set in a blaze by the lightning, we heard screams coming across the water; and by the flashes of lightning distinguished a native boat apparently sinking. Immediately we were all off in various directions for boats to go to the rescue! I was the first to reach one, which was a sergeant's small row-boat, but the owner shrank from venturing out, when I, on the impulse of the moment, jumped in: then others, as usual, soon followed. Before I had reflected on the danger, I found myself carried out by wind and tide into the fury of the tempest—and now, Peter-like, as I looked on the waves and the wind, my courage ebbed, and I felt my rashness. Providentially the wind just then subsided as quickly as it had arisen, and we soon found ourselves guided by the cries, and by occasional flashes of lightning, alongside the object of our search. The native boat was water-logged, and the females of the party drowned; but the men had climbed on to the thatched roof, which kept the boat from sinking:

we took them off safely, and soon got ashore without further difficulty. We found amongst the rescued an old servant of a devoted clergyman—Rev. Mr. Macpherson—who had his native Bible with him, which he still clutched as his most valued treasure.

On another occasion, some of the powder mills I had to visit occasionally, exploded, with loss of life, in which my own might have been involved also. These incidents had but a momentary impression on me, battling as I was with the greater peril of indwelling sin, and under convictions which, indisposing me to all worldly affairs, and weaning me gradually from everything but the things that made for my everlasting peace, also tended more and more to deliver me from the fear of death which had so long kept me in bondage. Under these experiences time occasionally hung heavy on my hands, especially when a new superintendent came, who, though very kind to me, was of somewhat different sentiments to our party.

One day, in this dull frame of mind, hardly knowing what day of the week it was, the former religious services having been discontinued, I went out for a ramble about the country, and crossed the river to Serampore, which was only four or five miles from us. It happened to be Sunday, and hearing singing in a nice-looking place of worship, whilst sauntering along the street, I entered it, and sat down in a back seat. Although the congregation

was not a large one, it was highly respectable; there was much solemnity, so that I felt interested; I was, moreover, glad to rest myself from the sun and heat. Soon I became interested in the preacher, and though I doubt if anything he said remained fixed in my mind, there was something in his patriarchal air and manner of speaking that quite fascinated me; and, like Saul under the influence of David's harp, my mind obtained temporary repose, and I left the house considerably comforted, and with hopes brighter than when I entered. I learnt afterwards that it was a Baptist chapel, and that the preacher was the venerable Dr. Marshman. This incident was not without its use in enlarging my mind towards the hitherto despised Dissenters. A year or two later I paid a visit to Serampore, and its college, with the chaplain, and received a very kind reception from the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Leechman; but ere this my former bigotry had been much dissipated by increasing enlightenment, and, I trust, "increase of grace through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." I saw more clearly the true link that unites all believers; and on one occasion I even insisted on bringing in a Jew to our breakfast-table, as "beloved for the fathers' sakes." But, although thus willing to acknowledge individuals, I had not yet attained to the largeness of heart that could have fellowship with any other religious *community* than my own.

I was somewhat indebted for my progress in Chris-

tian experience to occasional intercourse I obtained with "the excellent of the earth," through my intimacy with our Christian friends at Ishapore. On one occasion, when I was staying with Colonel Powney, a select committee of distinguished artillery officers was assembled at his house from all parts of India; and, as it happened, Mr. Groves, the missionary from Bagdad, came in for the night, on his journey from Persia to Calcutta. Never did I see the beauty of holiness so evidenced as in that servant of God. His whole conversation and his striking history, which he narrated to us, seemed to present the reality of religion to my mind, as though "telling me all that was in my heart;" whilst his fascinating manner and intelligence so impressed this set of hard-thinking, world-engrossed officials, that they sat till deep in the night, spell-bound. Groves, taking up his parable, as "the man whose eyes were opened," carried their wrought-up minds through all those varied adventures, purposes, and peculiar views, which, not many years later, culminated in the addition of another denomination to the Christian body. Before this I had experienced cravings in my spirit after a higher and more evangelic piety, which, like Nebuchadnezzar's vision, disappeared, "and the thing was gone from me." In Groves I saw the reality of such an attainment, and the interpretation of my vision. A new hope and object seemed to open on my soul. True, these lustings of the spirit were over-

borne again and again by lustings of the flesh, yet intercourse with others of exalted piety, with whom I fell in from time to time, was instrumental in reviving these yearnings of my spiritual life, until, ere many years had elapsed, they gained the ascendancy, and gave hope and direction to my life. I esteem it a special privilege that it was afterwards my lot, in God's gracious dealing, to witness, almost daily, the holy life and conversation of Colonel Wheler, and his example was greatly blessed to my growth in grace.

My prolonged stay near Calcutta frequently afforded such privileges; and greatly did my soul rejoice in short opportunities of intercourse with such as Archdeacon Corrie, Dealtry, Daniel Wilson, Miss Bird, and others. But it was in the social circle, amongst a number of congenial minds, that my poor desponding heart received refreshment and strength, especially if I found talents and gifts of high order associated with equally distinguished piety. Calcutta at that time was enriched by not a few eminent saints.

I attribute much of the influence for good then exercised over society in Calcutta to the excellence of female character so conspicuous at that period, and especially to that eminent Christian, Lady William Bentinck. She did not overlook the poor subalterns in her kindly offices, not merely sending us invitations to dinner at Government House, but seeking to ingratiate herself with us, when there, by her winning manners. I have, through-

out my Indian career, remarked that the leading influences in that country, for good and for evil, were exercised by our countrywomen; and, happily for me, where my lot was cast, those who resembled Lady William Bentinck and Lady Lawrence predominated.

Men seem to have accomplished their work in conquering India for their Queen and country. The time has now come when it devolves on our females that India, through its wives and mothers, may be subdued to Christ.

"The Son of God goes forth to war, a royal crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar: Who follows in his train?"

It is not the missionary alone that needs a true "help-meet" in that distant land. Still more the Christian officer feels his power doubled when in possession of this prize. Instances have come to my personal knowledge, where officers have owed their success in life to their devoted wives; and one of our most distinguished leaders, yet living, has acknowledged that he was more indebted for the victories achieved by his regiment, to the labours of love amongst the women and children by his Christian wife, than to his own merits. If ever our army in India is to be rescued from the enemies under which a whole generation formerly succumbed in every ten years,* leaving no descendants, we must have not

* Mortality in the Indian European army was formerly 70 per 1000 per annum, against 5 in England, 7 in America, and 8 in Jamaica. See Indian Year-Book, 1861, and Report of Royal Commission on Indian Army.

only chaplains, scripture-readers, and schoolmasters, and that in a far more adequate proportion than the present meagre supply, but above all we must roll away the reproach—always borne by our soldiers in India—of being a licentious race, ignoring the marriage tie, by having the natural proportion of wives to the men, whether in barracks or in bungalows. Under the present "forbidding to marry" system, by which the per-centage of married men allowed rather operates as a premium on vice, our barracks and their bazaars too often approximate to those moral pests, the monasteries of the middle ages—centres of pollution, where are sown the germs of mutiny and pestilence: destruction and misery are in their ways; the blood of the souls of poor innocents cries out from the ground. No progeny survives, and the removal of a barrack from a locality, after half a century, leaves no memorial but a crowded churchyard and fast-crumbling gables, as in Kurnal and Keitah. The completion of railways through the country enables the Government to remove this scandal at an expense which will soon be repaid by the improved health and efficiency of their soldiers, and the barrack itself might then present to the surrounding heathen a model of Christianity in its social aspect.

A pining after domestic life manifests itself in divers peculiarities amongst soldiers. If no neglected child falls in their way, to become their pet, they take

to animals ; and dogs are a very frequent substitute. During the five years' idle life I spent at Dum-Dum, I had a great variety of dumb companions ; amongst others an otter, which was, on account of its genial qualities, the amusement and pet of the whole cantonment. The ditches being all deep and tidal, with fish in them, my otter had a ticket-of-leave to roam through the whole station ; though a whistle or call would, if within hearing, always bring him to follow me like a dog, with his unwieldy gait, keeping up even with my horse, at an easy trot. He was quite at home in the barrack-square, a great favourite with the soldiers and their dogs, and quite unconcerned amidst the grandest military displays. Nothing pleased him more than for a person to swing him by his massive tail into the midst of a tank or ditch, whence he would return with a most plaintive squeak, as if to say, "Do that again." He "kept himself," and drew neither tentage nor house-rent. His end was tragic, as is that of most favourites. An old friend of mine, who had just returned from Assam, where otter-hunting is a grand sport, came on my pet when walking a little way out of the station, and his dogs immediately rushed to battle and killed it. That evening, when we met at mess, he was giving a glowing description of his feat, when every eye was turned on me, and a general lament raised for the loss. It was a terrible blow to me, so foolish was I in allowing my heart to be ensnared by every object ;

and it taught me a lesson no more to waste my best affections on beasts that perish.

Ere I left Dum-Dum and its many scenes of mercy, I had another warning. Whilst a party of the Christian officers were, as usual, dining together on Sunday, a terrible shock occurred during a thunder-storm. We all thought the house was struck; but it was the magazine that had exploded, scattering some of the ruins to a distance of nearly a mile. Through the day being Sunday the yard was empty, and providentially no one was hurt, though thousands of barrels exploded. Even a friend of mine on guard escaped scatheless, though the wall was thrown flat down behind him within sixty or eighty yards of the magazine.

CHAPTER IV.

March for the Upper Provinces—Sad Catastrophe—Parasnath—Camp Life—Benares—Allahabad—Cawnpore—The Famine.

THE time at length arrived when I was to go forth again. On the 1st of November, 1837, after a stay at Dum-Dum of five years, I marched for the Upper Provinces with a body of recruits and thirteen officers, the latter mostly young men like myself. I was now for the first time since my conversion cast on my own resources, with only two companions like-minded, and they as inexperienced as myself. During the march of upwards of three months—a parenthesis in my Christian life—I had to stand forth and take the lead whenever witness had to be borne for Christ; this, at least, a mixture of conscience and self-confidence suggested was expected of me. We were quite confident in our newly-found hope, eager to prove our loyalty and win our spurs in the Christian warfare. We united in maintaining social worship; but although we joined the mess with the rest, we could never obtain any outward recognition of religion, such as keeping the Sabbath. Indeed, one over-zealous spirit of our party, who retaliated when some injurious reflections were

made on our Christian friends in Dum-Dum, occasioned an unpleasant scene, which nearly ended in a court-martial, and actually drew forth a challenge from the other party. The affair was at length settled without discredit to our side; not, however, till the matter had been submitted to a public court of inquiry in all its formalities.

Full of assurance as to success in both spiritual and temporal affairs, a certain measure of self-indulgence and folly, stimulated by the novel circumstances and excitement of camp life, was already dragging me down again into sin; and although still restrained from relapsing into open vice, I was fast subsiding into Antinomianism, a system of the existence of which, though ignorant as yet, I was soon to learn by a bitter experience. Once more did God interpose to check my downward course.

After we had been a fortnight on the march, I went out one evening, as was my custom, with my gun, having prevailed on one of our party to accompany me. On the way we noticed some soldiers of the detachment reading together in a retired spot. My friend remarking that they were pious men, my conscience was pricked somewhat as to the comparative unprofitableness of my pursuit; but resisting the thought, we proceeded towards a jheel (marshy lake) for wild fowl. It was a very "dismal swamp" on the river Damoodah, which is here embanked, and higher than the surrounding country. The cold dews of

night, already falling, somewhat combined with the darkness, which so soon succeeds sunset in India, to chill our spirits. After a little delay we shot a duck, which fell into the water, and a native lad, who had followed us for the sport, dashed in after it. Swimming vigorously, as they all do, he soon seized it, and turned towards shore. We then observed that he made no progress, and suddenly shrieking out, he disappeared under the water. We were horror-struck, and as he came up again and again with that agonizing cry—neither of us able to swim, and no habitation or sign of man for miles—we felt paralyzed. In utter helplessness, I said to my companion, "Let us pray for help;" and there, on that solitary shore, we knelt, and I, for the first time in my life, prayed in the presence of another person. Despairing was my supplication, with the poor lad's cry still growing fainter, till all was still. "How dreadful was that place!"

The night was already covering the scene with deeper gloom, and after a short lingering at the spot where the sullen waters grasped their prey, we returned to camp, to seek the empty consolation of recovering the body. This we could not accomplish, even with the aid of the lad's relatives; and it was not until next day they found it, entangled in the weeds, and with *a large amount of rupees in his girdle,* which, doubtless, contributed to his unhappy end. I may add, that the officer, my companion on this occasion, was himself drowned a few years ago, when standing

with his betrothed at the sea-side, on the Irish coast; a vast wave sweeping them both off into the ocean. From the day of the death of the poor native boy to the present time I have never again been out shooting; and this in itself proved a powerful restraint on irregularities which are the too common accompaniments of field sports in India.

Notwithstanding all the excitement of a march in the cold season, through a country never before passed by our troops, the beauty of the scenery lying amid the Rajmahal hills, with Parasnath*—its jungles and tigers, the novelty and varied incidents of camp—the journey became tedious ere long; and my heart grew dull and my spirits failed, from consciousness of separation between me and my God. Often did I, on occasion of a halt, seek out some retired spot, where, beyond the din of military sounds and camp confusion, I might seek converse with Jesus. My Bible, my best friend, was once more searched in earnest, and not without crumbs falling from the Master's table. Yet the comfort was transitory, and I was the sport of circumstances, through which my peace was "as the morning cloud and early dew." On our arrival at Benares, where our old Dum-Dum brigadier was in command, the chaplain having, from some misunderstanding, declined to hold a service with us, the General obtained the assistance of the church missionaries; and it was, indeed, as cold water to a

* A celebrated hill and temple, esteemed sacred by the Hindoos.

thirsty soul, that, after so long a fast, we were fed with the bread of life by these devoted men. Afterwards, at Allahabad, we had the further happiness of partaking of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days." Nothing has a more depressing effect on the spirits in India, than the wearisome months of worldly employment one is occasionally called to pass through, deprived of the spiritual worship, such as—weak lambs of the flock—we then needed. The sight of a church spire would then throw us into raptures, and the visit of a religious man afford a feast to our souls.

Once more, before we concluded our long travel, we were privileged, at Cawnpore—where we halted several days—to enjoy "a feast of fat things." Some old Dum-Dum friends, who maintained a high standard of piety, and drew others around them to real spiritual fellowship, received us with more than wonted kindness. It was a very Palace Beautiful to us jaded pilgrims; a brook in the way, while passing through the valley of Baca. The Rev. Mr. White had but recently left Cawnpore, where for years this devoted servant of God had been a pillar in the temple, rallying around him a chosen seed, a godly remnant, from a community equally noted for devoted saints and abounding iniquity. A victim to his faithful resistance to the ungodliness of the authorities, he was, for a word uttered indiscreetly, punished by removal. Brigadier Oglander, commanding H.M. 26th (Came-

ronian) Regiment, did much to counteract such pernicious conduct in those of higher rank; and he made his regiment a model of discipline, military conduct, and religious profession. We found some twenty or thirty officers and ladies statedly meeting at each other's houses for prayer, and the genial liberty these enjoyed in the ways of God gave me a new experience, so that I went in the strength of that meat to the very mount of God. Many of that happy band have gone to glory, no cloud obscuring their setting sun; others still continue as "trees that are planted in the courts of the Lord, to flourish in the house of our God."

The rest of the march was unmarked by incident, except our arrival within the influence of the dreadful famine then desolating the Doab (the region betwixt the rivers Jumna and Ganges), as it did again in 1859-60. The scenes of horror I continued to witness for several months kept my mind in a perpetual state of morbid wretchedness. In the large cities, like Agra, from 200 to 300 died daily; and the appearance of the famished crowd, assembling for their daily dole of raw meal, was fearfully disgusting to more senses than one. Crime increased, and all around looked gloomy and threatening. The very dogs and wolves became dangerous from the abundance of dead bodies: children were daily seized by the wolves, sometimes out of their mother's arms, and at mid-day! My health broke down, and I relapsed into a state of hypo-

chondria that made me more wretched than ever. But throughout this trying period of physical and mental depression, and though I had to encounter unbelievers, who sought to shake my confidence, my faith in Jesus for justification through His precious blood was clear as ever. I never lost hope in Christ, and continued to maintain a certain degree of communion with God in prayer, which preserved me from relapsing into vice, and sustained in my heart a hope of speedy restoration. My troubles increased, however, and were humbling me in preparation for some "messenger, an interpreter, one among a thousand;" and such was raised up for my deliverance.

CHAPTER V.

Agra—Religious Society—Colonel Wheler—New Experience—Rev. Mr. Williams—Revival—Active Service—Judgments—Fatal Affray—Self-discipline—Tide turns—More Troubles—Wheler's School—Regimental School.

ON arriving in Agra, in February, 1838, I once more found myself amongst a flourishing community of pious people, strong in spiritual experience and evangelistic labours of love. Here I was heartily welcomed—indeed, beyond my deserts, for I was no way backward in profession; and the short experience on the march, of my weakness to confront the world, and to stand in the vanguard for Christ, made me too happy to avail myself once more of the sympathy and co-operation of such lively Christians. Here, too, I found the *social* exercises of religion more particularly refreshing to my parched soul; for in Agra, as in many other stations of India, it was customary for believers to assemble at each other's houses for fellowship meetings, where, after the genial tea-table was cleared, we passed an hour or two in the most warm-hearted and unaffected interchange of our religious sentiments, with prayer and reading of the Scriptures. This, and other Christian intercourse with several estimable officers' families, was as "a

valley of Achor and door of hope" to my poor dejected soul, and was providentially the means of keeping me from falling at times into utter despair.

At the close of the year, the Cabul war drawing away the European and other regiments, our meetings were nearly broken up; but fresh arrivals somewhat recruited our ranks. This period formed a spiritual epoch in my life. I had been pining for some congenial spirit to whom I could open my heart, and such a one I found in Captain, afterwards General, Wheler, who arrived just then at Agra with the 34th regiment of Native Infantry. My first visit to him led to such delightful interchange of sentiment as gave me fresh spirit and life from the dead. It was "as iron sharpeneth iron." Henceforth, for two years, when not detached on duty, we lived together. Here again I recognized that high spiritual experience which, going forth in life-long, unwearied labours of love, had so fascinated me in Mr. Groves. In my spiritual debility I was well content to sit at Wheler's feet, and obtain a deeper acquaintance with Scripture. That "secret of the Lord," which "is with them that fear Him," was the source of his strength. He it was who first opened to me the Scripture concerning our privileges, as living under the dispensation of the Spirit. This was a fresh well-spring of life to me; for hitherto I had entertained the notion, even after having been brought off from trusting in my own works for pardon, that, in a measure, through my

own efforts I must get righteousness and strength; but now, self was more effectually cast down and crucified. From having some time before this seen the truths concerning the Lord's second coming and the millennial glory, I was prepared for an accession of light in my soul, and I drank it in from Wheler, even as the thirsty soil was now drinking in the rain, after the heavens had been as iron for eighteen months. As I marked the practical effect of these doctrines, I hailed them as new openings of life to my own soul. Wheler was remarkable for his faithfulness; he permitted no one—officer or soldier, European or native—to cross his path without asking a "reason of the hope that was in them," and at this time almost every officer in his own regiment had been converted through his instrumentality.

His example in this respect broke down a wall of separation, which had until now shut me out from religious intercourse with my own soldiers. The gulf fixed by discipline and conventional usage had hitherto seemed to me an insuperable barrier to Christian fellowship betwixt officers and their men; but with Wheler all such obstacles gave way. He talked to my men daily on religion—in the hospitals, on the roads, and wherever he met them. A new spirit was soon visible throughout the station, and we had in Agra, in 1838-9, a "revival."*

The chaplain having left the station through sick-

* See "Memoir of General Wheler." *London: Morgan and Chase.*

ness, Wheler was welcomed by the pious people as a "Mr. Greatheart" amongst them, and our meetings were resumed with increased vigour. The Soldiers' Episcopal chapel was thenceforth open every night whilst we remained at Agra. I well recollect "taking counsel with myself one night, having sorrow in my heart," that I never could have weathered the storm but for such privileges, and vowing, if the Lord would restore unto me the joys of his salvation, then would "I teach other transgressors his way;" and that I would do all in my power to maintain, wherever I was, such blessed means of grace for the benefit of poor soldiers, whose spiritual need so much resembled my own.

My mind at this time received light on another truth—the unity of the Church. I had hitherto kept aloof from every other denomination but the Episcopal; but in Agra, piety confessedly owed much of its power and success at this time to the Baptist denomination, amongst whom Chamberlain had laid the foundation, and Havelock helped to raise the edifice. Although that devoted man of God, Mr. Wybrow, had been successful in promoting the revival by a visit he paid to Agra about this time, and although the Church of England, through the German missionaries, resuscitated their church mission in 1838-9, it was to the Station Baptist chapel that all pious people of whatsoever denomination resorted, and they thankfully enjoyed the ministrations of the Rev. Mr.

Williams, the Baptist missionary, a man in labours more abundant, and eminently blessed of God to the souls of His people. Wheler, gladly welcomed by them, united with believers of all denominations in establishing the Agra Missionary Society, which for some years carried the Gospel throughout the many hundred villages of this swarming district, as well as through the large city and its suburbs. Nor did its labours ever terminate, for it was absorbed into the four or five distinct missions which eventually occupied the ground, and through these that district has since been more effectually evangelized than any other part of India, except Tinnevelly. It was in this part of India that the labours of James Thomason, late Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces, were so successful in the cause of education, that during the latter period of his administration there were more schools in it than in all the rest of India, missionary schools included.* He was equally successful in establishing other institutions, amongst which "the Bible Society for the North-Western Provinces" was pre-eminent.

My great hindrance and besetting sin at this period, as at others, was a false shame and fear of man —"that villain," as Bunyan calls him. I could never

* The district still possesses a fourth as many, its number of schools being 3,360, with 102,324 scholars; whilst the missionary schools in all India are only 800 odd, with 100,000 scholars. The total Government schools in all India is 14,317, with 341,118 scholars. This is among a population of 200 millions. (Indian Year-Book, 1861.)

open my mouth on religion before anybody, and except in that case before mentioned, with the drowning lad, had never prayed in any one's presence, unless from a book; indeed, the having to read the church service occasionally to my men put me in a fever. Example now roused me to try and overcome this feeling, and I began to visit and converse with some poor people. Calling one day on an old Christian pensioner, whom I had known in Dum-Dum, and who was dangerously ill, I had some liberty in responding to his pious conversation. On getting up to leave, I was taken aback by his piteous appeal, "You won't leave me without prayer?" I was utterly at a loss, yet for very shame could not refuse; so I knelt down, but not a word could I utter, till at last in despair I cried, "O Lord, deliver me from pride and self-conceit;" then, to cover my confusion, I recited the Lord's Prayer, and rushed away without another word. For years after this I never succeeded in speaking or praying extempore, though I repeated the attempt again a year or two afterwards. Strange to say, it was in the Hindostani language, of which I knew but little, and with some native drummers and children, that, eight years later, I first commenced this exercise.

I was taking means to "stir up the gift that was in me," and used to aid Wheler in the daily prayer-meeting at the soldiers' chapel by reading from books to the men. One day, when looking over a tract,—

"The Aged Swiss Peasant," by C. Malan,—preparatory to reading it at the meeting, my mind recoiled from the freeness of the invitation there given to sinners. We were then in the midst of the "revival." Our European soldiers, a licentious set, were all excitement; crowding the chapel daily: but my own mind, still disturbed through the irregularities I yet persisted in, made me shrink from the responsibility of guiding souls at such a crisis; and, in fact, my views of truth were somewhat obscure on some points. For hours I walked in great agitation up and down my verandah with the tract in my hand, my conscience telling me that the fault lay in myself, not in the tract. At last I compounded with conscience so far as to determine I would read it; though still with a reservation in my own mind, which doubtless would have shown itself in my manner and tone of reading.

When Wheler had gone through the first part of the service the crowd were under visible impressions. I commenced reading my tract, and got through the solemn warning with which it commences, and the touching appeal of the aged woman for light and ground of hope at her near approaching end, when, to my dismay, the tract suddenly came to an end: the remaining leaves were missing—I must have loosened and lost them. Here was I, with a mass of awakened, depraved men, whose fears I had already excited, straining with expectation for what was to

follow. The thought flashed on my mind, "You are taken in your own snare; you wanted to read what you did not believe, and offer what you would not accept. Cease such double dealing: speak out, and offer the Gospel as you yourself believe in it, or hold your peace." Lifting up my confused mind to God, whilst explaining the abrupt conclusion of the tract, I then in a few, *very few*, words attempted to answer that vital question, "What must we do to be saved?" I believe I spoke the very sentiments of the tract, which I had before disbelieved; for I felt power and light come with the attempt. Well do I recollect the solemn and anxious look of these men, as they lingered round the door after we had concluded, just as I have since seen in Scotland during the late "revivals."

It is an awful fact, that, before five months had elapsed, most of these men had relapsed openly and shamelessly into profligacy, so that when unexpectedly called to march against a rebellious fort at the hottest time of the year, four of them were, on the first and second day's march, found dead from drunkenness, lying on the road, or having thrown themselves into wells. I fear they may have been hardened by my own inconsistent example; for, if I was not a drunkard, my inveterate quackery of myself with medicine, led me to support nature with such excessive quantities of beer as made me very unfit for the religious exercises in which I still persisted in taking

part. Although my command, until we started on the march, had been but a nominal one, my example —had I walked consistently—would doubtless have operated towards restraining such excesses.

Another occurrence, soon after the commencement of this march, led me to deep reflection, and to fresh effort to reform my irregular habits. We had halted, on a Sunday, after the usual march, at a place called Uncha-Shehir, otherwise "Lall Sònt." As the flooded state of the country, and the rains which fell, kept the men continually in wet clothes, it was desirable to be always on the move. I, however, held the usual religious services—rather a questionable proceeding this also—but we were all in a morbid condition from resisted conviction, and from allowed sin having aggravated other evils. The sermon I selected was on the joys of heaven contrasted with the evils of this life. For myself, what with my bodily infirmities and the intense heat, I excused myself for giving way to my natural proneness to indulgence at the table, and, as is customary on a march, I had "turned in" at an early hour.

We had previously experienced much vexation from the indisposition of the townspeople to furnish supplies; especially carts to convey lame and sick men. The town was of notoriously evil repute as a den of robbers, and shots were not unfrequently fired into travellers' camps; other insults were not un-

usual, and depredations were common. A zealous young subaltern of our party, highly indignant at the way we were treated, had persuaded me, when I was half asleep, to let him take a party of Europeans, go to the town, and enforce the necessary requisition. Not considering that it would become dark before he had accomplished his object, I assented. How long a time had elapsed after his departure I was unconscious; but I was awakened by a man returning from the town to say that the party were surrounded there—some killed, and all in danger of being cut off. Thoroughly *awake* now, I sounded the assembly, and leaving the camp to the care of the Lascars, we were in a few minutes off "at the double" to rescue our comrades. The town was surrounded by a swamp, crossed by a long circuitous causeway, and some time of fearful anxiety might be expected to elapse ere we could know the worst; but to our intense relief we had not advanced very far before we met our party returning, and all safe. My subaltern had penetrated into the town after it had become dark, thoughtfully leaving some men to keep possession of the gateway. They then went under the walls of a lofty keep, and there, after an altercation and an insulting answer from its walls, they attempted to drag away some carts and bullocks. In the act of doing this, a man rushed at the subaltern, cutting right and left, and wounded him under the arm; the officer only saved his life by running

the man through the body with his sword. The party then, after seizing two or three people of the place, who had witnessed the occurrence, withdrew, and met us as above mentioned. The whole of our little camp was thenceforth so excited that I judged it best to strike the tents, and march away, taking however our prisoners with us, and drawing up a statement of evidence from all the parties concerned, which I forwarded to the Resident at Jeypore.

Of course, according to native practice, the townspeople had already given their own account of the business. They affirmed that, in the middle of the night, a party of drunken soldiers had plundered and ravished the whole town, leaving many dead and wounded, and so on. This, when the deposition of their own people was read, defeated its own object, and confirmed the statements of our men; and as, happily for me, the Resident was the gallant Colonel Sutherland, I heard no more of it afterwards, though I received a hint, through my immediate superiors in the force, to be cautious in future. Had some other of our old politicals been in office, my commission would probably have been sacrificed.

I had learnt a lesson, and deeply regretted my remissness, which thus led to the loss of one life, and imperilled so many others. Although I did not even then break off the quackery which, with the necessary antidote of beer, still greatly injured my efficiency, I did what I thought would enable me to

control my appetites, and denied myself all gratifications of the table. For years after this, I actually never tasted meat, but went through all my campaigning on a rigid diet of farinaceous food, with occasionally some eggs and bacon; unable, indeed, to swallow anything solid, even a piece of bread, without producing an insatiable ravening that became quite uncontrollable. It resembled that disease called "the wolf" within me, and Cornaro himself was not a more wonderful example of self-denial in eating than I thenceforth became. I so far succeeded that I preserved my mind clear, and escaped that lethargic torpor which the Indian climate is so prone to induce after indulgence in eating; and as regarded the emergencies of active service, I was ever after this free from anxiety, and enjoyed a measure of self-possession and comfort for the performance of all duties in the responsible position I occupied.

To return to my narrative. These solemn scenes, together with the misgivings incident to young soldiers suddenly sent on active service for the first time (for we were led to expect a desperate resistance from the fort against which we were going (one of the strongest in India), all tended to rouse me from the lethargy induced by my irregular habits. Having moreover command of the detachment, the energy demanded to carry on the military duties devolving on me in such an emergency, made me exert myself as I had never done before, and drew me out of the

moody poring over my own feelings, by which I had aggravated the evil. I now learnt this important truth, that religion *was a practical thing, not confined to prayer-meetings and study of books, and still less to inward feelings and an inverted study of ourselves.*

The exciting and novel scenes of that period gave me opportunities of breaking through the wall of separation that had hitherto prevented my holding religious intercourse with my men; and I have reason to think that some conversation I enjoyed with some of them at that time made an indelible impression. The country we passed through was given up to lawlessness and bloodshed. Victims of violence and avengers of blood met us at every step. "Yet," though strangers in the land, and very few in it, "He suffered no man to do us wrong, and reproved even kings for our sakes."* Not only was the Rajah obliged to give up his fort without fighting; but other Rajahs, on our representation of the disorders in their territories, were called to account by our Government.

Through some influence I exerted, muskets and ammunition were obtained for my little band on our return march. Having besides to convey old captured guns from the Ajmere magazine, this, with the news now flying through India, of the fall of Ghuznee, and other successes in Afghanistan, quite turned

* We were not even furnished with fire-arms; the only weapon of the men being a short sword.

the tide of opinion, so that our progress resembled a triumphant march; and even on approaching "Uncha-Shehir," the scene of our former misadventure, the inhabitants were ready to anticipate all our wishes, and showed us the utmost respect. They had even so much feared our arrival that they had propitiated their gods by erecting two huge idols near the encamping ground.

These independent states were, however, still unsettled, making it a delicate matter to avoid collisions. One day, when reposing in the noontide heat, I was roused by tidings of a native guard having been attacked in a village four miles off, whilst obtaining supplies for the camp. On the alert against the villanies of our own native soldiers, I did not disturb our Europeans, but warning the few native soldiers to follow, I galloped on ahead to see for myself the state of things; my groom, a fine athletic little fellow, keeping up with me. On arriving close to the village, I went up to the first native I saw, who was in his field; he, seeing me charging up, seized his sword to defend himself, which placed me in an awkward predicament. Not wishing to hurt him, I was exposed to be cut down myself, but my little syce in a moment got behind him and pinioned him. Taking his sword away, I went into the village, which I found was deserted. Our men, one of whom was slightly wounded—I doubt not in some attempt at exaction on their part—pretended to have been ter-

ribly beaten and robbed; and now, seeing the tables turned and our other men coming up, they began their usual reprisals by breaking into the houses and plundering. I soon brought them to their senses; and seeing the inhabitants had shut themselves up in the mud fort attached to every village, which is the last resort in such cases, and being unable to bring them to an understanding through my ignorance of the language, I made the best of things by calling off our party, taking, however, with me several of the villagers, charged by our men with causing the disturbance. I sent the whole of them to the political agent; and, as I anticipated, they were discharged without anything being proved against them. The Havildar of the attacked party was ever after most grateful to me for getting him out of the scrape, and proved in the end a meritorious native officer.

Returning to live again with my friend Colonel Wheler, I became interested in a native school which he taught daily in his own house, composed of the offscourings of that mixed multitude forming a military bazaar. I often sat and watched the marvellous transformation by which these filthy half-naked creatures changed their aspect under this paternal treatment, and brightened up into as happy-looking a group of school-children as could be witnessed in our native land. One boy especially attracted my attention, a small, ill-favoured, pock-marked creature of about

ten years of age, who still maintained a suspicious, sullen look. He had been drawn by his companions to "come and see;" and by degrees was persuaded to give up his vagrant habits about the European barracks, so attractive to native boys, and attend regularly at the school. I noticed the deep-rooted dislike that still marked his features, as Wheler, according to his custom, after having first taught them their letters, put into their hands a simple catechism, and in his earnest way explained its solemn truths. Something seemed to fascinate the little fellow, so that he sat and listened as it were in spite of himself, though the carnal enmity of his heart was evidently struggling for the mastery. So matters went on for some weeks, till I thought I noticed a change in his looks; for I had begun to speculate which side was to prevail in the contest so evidently passing in the boy's mind. The truth at last conquered, and the boy's face now brightened up with a peculiar sweetness and intelligence. After some progress had been made by him in his reading, I noticed he used to carry about a large native Testament under his arm, and accompany Wheler when he attended the station market twice a week to preach to the natives.

Now I had never so far overcome my fear of man and false shame as to take my stand beside Wheler on these occasions. The whole proceeding was one unprecedented amongst "officers and gentlemen," and so universally scouted as a piece of fanaticism, "a

crime to be punished by the judges;" that when this little fellow, drawing a train of followers after him from the school, boldly stood forth with the champion of the Lord's host against the Goliath of Agra, I was fairly "nonplussed," and asked him one day, what was the use of *his* going. "I'll preach to the people," said he. "And what will *you* preach?" "I'll tell them about Jesus, and how to be saved, and that if they don't give up their idols they will all be destroyed."

When some months after this I was ordered to another station, I asked this little fellow if he would accompany me, as Wheler was also going away, and the school was to be broken up. He joyfully agreed to leave his home and friends for the prospect of continuing to enjoy opportunities of Christian instruction; and although my servants, all heathens, were jealous of this Joseph in the house, for fear he should "bring up their evil report to me," he stood his ground against them all. When we were ordered against another rebellious fort, and the fighting became very serious, the enemy's fire was so hot that my other servants did not dare to show themselves in the trenches; yet this boy never deserted me, nor seemed to have any fear; and I had some reason to believe that he had experienced a saving change of heart. Of course he had in the meanwhile to endure persecution, and had trials of cruel mocking, especially from an elder brother, a harsh, wicked character; but he never flinched or seemed to regard it.

Soon after this I was taken ill from the effects of exposure acting on my much-abused constitution; and I was compelled to leave my regiment, and visit the Himalaya mountains on medical certificate. I therefore thought it best to send "Prem Sukh" back to his home, conscious that I was not doing my duty by him, and that the missionaries since established in Agra were more likely to benefit him than I was.

To finish his story. About eight years after this, when encamped in the citadel of Lahore, during the Punjaub War, with the same household (for I hardly ever parted with a servant), I had made such progress as to be able to hold a meeting and address my servants, reading the Scriptures to them with prayer. One Sabbath, after I had commenced the service, I noticed a stranger at the door of the tent, looking on with evident satisfaction. At the conclusion I invited him inside, asking him some questions concerning the truths he had heard, and wished to know his opinion of Christianity. He listened with attention, until I had finished, when he said, "So you have forgotten me?" It was "Prem Sukh," my young teacher; but (as usual with the natives, at that period of life) he had, since we parted, shot up from a child into a man. I was touched at the meeting, especially as he seemed the same decided character as before. I have never heard of him since. The "Lord will preserve him alive" to be, I fully expect, of that great number who will compose Wheler's crown of rejoicing" in that day."

Before leaving Agra I had made a step in advance by visiting and catechising the children of our regimental school, to which I was somewhat encouraged by the schoolmaster, a very intelligent young man, who was at this time brought under concern for his soul, but whose after-career was remarkable and his end very terrible. Well do I recollect the reluctance with which I began this work; "I was with them in fear and much trembling," but, as though to draw me on, the Lord gave special testimony to His word by my mouth. Dances in barracks—a fertile occasion of vice—were broken up, and, to my great surprise, I found after a time the little children haunting my house, evidently anxious about their souls; and well do I recollect my own uneasiness at the effect of my labours—I should rather say, of Wheler's—and my inability to meet the wants and inquiries of these children. But Wheler, who had doubtless spoken to them himself, was able to supply my lack of service towards these lambs, as he did with regard to all the schools at the station. Years after I was able to trace fruits of his labours amongst them.

I would here mention, as an interesting fact, that the depôt at Agra with the families of the European regiment was, simultaneously with the men themselves then at Cabul, visited by a work of the Spirit, and an exchange of tracts and letters went on between husband and wife, before either knew what had taken place with the other.

It was during our stay in Agra that Wheler was called to account by Lord Auckland, for preaching to the natives. His lordship expressed his most severe displeasure at such a proceeding, and required special investigation to be made as to the extent and mode in which it was carried on, and the parties through whom the practice originated and by whom practised. Wheler steadily defended his conduct, and, with some modifications, as respected the lines of the sepoys, continued in the same course, notwithstanding that the prohibition was repeated more than once.

CHAPTER VI.

Impulse to become a missionary—Barrack piety—H.M. 9th Regiment—A love-feast—Hospital visitation—A passing want—Firstfruits.

SOMEWHAT later my mind became exercised on the question of becoming a missionary. I shall never forget the death-bed of a native whom I visited a little before this time, at a village some distance from Agra, when on a march to receive recruits. I went at the request of a medical man, himself, I fear, unconverted. The patient was a handsome, intelligent young Mohammedan, in the last stage of consumption. His face lightened up with hope as we entered, and at every pause in the conversation he seemed to implore for some ray of light to shine on the dark valley he was already entering. But in this moving scene, with my conscience stirring up my inmost soul, my tongue refused its office, and I left the dying man awfully oppressed with the realities of death and judgment, as well as with the guilt of having denied my Master. God's "word was even then in mine heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones."

The reproachful look with which the poor fellow

followed me long haunted my mind, and urged a decision regarding the millions around me, perishing in darkness. After a lengthened struggle I came to the conclusion not to leave the army, and satisfied my conscience by a determination to do all in my power for the mission cause, but meanwhile "to abide in the calling wherein I was called." I was induced to this from the consideration of how much need there was of Christian labour amongst the European soldiers, and the great impulse that would be given to the cause of God in India by their conversion. I supposed also that my gifts and disposition were such as to qualify me most for that branch of work. In this decision I felt in after-years great peace of mind, as I was enabled—overcoming the fear of man and popular prejudice—to preach to the natives also; and I never experienced such nearness and power with God as when identifying myself with the mission cause. I realized *that* as the one object for which God permitted us to hold India.

Some may think I was thus offering to God that which cost me nothing. Nay, verily. Hitherto I had never in my life bestowed anything for the promotion of the Gospel. If not looking forward, like others, to enjoy the reward of my services in my native land, I nevertheless had motives, connected with my advancement and success in the service, which mainly stimulated my efforts and absorbed my means: but now a new principle of action and motive

to exertion, clashing with all such worldly views, clamoured for precedence; and I quietly yielded myself up to "spend and be spent" in the cause of Christ.

"In the desert let me labour, on the mountain let me tell,
How He died, the precious Saviour, to redeem a world from hell."

Never to the end of my service did I thenceforth desire to leave either the army or the country; but ill-health and other circumstances compelled me to do both.

My deep-rooted selfishness was not subdued in one struggle. Many a conflict had I to pass through; many a conquest of Divine grace was achieved in me, leading to the cutting off and plucking out many darling habits and rooted sentiments, ere I could say, "Sin has no more dominion over me." I was encouraged in this warfare by the arrival of H.M. 9th Regiment, a corps remarkable at that time, not only for its piety, but also for its high state of discipline and moral character—the latter qualities being generally in the ratio of the religious element in a regiment. They, too, had recently enjoyed a "revival," through the labours of the Rev. Mr. Mundy, a missionary at Berhampore; and although it had been stopped, after their leaving that station, by a controversial spirit arising amongst the converts, and many, in consequence, had gone back to the world, there was still a considerable party of steadfast believers,

with whom we enjoyed delightful communion for a few months. In this society I first felt the power of Christian fellowship. Religion in the army tends, in a remarkable manner, to link closely together in the unity of the Spirit, the soldiers brought through grace under its power. The circumstances of their life make them really one family, partaking of each other's lot amidst vicissitudes that so powerfully draw forth sympathy with each other. As soldiers, especially as witnesses for Christ, there is for them no border land or neutral ground in a barrack; and although, like the infants exposed by the Spartans, none but strong ones survive, and frequently "he that departs from evil makes himself a prey;" still this sifting process tends to train up a good stock, and to maintain a vigorous healthy spirit, like "beaten oil for the sanctuary." As a soldier myself, their example, even in the minor details of a Christian's walk, constrained (not to say, shamed) me into a closer conformity to Christ. Here first did I hear of soldiers, in an open barrack, with a hundred men in it, kneeling down daily for private prayer; an example so powerfully influencing the ungodly around them as to put a restraint on all open vice and licentiousness. I felt humbled by the contrast with the conduct of our own men, in whom I fear the old mocking spirit of Ishmael manifested itself towards these heirs of the promises.

This feeling was aggravated by my own want of

discretion. My friend Wheler having left me for awhile, being sent away on command, I gave way to a weak fondness for the children of the regiment, spoiling them by indulgence and unchecked gratification of all their wishes. When the regiment was suddenly ordered to march, I not only allowed them to take anything they fancied of my property, but clothed the whole of them, besides keeping open house, and feasting them, during the days of confusion in preparation for the march. Some would be seen carrying off a sheep; others a goat! This gave rise to jealousies on the part of the Roman Catholic children, and a few wild ones amongst the Protestants—who, until this time of general holiday, had avoided us, and even persecuted those who took part in our religious doings. In this way I ran myself into debt, which obliged me to part with my servants and the establishment required by an officer in my position; and it was only after two years of great self-denial and difficulty that I extricated myself. I certainly forgot in this to provide "things honest in the sight of men," and gave rise to no small remark by "those that were without;" so easy is it, in the death-struggle with old sins, to overlook "the little foxes that spoil the vines."

I also transgressed the rules of the service in so far that I could not deny myself the pleasure of sharing in a parting "love-feast," given to the pious people of the regiment by an old Methodist dragoon pensioner.

That meeting and parting in the outskirts of a large military cantonment was a night much to be remembered. Black and white of every shade and grade, military and civilian, rich and poor, old and young, with a sprinkling of the "mixed multitude," all were there. It was to me a most delightful scene to witness the loving joyous aspect that religion presented amongst them, and soul-cheering and refreshing to listen to their hearty songs of praise. Had I forfeited my commission for that night's happiness, it would have lain very light on my conscience. The Lord dealt very tenderly with us, and no harm came of this breach of rule, beyond the stories and exaggerations in which idlers in India are so prone to indulge.

Six years later I met this regiment (the 9th) at the outposts of Sobraon, where, under their old Peninsula veteran Colonel Davis, they supported their character for bravery, and achieved success with smaller loss than most. On that eventful night, whilst in cold and darkness we took up our position for battle on the morrow, I had some conversation with one man who, though himself unconverted, bore strong testimony in favour of all my old friends, and seemed, then at least, to envy them. The confusion of a campaign prevented my meeting the regiment again. But I have often heard favourable testimony regarding them, and that some died in peace. I have still a "sampler" of the Lord's Prayer, worked by one of

the private soldiers. Sewing is a great accomplishment in the army.

Some eight years afterwards, in 1849, when holding a Bible-class meeting with some sergeants of the Sappers and Miners and their families at Loodiana, one —evidently the worse for liquor—began uttering sceptical remarks. This was so unexpected by us that we were silent in surprise, until a female voice from one end of the table, in firm but beseeching terms, so remonstrated with the speaker that he held his tongue, and behaved quietly to the end. It was his wife that spoke; and on calling on them next day I recognized in her, to my great delight, one of two orphan sisters from amongst my little friends of the 9th Regiment, who in their deep poverty had been obliged to bring me a fine old family Bible for sale at the time of the march. Both sisters were married, and living in that barrack, and I had reason to hope both were Christian women. Many years afterwards I received a letter of a cheering nature from another of the party now a sergeant in the regiment; and from other pleasant incidents that came to my notice regarding these lambs, I believe that the Lord overruled even my weakness and extravagance towards these His dear children, to diffuse a savour of His name, which like the precious ointment and the alabaster box very costly, broken in His cause, was accepted as an offering of faith, and as seed cast on the waters, to "be found after many days."

Under the auspices of Wheler, I entered at this period on another most desirable branch of Christian effort, the religious visitation of the European soldiers in hospital. Hospitals had been almost as entirely neglected as the barracks were by Christians, for in a large cantonment the chaplain was often utterly unequal to the heavy duty devolving on him. Wheler had engaged in this, amongst his other varied efforts; and, regarding it as a semi-military duty, I was prevailed on to accompany him, and take part in it in our own hospital. I had long felt some compunction at leaving our poor fellows to linger on, and often to die in that foreign land, tended only by the offscouring of the heathen, whose repulsive appearance, with scarcely a vestige of clothing, excited in their morbid condition feelings of horror and disgust. The officer under whose tutelage I first entered on my military career and religious course at Dum-Dum, had regularly conducted religious services in our large hospital at that station; and I well knew the blessed experiences that accrued from it to all concerned. Yet my natural pride of heart shrank from the humiliation involved in such services. A sense of consistency showed me that these would be mere mockery and an empty ceremony if I felt no sympathy and genuine heartfelt interest in the work; whilst to condescend to such familiarity with poor soldiers, or to exercise such feelings towards them, was quite beyond my power.

There is moreover this special difficulty in the case,

that the patients' beds being very near each other, it is almost impossible to speak to one patient without others hearing, and I had hitherto hardly opened my lips on religion, beyond joining in a general conversation when others took the lead. To initiate the subject, and with parties who might be hostile to the truth, was utterly beyond my capacity. I may almost say that this refusal to confess Christ was one of my besetting sins,—so little could I enter into the apostle's experience that he was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The disinclination I felt to the work in a country like India, which my imagination had always connected with deadly diseases and sudden deaths, was aggravated by a strong constitutional dread of death and of physical suffering. My many dangerous illnesses, with the constant ill-health I suffered, had, however, rendered me somewhat familiar with the latter and had awakened a measure of sympathy for others, so that I often felt a desire to overcome my natural indisposition to these duties; but it was only on witnessing the easy manner of Wheler, and his success in the work, that I at length attempted to engage in it.

This duty was the more incumbent on me that I knew how large a proportion of the sickness was the result of vice; and if it were only to tell the men what God had done for my soul, I felt what a blessed opportunity was presented to me. By degrees I got on from merely reading the Church Service, with one of

Cooper's sermons,—though this at first threw me into such a nervous tremor that I could scarcely articulate—until I ventured to speak a few words, regarding their souls, to some I was most interested in. The consideration of their blood being required at my hands, in cases where life was in danger, was the feeling that first urged me to make the attempt.

One case in particular was the means of bringing me to decision and encouraging me in my first feeble efforts. A young man, very popular in the regiment, a Roman Catholic, who had been appointed sergeant-major of our battalion, about this time fell dangerously ill. He being a proud worldly character, I felt it very difficult to speak to him regarding his soul; his wife, too, a bigoted Romanist, was always sitting by him, as though to prevent our disturbing his mind. In spite of all, my conscience compelled me to warn him of his danger; and though it must indeed have been out of weakness itself that I was made strong for the duty, yet the warning was sent home as an arrow of conviction to his heart. I left the hospital, not thinking any good effect had been produced, and even reproaching myself that out of deference to his rank, and his being amongst the other soldiers, I had omitted to pray with him. Late at night as it was I almost resolved to return and supply the omission, but was persuaded to commit his case to God, and to wait. The man was graciously restored, and he afterwards frequently manifested extraordinary feelings of gratitude to me, as

though I had been the instrument of raising him from the very grave; and from having been our greatest opponent, he now became an active partisan. I never had actual proof of his conversion, but his conduct was quite changed.

Many a soldier, who in health, whilst occupied in active duties, and encouraged by his comrades, defers conviction, and throws off, like early dew, all the influences exerted in his behalf, is brought by the mysterious experiences of a sick-bed to listen to your exhortations and even to long for your visits, "as he that watcheth for the morning." It is there, in the far-off land, that the prodigal most frequently "comes to himself;" and whilst all the early associations of childhood and home are flooding his heart with tenderness, you can cast in the good seed in hope of a welcome reception.

The longer I persevered, the more important I found the work. I supplemented the ordinary religious services with tract distribution and a library, and even with occasional delicacies from my kitchen, besides aiding in the more worldly matters in which a patient—is, as is frequently the case, a young soldier—has need of a friend and advice. As I gradually gained experience, there came to be a kind of tacit understanding that the hospital was neutral ground, where I ceased to be the officer, and the patient ceased to be the soldier. These positions are felt to be in conflict; and to a man debilitated, perhaps dying, it is an inexpressible relief to be exempt from the iron yoke of

discipline, which pursues him into the most ordinary engagements, till he almost feels death itself a welcome escape from the bugle and the roll-call.

If, during the fourteen years I persevered in visiting the hospitals, there was not a full amount of blessing, it must be attributed to the want, on my part, of the requisite self-denial, and to my yielding to the indolence and selfishness incidental to a heathen land and tropical clime. I nevertheless attribute it to God's blessing on such labours that my company never suffered from cholera and other epidemics; the invariable sequel of vice and neglected duties. No man under my command ever died without enjoying the consolations of the Gospel; and even the general hospital arrangements were so moulded by the beneficial influence prevalent there, that it ceased to be a scene of dread, avoided, until too late, by the sick soldier. I have known men to be subject to the superstitions of the dark ages, when physicians were suspected of poisoning people; and frightful stories, originating in bigotry and ignorance, were circulated and believed, until the hospital was associated in their minds with prisons and dungeons. I found on the contrary that it might become too comfortable; for there were always a few who were never so happy as when in it.

After Wheler's departure from Agra I was left to a new experience of weakness, of which I had hitherto been unconscious. On the first occasion of my conduct-

ing the service alone in hospital, before I had proceeded far, the aspect of the whole affair contrasted so unfavourably with what I had known of its power, when the worship was led by Wheler, as totally to overwhelm me. The cold unconcerned faces of the patients,—some smoking, others talking, or doing anything to avoid the appearance of listening, as though to impress on me the fact that their previous solemnity had not been attributable to me—was too much; and, despite all my natural *hauteur* and self-command, I burst into a convulsive fit of weeping, and could only continue the service amidst sobs and almost inarticulate utterance. Yet this was the crisis of my work; an experience passing over my audience, as well as myself, that bore the most valuable fruit, not only at that time, but ever after.

Although naturally averse to scenes, I have more than once, when among the sick and fallen, been similarly affected, and with the same result as in this instance, that of subduing the most obdurate. I have thus learned that invaluable lesson, how God brings us low and empties us to the uttermost, when going to use us or bestow a blessing by our means. Nowhere do circumstances combine to humble us more than beside sick-beds and in public hospitals. I have therefore ever valued these spheres, and often, under the desponding feeling incident to heathen lands, have frequented them in the expectation of having my parched soul refreshed. Memory still loves to dwell

on such experiences of the past, and can recall many an incident fruitful of tenderest emotion and solemn feeling.

Once, when disease and vice were reaping an abundant harvest in a large hospital occupied by other battalions as well as my own, when ministering the Word among them, and scattering tracts and books, I gave "The Sinner's Friend" to a young recruit of a very interesting appearance, who was evidently in the last stage of consumption. He next day called me to his bedside, and pointing his finger to page 23, "The Lord hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bound," said to me, with deep solemnity, "Is this true? and may I trust to this?" I preached to him Jesus: and he seemed to drink in the truth like a babe at its mother's breast. His fine countenance and features lightened up with a fire that seemed to diffuse light to all around. He told me he was a prodigal, and the son of highly respectable parents; and he begged of me to write to them after his death, which took place in the course of a few days.

I would advisedly state it as my own opinion, and that of persons best qualified to judge, that *where the Gospel is faithfully preached* more souls are saved in our Indian hospitals, from amongst our European soldiers, than in most parts of the world. There, may be witnessed lives of consistent piety closed in triumphant joy of assurance. There, rebels and profligates have glorified

the grace of God, like the thief on the cross ; and there, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, God has perfected praise." The little orphan girl has there been seen, following its departed parents in the ravages of cholera, with the Bible, her dearest friend, on her bed, encouraging the weeping mothers around to come to Jesus, for she was going to Him ; and there, the rough boy, her persecutor, smitten with deep conviction, and subdued under the power of the cross, has resolved to go forth and follow in her steps, and prove himself another champion, willing to bear reproach and obloquy in the cause of God.

CHAPTER VII.

Cawnpore—The rebel fort—Under fire—Sick leave—Himalayas—Their beauties and resources—Physical renovation—Simla—Narrow escape of life—Prevention of the Suttee—Thibet road—Moravian mission—A utopian review, and its fulfilment.

THE incidents last alluded to were merely a sip of "the brook in the way," ere I was declared convalescent. My nest was now to be stirred up afresh; when once more separated from endeared friends and Christian ties, I had to prepare for the march. Agra, then the seat of government for the North-West Provinces, and a large civil station, with a considerable mercantile community of Europeans, had little of that military spirit which so generally pervades society in the Upper Provinces. I had hitherto enjoyed a light time in my profession; but I was now ordered to Cawnpore, the head-quarters of a division of the army, and at that time (1840) the oldest and largest military station in North India. Here my father had done duty with his regiment, as long ago as 1786; and I felt the time was drawing near when I must "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

True enough. On my arrival there with my company I soon found myself in a new element, and the

realities of military discipline asserted their full sway over us. My men, hitherto petted by myself and others, were rudely shaken from their dreams, and I began to find that they had rather been commanding me than I them. Slyly insinuating their flatteries, and saying in effect, like the evil spirit of old, "this man is the servant of the most high God," they had puffed me up with self-conceit, and blinded me to my own and their defects. Thus my suspicions were lulled to sleep, till every man, unrestrained by fear of being called to account, did what was right in his own eyes.

In Cawnpore, where law alone asserted sway, I soon lost my influence; and, in the midst of a mass of wild and reckless spirits, I felt myself quite unequal to the emergency. The skin-deep propriety of my own men soon gave way before the flood of temptation; and a continuous series of punishment parades so disgusted me with them, the system, and myself, that I was strongly tempted to throw up my profession in despair and disappointment. God in His providence so ordered it that I was for several weeks, alternately, under orders for Cabul, and to march against a rebel fort in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore. I was so broken down in health and spirits, under a sense of inefficiency for such a crisis, and fear of exposing myself to disgrace, that I knew not what to do, and wished myself well out of the scrape. Moreover, on leaving Agra, I had lost emoluments of which I now sorely felt the want to enable me to recover myself from

my pecuniary difficulties ; and, like the prophet under his withered gourd, I cried, "It is better for me to die than to live." Several cases of suicide by officers, under circumstances similar to my own, had deepened this gloom in my mind. Before, however, I had time to give way to these melancholy feelings, I found myself in full march for the rebel fort of Chirgong, near Jhansi, with a small detachment of native troops who had just been celebrating the Hooley,* and who very much resembled Falstaff's crew at Coventry. We had but five or six Europeans in all, only one of whom was a fellow-Christian ; he was with me on our former march from Calcutta, and himself as "ready to halt" as I was. I now began to reflect on my folly, and, like Jonah in the labouring vessel, felt sure "the storm was for my sake;" and then from the depths, like him, "I prayed unto the Lord by reason of my affliction, and He heard me."

An instance of that inscrutable occurrence "panic" occurred during this march. An unfounded report having reached our camp that the enemy were prepared to attack us with an overwhelming force, our camp was put into a state of excitement, and the officer in command began making demonstrations with his native cavalry, to impress any spies of the enemy with a sense of our preparedness against surprise. Panic is no unusual thing in India, and it is a most fertile source of evil. When once excited it rules uncontrolled, and the

* A native festival; the Saturnalia of the Hindoos.

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greatest atrocities have been committed under the influence of terror. Unfortunately, Europeans in India have of late years become prone to this feeling, and for the most part exhibit nothing of that confidence which genuine faith in Christ always inspires. In the way of judicial retribution this may perhaps be traced to the increasing countenance given to idolatrous festivals and excesses of the heathen; for it deserves note, that the last extreme of judgment denounced by God on his chosen people for their sins was, "a trembling of heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind." To learn how completely these were experienced by our unhappy countrymen in India, one has only to read the narratives published in the newspapers during the mutiny and other periods of calamity. Panic has not unfrequently existed even when there was no apparent cause to justify such a state.

During this little expedition to the rebel fort, and in the midst of the siege, we ourselves were chargeable with causing something of such confusion, by spreading a report, which proved to be groundless, that our fuses were useless and of the wrong nature for the ordnance employed. Our mistake was however rectified in time; and it only furnished a joke to our comrades on our return, but the wonder was that our inexperience and incapacity led to nothing worse. I was somewhat elated after entering the fort to find that the fire of our guns had dismounted a huge gun of the enemy's, which had not only inflicted

heavy loss before the arrival of our heavy ordnance, but also commanded the road by which we had to attack the fort. The disabling of this gun doubtless enabled our party to take the fortress without further loss.

I returned within a month, healed both in soul and body, having moreover secured both honour and prize money by our successful operations. A grand party was given to us by the commanding officer; for in those days captured forts were scarce, and prize money still more so. Amongst some other recent arrivals I met a dear friend and brother, an officer of considerable standing and experience, with whom I found a home and true Christian fellowship. Although my course henceforth was comparatively as the "shining light," whilst "I followed on to know the Lord," I was yet to bear about with me the tokens of the Divine displeasure against former sins, even when put away and pardoned. Thus, whilst my comrades were all pressing forward to usefulness and distinction amidst the exciting scenes of active service, I was for two years laid aside as "a broken vessel out of mind." My health still suffered from the consequence of my long course of irregularities, and I was recommended by a medical committee for a year's residence in the Himalaya hills, preparatory to a longer furlough to England. Thither I betook myself, and spent nearly two years as in quarantine, until, replenished in pecuniary resources, and freed

from the physical injuries I had sustained, I was declared once more effective for military duty.

Painfully convinced as I was that my quackery was destroying my health, and compelled to give up the practice, I was still the victim of a mental hallucination. Led astray by something of the ancient heresy which attributed all evil to the body, I fancied that by asceticism I could eradicate all sinful emotions. Under this insidious delusion of "being made perfect in the flesh," I congratulated myself on having obtained a freedom from certain evil propensities that formerly led me captive, whilst in fact I was in subjection to mere morbid feelings, and destitute of a hungering after Christ, because I too little felt my need of Him. It was long before I discovered my mistake, and yet longer ere, through the wearisome experience of busy life and the excitement of active service, I was worried out of self, and weaned from my "show of wisdom and will-worship," by being brought to fight with my corruptions, and to take my stand at the cross for all the daily necessities of my spiritual conflict.

Let me here turn aside, and draw attention to that wonder of the world, the Himalayas. As to its scenery, this mountain range is unsurpassed in grandeur by any of God's visible works. I lately returned to my native land through Switzerland, with a party of Indian officers; when, in the midst of the Splügen Pass and the Via Mala, discussing its merits, we one and all

declared that in point of beauty it would bear no comparison with the Himalayas. In the latter, successive valleys and paradises, embosomed amidst lofty ranges, and stretching along the whole line of our principal stations from Cabul to Calcutta, combine at once a sanatorium and scenes of recreation. Not more evidently was this earth prepared for man, than was that region of healthy beauty and earthly happiness provided for those strangers from the West, to whom God would give the land, even "this goodly mountain, Lebanon." Here, when debilitated by the ungenial climate of the plains, and worn out by harassing official duties, our countrymen get rest, surrounded by everything tending to refresh their spirit and renew their strength. Amidst its vegetation they recognize many objects familiar to them in their native land, whilst their constitutions are renovated by the incomparable tonic of its bracing air. The sportsman finds his energies drawn forth in pursuit of the bear, the leopard, and the hyæna; or if of milder temperament, pheasants and partridges in divers varieties and great abundance afford him all the field sports he can desire, with no fear of game-laws or game-keepers. More enterprising spirits may find scope for their powers in scaling the everlasting snows, and studying the secrets of nature. Every man of science will here find a rich field, and few competitors. A night's journey has often conveyed the fevered patient from the deadly heat of the plains, into this European climate, to wake perhaps from delirious dreams of

his hated scene of duty and find himself fanned by cooling zephyrs, amidst scenes of enchanting beauty.

When these hills first became accessible, (for the political officers had long guarded them with Argus-like jealousy from the intrusion of their fellow-countrymen!) old decrepid "Qui Hyes" might be seen, after a lifetime of luxury, carried up here in helpless disgust of life. But after a few weeks these same individuals emerged like moths from their cocoon, with bright complexion, straightened form, and buoyant spirits, mingling in the maze of beauty that daily thronged the mall; and often taking a new lease of life, they returned to their appointments not only with youthful feelings, but with other accompaniments for forming a happy home. In not a few instances they were induced to renounce the old heathenish connection for the sacred bond of marriage.

Daniel Wilson, our excellent bishop, had been here, and had made his usual impression for good: and we found ourselves amidst a goodly circle of Christians; the solemn events just then transpiring at Cabul during the massacre greatly tending to subdue the frivolity of the place. We had the gratification of seeing a public meeting held for the establishment of a Church of England mission on the hills, the fruit of a sum of money given by an officer of my regiment. The American missionaries had preceded us in the good work, having already established mission stations and schools in several localities.

Keeping in view the special object for which I had been ordered up to the hills—my physical renovation, without which a man is as useless in the army as one destitute of spiritual regeneration is in the Church—I made the most of my opportunity, travelling continually about the hills, between the Sutlej and Jumna, whenever the melting of the snow and cessation of the rains permitted. Indeed, the buoyancy of returning health, and the comparative idleness of this kind of life, disposed me to go to an extreme, and I might again have relapsed into vanity, but that my heavenly Father permitted once more solemn warnings to occur in my experience, such as have throughout my life been the means of awaking me to the realities of death and eternity.

In a trip which was taken by three of us across the interior of the hills to Landour, we were ascending a lofty mountain from the valley of the Jumna, and I bestrode a pony notorious for its vicious and obstinate disposition. Approaching our camp at a part where the declivity below the road was so steep that a rock set rolling would go half a mile without stopping, my pony edged towards that side, and I suddenly felt his hind-quarters sinking beneath me; in another instant I found myself clinging instinctively to the edge of the road, whilst the pony, having parted company, was rolling over and over down the hill! Strange to say, in half an hour he was brought up again safe and sound, some rocks and bushes having caught him, and

stopped his further progress. With the fearful spot still before my eyes, it was hours before I could realize myself to be safe. In recalling the numerous instances of like nature, where my life has hung by a hair, I have come to interpret the ninety-first psalm in the view I got of it in my early youth.

On one occasion, whilst accompanying the political agent (Captain Arthur C. Rainey) to our frontier on the Sutlej, we came into contact with our Sikh allies, who, emulating our military deeds in Cabul, were laying waste the neighbouring hills across the Sutlej with fire and sword; and, like the slave-dealers in Africa, were carrying off children and young women for the harems in Lahore. We found amongst the refugees thronging into our territories the family of the rajah of the adjoining state of Koloo. He had been killed in defence of his country, and his widow, in accordance with custom, was preparing to burn herself. We took a journey to meet her; and the stringent order of the political officer, more than any persuasions, succeeded in preventing the deed. We soon after met the prime minister of Busahir, the largest state in the hills; his sister being married to an officer with whom I was intimate, I was much interested in him, and greatly delighted with the faith and wisdom he manifested. I understood that he professed to believe the Scriptures, and that he always read a chapter in court before proceeding to business. "He was a great man with his master." In fact, through the incompetence of the

rajah, and by his own ability, he had become the virtual ruler of the country.

It was to this locality, where rain never falls, that, on account of its eminent salubrity, Lord Dalhousie during one season resorted. The grapes are remarkable for excellence, and the stems of the vines are said to attain the thickness of timber trees. Among the animals here found are the yak, ovis-ammon, and wild horse. It is also a road for traffic with Chinese Tartary, and Thibet, in tea, silk, borax, and other articles, conveyed on the back of the yak and shawl-goat. Here, on our frontier, we meet a genuine Tartar race, and come into official communication with the court and political officials of Pekin. Our policy has always been to preserve amicable relations with these neighbours, and we have been perfectly successful, even during the period of our frequent wars with China. A vigorous system of exclusion has hitherto shut out travellers and European merchants from progress in this direction. So far as they have penetrated, they were invariably treated with marked deference, but starved into a speedy retreat.

The Sikhs about this time carried their victories some distance to the north of our hill provinces; but in consequence of the extreme cold and starvation they lost a fine army, a few survivors only escaping under our wing into Kumaon. A mission has at last been established in Lahul by the Moravians, and promises a restoration of the work of Messrs. Swan and

Stallybrass, whose labours, after they had translated the Scriptures into the Mongolian language, were stopped by the Russian government. The missionaries were even allowed entrance in 1866-7 into Thibet, and by their success in vaccination secured such favour with all ranks that they were not only allowed to promulgate Christianity, but earnestly invited to return, and the fullest freedom assured to them for their spiritual labours.

The political relations of these countries are also in a state of transition. The noble road along the valley of the Sutlej, by which a carriage may be driven hundreds of miles from the plains to the borders of Thibet, commenced by Lord Dalhousie, and now completed, will promote the progress of the gospel amidst that vast family of man in the regions beyond, now being fast emancipated from the unwieldy Chinese despotism.

As I found my vigour restored by travelling amongst these delightful regions, I could not but regret the small proportion of our countrymen admitted to partake of the privilege. I reflected with sanguine anticipation on the abundant resources of the Hills, especially in minerals, still undeveloped and undiscovered. By agriculture alone the district had recently supported a large population, and several regiments—which just then were, to a man, massacred in Cabul—had all been raised in the region round Simla. "There was not a house where there was not one dead!" Other causes,

since the territory came under our rule, had also tended to diminish the population; yet the hill-sides are terraced up to a height of seven thousand or even nine thousand feet, and the rich alluvial soil is most productive in corn. The red patches of apricots left to rot, to make oil from their kernels, dot the hill-sides in autumn. Forests of the noblest Deodar timber cover many ranges contiguous to the great rivers, which serve to float it down to the plains. Extensive tea plantations are now bringing in a large profit. Sheep too thrive remarkably well.

Riding one day amidst this profusion of God's bounties, up to the plateau occupied by the Ghoorka regiment, and the fine village of Subathoo, I began a course of castle-building. Imagining myself to have been promoted and appointed to the command of a European company freshly arrived from Europe, untainted with the vices and bad habits of the land, and not debilitated by its ungenial clime, I fancied myself a patriarch surrounded by his family, training up a new generation, a model company, in Christian principles. There was, just at that time, a talk amongst the head-quarter officials at Simla of occupying some of these hills as military cantonments for the European army; but no step had as yet been taken, beyond the small sanatorium for one hundred convalescents at Landour. Our European soldiers had never enjoyed this precious boon, so mercifully provided as an antidote to the deleterious effects, physical and moral, of

an Indian climate. I really felt ashamed to be thus lounging away my time in such a paradise while my old comrades were sinking under the pestilence, and worse, at Cawnpore.

Although I took no steps for the accomplishment of my hopes, it so happened that in 1848, seven years afterwards, I found myself in command of a company of a newly-raised battalion—lately added to our regiment; which having passed through the preparatory course of drill at head-quarters, and having served through the Sutlej campaign under my own eye, was proceeding to the very spot where my fancy had pictured my little scheme of perfection. When I thus returned once more to the scene of my former rambles, and saw the change which had meanwhile been effected on the well-remembered spot—two extensive cantonments on two distinct ranges of hills, besides that noble institution for soldiers' children "The Lawrence Asylum,"* on the adjoining hill of Sunawur, all of which, and much more, was spread before me like a panorama—it reminded me of a tale in the Arabian Nights; and as I reflected on the many blessings I had fondly anticipated to accrue to our poor neglected soldiers I could not but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

* An orphanage established by the late Sir Henry Lawrence for children of European soldiers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to regimental duty—Another campaign—Relapse of illness—Restoration—Appointed Adjutant—Life in earnest—Boondelas—Jeytpore—The alarm—Chatterpore—Native chiefs—Campaign concluded.

SENSIBLY invigorated in health by the time the cold season of 1842 set in, "the time when kings go forth to battle," and when all northern India resounded with the din of preparations to avenge the disasters in Cabul, our party prepared to rejoin their companies in the plains. For this I was the more eager, because my old company was to be employed with a force in subduing some refractory chiefs in Bundelcund, the scene of my last essay in arms. I was also desirous of redeeming the long period wasted, as regards my profession, in inactivity. With these aspirations I tore myself away from the scene of so much happiness, and returned once more to the old occupations of military life. After bidding farewell to the Hills, I again found myself, before many days had elasped, in the midst of strangers; even my old company after a short time left us. Once more we were in full march for the land of hills, forts, and lakes. On this occasion we formed a more imposing array, the force consisting of five or six regiments, with a

powerful battery train,—a major-general's command. Very different, too, was my own state of feeling from what it had formerly been, in the prospect of active service, and perhaps hard fighting. In the excess of my *esprit de corps* I could now court danger.

Before I had been many days in camp, the sudden change of climate and exposure brought back an old complaint, "tic-doloreux," which laid me up for a time, and prostrated me so completely that, in the revulsion of feeling at my disappointed hopes of recovery, I begged the doctor to send me to England, as had before been recommended by the medical committee. But, being an experienced man, and an old friend, concerned for my success and reputation, he persuaded me to hold out; and remedies being blessed to the temporary alleviation of my disease, I managed to get through with my duty. I was so much subdued, however, by this check to my hopes of getting on in my profession, that I wished to decline the adjutancy which was offered to me at this time. My commanding-officer, a pious man, and of very kindly disposition, used his influence, combined with religious arguments, to urge my accepting it; and, though reluctantly, and "with fear and trembling," I undertook this the first staff appointment I had ever held in the regiment. It was a beginning of life to me; for, though I had already spent ten years in the army, I felt that I had all to learn.

The Lord had hitherto "borne me as on eagles' wings," and guided me as through a wilderness, by the "pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night." He had also, as it were, fed me with manna throughout my Indian life, by the friendship and fellowship of His dear people, wherever I went. He had carried on the work of reviving my soul by renewed conviction of sin, and had set His hand a second time to restore my captivity when I had wandered from Him into the miserable paths of the backslider. And He who "will not lay upon a man more than is right," thus brought me to the close of another stage when, discharged from hospital cured, I might enter on a discipline of training in *work* for Him both in my professional duties, and through more special religious labours amongst my fellow-men.

One or two incidents, during this expedition, will characterize the nature of our warfare in the revolted province of Bundelcund. Besides containing an influential party of their former Mahratta conquerors, ever watching for an opportunity to recover their ancient power, the Boondelas themselves are a spirited race of Hindoos. Never fully conquered, under the Mohammedan empire, and with a natural propensity to the "Robin Hood" style of life, they took every opportunity, whenever the supreme government sustained reverses, to raise the flag of independence, and maintain a guerilla warfare amidst their dense jungles, which contained numerous strong passes

and hill forts. The rebels had thus defied authority during the past year, availing themselves of our complications at Cabul, and enforcing a tacit connivance from the population, as the stronger party ever will do in a half-conquered territory. They always managed to avoid decisive encounters with our troops, whilst they levied "black mail," at the expense of the revenue, through the villages.

The news of our late success at Cabul, under General Pollock, and the presence of a respectable force, speedily brought the district to terms. Before this was accomplished we had, however, advanced into the centre of the disaffected locality; and it was rumoured one day that the next march would bring us to one of the strongholds of the enemy, a hill fort, called Jeytpore. This roused our ardour, yet caused some little solemnity of mind, hardly any of the party having ever seen a shot fired in battle. We advanced in fighting order, moving cautiously through a dense jungle, during the darkness of a December morning; and as the glimmering dawn showed some moving figures on our flanks, we grew more and more excited, but they proved to be parties of our own cavalry. We still advanced, and a little before daybreak word was brought that the fort was close at hand, though all was still as death, and the woods thicker than ever. At last, as we halted for final arrangement, we were told that the fort was evacuated, and our work accomplished. I believe there

was very little regret amongst our party at losing an opportunity to "seek the bubble reputation."

Quite satisfied with the result of the morning's work, everything was bustle and glee in preparing a pleasant camp to occupy our newly-acquired territory. We were soon making ourselves at home over hot coffee and fresh chupatties, some indulging in a cigar, and others in a snooze, under a bright and genial sun, which was particularly agreeable at that time of year. To an on-looker everything was as quiet and regular as though on the encamping ground at Cawnpore. The stillness was just then disturbed by a bugle, followed by another and another, till the whole camp reverberated with the "assembly," sounded by every regiment and detachment present. The trumpet gave no uncertain sound, and every one prepared himself for battle. It told its own tale. The hurrying to and fro of orderlies and messengers confirmed the tidings, with every shade of report; the impenetrable jungle, stretching for miles on each side of us, left us at the mercy of any foe, and our carelessness now fed our fears. Some said we were in ambuscade, and surrounded; no one could give any certain information. In five minutes I was dressed, on my horse, and at the guns, where I found my detachment all ready, with matches lit, and waiting the word to load. In less than ten minutes every man of the force was at his post, the regiments drawn up in line, and all ready for action. It was a fine sight, and worth

all the labour and disappointment, if only to prove the efficiency of the men ; but it soon appeared that the alarm was groundless; and in as short time as had sufficed to assemble us, all was still as before. A large body of natives is always prone to panic, and it is one of the evils most difficult to guard against.

The fort of Jeytpore, although, like most of the Indian forts, strong by nature, and defended on one side by a deep lake, was out of repair and untenable, and we left a party of sappers and miners still more to dismantle it, whilst we advanced to the capital of the district, Chatterpore, belonging to a friendly independent rajah. He seemed well pleased to meet us, and came out two miles for that purpose, with all the ostentation and dignity of an Oriental.

Chatterpore is a beautifully situated little town, with some rich cultivation around it; the neighbourhood, with its forest glades and fine old timber of Mhowa, and occasionally some young teak plantations, resembles the old baronial domains of our own land. The villages, though few and far between, are charmingly located by the side of tranquil lakes; the soil, everywhere fertile, waves with luxuriant grass up to the belly of the cattle, so that for grazing alone this country might become very valuable.

The innumerable independent rajahs of every degree, each with his hill-forts dotting the country in every direction, own a nominal subjection to the British Government; and, not yet having forgotten

the fearful havoc with which the Mahrattah and Pindarrie rode rough-shod over them, seem disposed to acquiesce in our supremacy, while allowed to revel in their own heathenism undisturbed and untaxed. Even during the late mutiny, with a few exceptions, they avoided collision with our power, and preserved negatively the character of allies. Their superstition and ignorance unfit them for the duties of government, and hitherto shut out in Central India from the great high-road of commerce and intercourse, and mostly sunk in degraded habits, they are inimical to the progress of the empire, and their dwellings are often strongholds of violence and iniquity. If we have conquered this portion of India, we cannot as yet be said to *rule* it, whilst, in its fairest portions, such petty tyrants are enabled to oppress and destroy. With not a fraction of the possessions of some of our nobility, they then exercised the power of life and death over their degraded subjects. Under such a system we looked in vain for the development of those immense natural resources so bountifully bestowed on Hindostan.

I have, in Bundelcund, passed over ground where iron, equal to the finest Swedish, covered the surface, where wood also existed to any amount. The great coal-fields of India lie not far distant from the spot where the iron lies for smelting. The suspension-bridge over the Cane river, near Saugor, was built of native iron, under the superintendence of the political officer,

without so much as a tool being procured from Europe. The cotton soil in the Saugor and Nerbudda territories is equal, if not superior, to any in Asia.*

The people themselves were, in spite of the misgovernment, a fine race; in their feelings and habits not unlike the highlanders of Scotland. Never having yielded to the Mohammedan yoke, they had preserved a nationality which, in spite of their idolatry, had preserved them from being so priest-ridden and superstitious as the natives in other parts of the country still subject to the ancient faith. The Jains, a race of free-thinkers, exercise some influence amongst them.

After three months' marching and counter-marching in pursuit of flying rebels, and having had one severe skirmish with the ringleader, after surprising his post in the jungles near Loghassie, when one of our officers was severely wounded, we marched to the banks of the Dussaon, a fine trout stream—resembling the Tay betwixt Dunkeld and Perth. Here we awaited negotiations with the Teree rajah, the most powerful of the Bundelcund chiefs. These proving satisfactory, and the weather getting oppressive, we were dismissed to our various cantonments; and, in virtue of my appointment, I accompanied the commanding officer of artillery to the head-quarters of the division at Saugor.

* The Great Indian Peninsular Railway now passes through this district.

CHAPTER IX.

Saugor—Office work—Captain Patton's native school—Rao Shrishna Rao—Traditional policy—German missionaries, their premature death—Conversion of a brother officer—A fellow-labourer—Anti-missionary influences—A place of pilgrimage—Heathen schoolmaster—Messrs. Smith and Budden.

ONCE more I was amidst strangers who had themselves recently come to the station; this, the ordinary experience of Indian life, is soon overcome, and I quickly discovered some congenial associates. It has been said one should always be learning. At the age of twenty-eight I had to commence military life at a point reached by many that I had known, at twenty. I had still contracted views of that efficiency at which I aimed: smartness on parade, familiarity with the somewhat burdensome routine of office work, and a general activity in superintending the comforts and interests of the soldier, were my imaginary ideal of the perfection of an Indian officer. I was frequently thwarted in these aspirations, and had the mortification to see myself supplanted in spheres of action by men whom I regarded as my inferiors, and sometimes even by those of subordinate position, who excelled in the performance of practical duties, whilst I had to submit to be shut

up to a totally different line of life, which to my feelings was wearisome inaction and loss of time. My staff appointment was almost a sinecure, confined in its duties to mere ordinary routine, but it gave me good allowances, so that I was freed from anxiety as to money matters. My bodily infirmities still oppressed me, and the depression of spirits incident to inactivity and a heathen land indisposed, if not unfitted, me for usefulness. Yielding by degrees to such influences, I succumbed into a life of quiet ease. Maintaining a freedom from former irregularities and vices, studying an exemplary course of outward conduct, social and religious, through the society of Christian friends, and in the enjoyment of various privileges, I was tolerably happy.

Feeling my danger of relapsing into sloth or worse, I looked abroad for some field of action. I regretted that in a large city, the capital of a province, and a rather thickly-peopled neighbourhood, the Gospel had never been publicly proclaimed to the native population. My predecessor some years previously, Captain Patton, an officer of piety and talent, had indeed established a school for native children of the city of Saugor, which was subsequently merged into the government college. He had also drawn out a young native as superintendent of the school,* who through the patronage of Sir Charles Trevelyan had been brought to the notice of the late Lord William Bentinck,

* Rao Chrishna Rao.

by whom he was honourably entertained at Government House, besides being presented with a jagheer,* and the appointment of principal of the government college at Saugor, for his services in the cause of education. A few years later "there arose up a new king that knew not Joseph," and so violent was the opposition stirred up against Rao Chrishna Rao by the bigoted Brahmins of the city, that the authorities lending themselves to their machinations removed him from the mastership of the school. The young man enjoyed much respect with the pious European residents of the station, and having subsequently obtained an appointment as Moonsiff,† at Dumow, was useful in saving the lives of our countrymen during the calamities of the mutiny, and it is to be hoped his value will henceforth be recognized, *notwithstanding his avowed leaning towards Christianity.*

One other effort towards disseminating Christianity made in these territories deserves an imperishable record. In 1841 six German missionaries settled in the Gondwana country at the sources of the Nerbudda,‡ amongst aborigines in the lowest stage of humanity. Their plan was to be self-supporting, and with this view they were supplied with agricultural implements and means of tilling the ground. From some cause, probably the unhealthiness of the climate—the site chosen being in

* Estate in land.
† Native Judge.
‡ In the Vindhya range of hills.

the midst of dense jungle, and far removed from all the appliances of civilization—before a year elapsed four of the little party died of jungle fever, and the rest left the place but died soon after, one only surviving a year or two. Experienced persons, seeing the situation chosen for this attempt, might perhaps have anticipated its failure in the case of parties like these poor Germans, inexperienced in Indian life and unacclimatized. Humanly speaking, it seems like a neglect of that European life so valuable to Indian missions; and one is tempted to ask, "To what purpose is this waste?" "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." God may yet overrule the event for the triumph of the Gospel in these districts. The jungle has once more overgrown the scene of this heroic sacrifice, and the tiger prowls over the missionaries' grave, but what though God, as with all His other bounties, seem to sow the seed of the martyrs with a lavish hand, still, "He gathers up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Even should the Indian church neglect to raise a monument to the memory of these devoted men,

> "Flung to the heedless winds or on the waters cast,
> Their ashes shall be kept and gathered at the last;
> And from that plenteous seed, around us and abroad,
> Shall spring a plenteous harvest of witnesses for God."

Already we hear of signs of fruit on the scene of their labours unto death. During an itinerancy through these parts in 1867, by some missionaries of the Free

Church, from Nagpore, they were received with the greatest joy and marks of welcome by the poor outcast Gonds.*

Soon after my arrival at Saugor I found there a young officer of my regiment whom I had formerly known, and with some of whose relatives I was acquainted. Like too many of his class he had become inveigled with that snare by which "Balaam taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel." He was at this time awakened to a sense of his sin, and sought the society of pious people. By degrees we became more intimate, and ere long lived together.

I had at different times studied the vernaculars, without attaining proficiency, owing to various causes connected with my idle and irregular habits, and continued ailments, bodily and mental; but now, being really alive to the glorious work of missions, and especially through conversation with native inquirers, I made more progress. I found amongst the Sepoys some interesting characters of the Nicodemus class, who, through the labours of Judson and Boardman, had become acquainted with Christianity in Rangoon, whence they had recently arrived. Though ignorant of church principles, they had nevertheless formed themselves into a company of believers, cultivating pleasant fellowship with each other; through our meetings they had drawn me into friendly intercourse,

*See also "Church Missionary Intelligencer," *Jan.*, 1864.

and I was thus led to a practical view of Christianity in its social aspects, such as I had never before realized amongst natives. True, my acquaintance with the languages was barely to the extent sufficient to carry me through the examination required of an officer before taking charge of a company; I was, however, enabled to keep up communication with my native friends on religious subjects, and to make myself understood by most, especially as I had learnt how to avoid controversy, and to confine myself to the simple story of the Gospel.

Unfortunately in Saugor, as in most other parts of India where I had ever been, Christianity had suffered from worse things than neglect and lukewarmness on the part of our countrymen. These remote and isolated stations are almost hermetically sealed against the enlightened influence of the west; "Every one does what is right in his own eyes, and there is none to put them to shame." A hill in Saugor still goes by the name of an officer of high rank who built on it a Hindoo temple, the ruins of which are there to this day, and his melancholy history is in the mouth of all the people.

There was also a fine house adjoining mine, which was built by another officer of rank, on a commanding eminence of the Artillery Hill. On his departure from the station, just before my arrival, the estate fell into the hands of a native merchant, and as it was unoccupied, I was permitted by its owner to establish a

school in it for the children of the numerous camp-followers around. One day whilst engaged with the school, I was surprised by the noise of a native procession, composed chiefly of females and children, coming up the hill towards the house, with all the tawdry demonstrations of superstitious ceremonial. On my asking the meaning, I was told that the officer, my predecessor in the house, had built a shrine to a native deity in one of the rooms, and it was thus visited every Friday with offerings! Calling for a pickaxe, I there and then, in the presence of the horrified devotees, demolished the shrine, scattering the materials before the eyes of the crowd, which by this time was swelled by the rabble of the adjoining military bazaars. On seeing this, and "that I did not drop down dead," the minds of the people suddenly changed; and if they did not say I was a god, they seemed inclined to put me in the place of their late idol, as they went off with loud shouts of praise to my name. Thus terminated the history of a place of pilgrimage whose end was as inglorious as its origin. I never heard that the owner of the house, although a Mahratta Brahmin, expressed any displeasure at what I had done.

This reminds me of a similar incident, of still more decided character with reference to native superstitions, which occurred at a later period, when I was stationed at Attock on the Indus, in 1851-2. The Government was then constructing a continuation of the Grand Trunk Road, which runs in a straight line

of 1,700 miles from Calcutta to Peshawur. Just as it reaches the Indus, in a defile with mountains on one side and the river on the other, the entire space is occupied by a native burial-ground containing the remains of a local saint, held sacred by the Mohammedans. Multitudes of females desiring children resorted to this shrine, and it was, I suspect, anything but a holy place in reality. The superstitions of the Mohammedans in India differ but little from those of the Hindoos, and are equally gross in their accompaniments. When the engineers proceeded to construct the road through this sacred place, the whole neighbourhood was in violent excitement, and not a workman would lay a hand to such a profane attempt. The officer in charge referred the matter to Government. Sir John Lawrence, then political commissioner of the Punjab, deferred his decision for a year, whilst the rest of this grand work—a vast cutting through intervening rocks down to the bridge over the Indus—went on to completion. The inhabitants by degrees cooled down, and began to appreciate the importance of the undertaking even to their own interests, and having meanwhile been reasoned with through a deputation, which visited Sir John, they saw the absurdity of the whole traffic of the country being impeded by a few dead men's bones. One fine morning a party of native sappers and miners, of no caste, but accustomed to obey orders, quietly broke down the slight obstruction of a few feet of earth, and I was amused to see

the parties most hostile to the work diligently engaged in securing the relics of their idol and of their ancestors, whilst the skulls of the Οἱ Πολλοί were tossed about like footballs, affording me a text on which to preach to them "Jesus and the resurrection."

Thus were their so-called holy places and superstitious customs giving way throughout the land before the advancing tide of industry, improvement, and strong government; none being better pleased to share in these advantages than the people of the country, if properly managed. It was only through the continued active connivance of Government itself that idolatry could be kept afloat in southern India; as to northern India, the native population was long ago ready to destroy it.

The native I engaged to teach in my last school was himself a zealous reformer, out-heroding Herod in his denunciation of idolatry, caste, and other superstitions. He had been trained under that benefactor of India, Mr. Wilkinson, the political agent of Sehore,—a man whose memory is still regarded with reverence by the people of Central India—and was a type of a numerous class of young Brahmins who have been prepared for a good work by him and others, having been instructed in fundamental truths, not only according to European ideas, but through the medium of their own literature.

In the results of my school I was in some respects disappointed. The intelligence and ingratiating manner of my young teacher led me to expect his conversion,

and that of the children; but my sanguine anticipations were to be pruned, and I found ere long that the Pundit was in heart as much opposed to Christianity as to idolatry. His influence with the children in my absence—though I was living within a stone's throw of the school and visited them daily—more than counteracted all my teaching and conversation. I attributed the failure to my own want of diligence and my inferior acquaintance with the ways of the natives. I discovered the real state of affairs on a visit paid to the station by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Church missionary of Benares, who kindly visited my school, and—though I then somewhat slighted the advice—warned me of the counteracting influence at work. Mr. Smith's preaching, both in the city and cantonment, produced considerable effect amongst all classes. I well recollect the solemn impression made when he closed the address one day with a short and solemn prayer; though "mad upon their idols," their subdued and solemn demeanour seemed to say, "The Lord He is the God." It was something inexpressibly delightful to see the immense concourse on such occasions, arrested at the flood-tide of their most sacred processions, hang on the lips of the preacher, whose unequalled eloquence in their vernacular gave him irresistible power over their minds.

During the same visit Mr. Smith and Mr. Budden, of the London Missionary Society, who accompanied him, invited the principal Brahmins to a conference

at my house; and, when they shrank from such close familiarity, met them under a grove of trees half-way across the plain. It was a most amicable meeting, and the glorious truths of the Gospel were affectionately presented by the missionaries. The leader of the Hindoos was a shastree* of considerable repute for learning and candour with all classes in the district; but although his manner on this occasion led us to think he was "almost persuaded to be a Christian," nothing further was ever known concerning him to show that he had embraced the Gospel. His death which occurred soon after at a very advanced age, gave the deeper importance to this last appeal.

* A native, learned in their holy books.

CHAPTER X.

European artillery—Soldiers' children—A young apostle—A mistake and failure—Experiments for soldiers' improvement—"Forbidding to marry"—The independent states—Crude ideas of young officers—Native influence—Value of the vernaculars—A centurion—Christian character in officials—Idolatry, and countenance to it by Europeans.

DURING my engagements for the benefit of the natives I had not completely overlooked the spiritual interests of my own countrymen in the company of artillery. By means of the children, and by visiting the school, but more especially through one boy (a sergeant's son), I became friendly with the better-disposed portion of the soldiers. This lad, who was about twelve years old, I had first noticed amongst the little groups of rough youngsters, in their childish curiosity wandering in the precincts of my house; unlike the rest, he was shy and taciturn, rather avoiding my advances, and giving no response to my conversation. In time I learnt that he was under serious religious impressions. I gradually won his confidence, and drew forth an account of his past life, which he confessed had been a wicked one, like that of most soldiers' children, especially when at Cawnpore. It was during an outbreak of the cholera at that station, and the

panic that ensued, that he was first awakened. There was a little girl of the company, nearly of the same age, who had been remarkable for her piety, and who therefore had to bear from her young school-fellows the usual trial of bitter mockings, in which this boy was pre-eminent. The parents of the girl were amongst the first victims of the cholera, and she also was attacked by it. It was her happy state of mind at the hour of her death that most affected the young persecutor. As she lay surrounded by sympathising women of the barracks, her well-known Bible lying on her bed, she said to those around, "Don't weep for me: I am going to heaven, and to a better father." From that time a great change was remarked in this boy. Hitherto boisterous, high-spirited, and a ringleader in every mischief, he now became meek and silent under reproaches, reserved in his behaviour; shunning the scenes and companions of his former follies. As the son of a strict Romanist, who, though not religious, was a man of no ordinary character and intelligence, his views of religion were very dark; and, trained as he was in all the deceptions of barrack life, he evidently regarded me with suspicion, and was slow to give me his confidence. His anxiety about his soul at last prevailed over every consideration; he listened eagerly, and sought every occasion for religious conversation with me, and it seemed impossible to satisfy his eagerness for spiritual instruction. He would read any book I gave him.

Pike's guide to young disciples seemed to bring his convictions to their climax, and the Bible and hymn-book became his dearest companions. He fully responded to my experience as I related all that God had done for my soul, and his youthful zeal began to manifest itself in warning his old companions in barracks. Having been a favourite with the soldiers, they rather encouraged him at first in his efforts for their conversion, and I have reason to believe this young apostle witnessed a good confession, and "supplied my lack of service" towards the poor neglected men. He soon found that his anticipations of converting the men of the company were too sanguine, and this Joseph often returned to pour out the troubles of his heart to me, and "bring up their evil report." Discouraged and dejected through his controversies and conflicts, his own soul would become darkened with doubts and bitter temptations; yet our frequent fellowship in the Gospel aided him to endure these trials, and his faith was sustained under every fresh shock. At last he became domiciled under my roof, and, following my example, turned his thoughts towards the conversion of the natives, in which his zeal soon surpassed mine. Many an hour did he spend amongst my servants and other natives, reasoning with them from the Scriptures, for which he had great aptitude. One of my servants, afterwards, through grace, brought to Christ, owed his conversion not a little to these labours of love. I fear his piety

suffered latterly through my inexperience and neglect, for I indulged too much his spirit of independence, without instilling habits of industry, by which he might be enabled to earn his own bread. I, therefore, saw it desirable he should return to his father, who having attained the rank of conductor was now able to support him. He and a younger brother subsequently enlisted into the artillery and obtained promotion, but I have never since been able to trace my early fellow-labourer.

Amongst other means of benefiting the soldiers, we had a garden with a library and billiard-room, established by a benevolent officer of the company that preceded us at the station: of these I had charge, but, unaccompanied as they were by the workshops for European regiments since established throughout the Indian army, they possessed but little influence to counteract the overpowering evils incident to a locality inaccessible, through jungle fever, for most part of the year, and in a small community of uneducated Europeans, almost isolated from civilization. Frequently left without religious instruction,—as was the case with the company that preceded us, and not relieved for nine years, until not a man survived of those who had composed it on its arrival,—the soldier becomes subject to a *maladie-du-pays*, which, if he be destitute of religion, invariably drives him to the bottle.

Circumstances in my time had produced a slight

alteration for the better, and the company then with me at Sangor was one that long had been remarkable for its discipline and good conduct. I attribute this last fact to the circumstance that one-half of them were married men. They had some few years previously been stationed in the vicinity of Chunar, the depôt for invalids and pensioners, where the men found every facility for obtaining wives. This was before the issue of the "forbidding to marry"* order.

There was still among them a remnant preserving something of religious habits and character, though this party was chiefly limited to the barrack—a separate one at some distance—occupied by the married men. I attempted to establish prayer-meetings, and to promote the spiritual welfare of the men by visits to the hospital, but had to mourn the fruitlessness of these efforts, through the superior influence of drink and other evil habits, which at such isolated posts, surrounded by the heathen, accumulate like barnacles on drift wood. Not being a teetotaller at that period, I had yet to learn, as a principle for encountering the monster evil of drunkenness, the value and necessity of total abstinence.

I had now spent three years in Central India, and found that the Lord was leading me by a way I knew not. I had experienced the assurance of His favour, and being, in the strength of that conviction, delivered

* Twelve per cent. of the men, and all sergeants are now allowed to marry in the European regiments in India.

from all my fears, I was ready to face every difficulty. I had also obtained a measure of success in my profession, having been appointed to the command of a newly-raised company of artillery, so that when tidings suddenly reached me, soon after, of the Sikh war, with all the terrible accompaniments of its outburst, I felt prepared for the responsibility of entering on a new sphere of action.

My qualifications were now of a different kind from those to which I had formerly aspired. In the earlier part of our service we youngsters were fond of "snuffing at the old fogies" (the senior officers) as slow and superannuated, wedded to the antiquated customs of the natives, and too partial to the *statu quo.* We longed for accelerated promotion to bring young men into the management of affairs, that by an importation of fresh ideas from the west an impetus might be given to the march of improvement. Seeing the degradation of our countrymen in the eyes of the native powers, through the prostitution of their rank, talent, and European prestige to the service of Mammon, we nevertheless ignored too much the indigenous element of native feeling and opinion, *an agency which is the real executive in every department of our Indian empire.* With the rashness that springs from ignorance we were prepared for any measures that promised change, and were for the reformation of all classes at railway speed, even though it should involve conquest, annexation, and universal revolution.

My three years' leisure among the independent states of Central India had given me opportunities of studying the native character where their national habits remain comparatively uninfluenced by foreign conquest; and I learnt better to appreciate its real value in the general population, apart from degraded native courts and their retainers.

However dazzling or indispensable the annexation policy had become—for it was even then in prospect—I was led to see that *it was only in raising the native character, and governing the country as we had conquered it, by the co-operation of the natives themselves*, that we could acquire a position of honour, and secure permanent possession of the country; and that for these ends the diffusion of Christian principles was essential. From this time my feelings towards the natives were greatly modified, and however occupied with the care and interests of my own men, I could never dissociate our cause from that of the inhabitants of the land. It became a saying amongst my European soldiers, when any complaint arose between them and the natives, "Oh, it's no use going to him, he's sure to take part with the natives." The importance of these principles arises also from this fact, that a military force, when on service in India, consists for the most part of native troops. Many important operations, such as procuring food and other supplies, convoys, reconnoitring, the intelligence departments, the defence of outposts and other important military services, are usually confided

to our own native troops or to auxiliaries. Besides which there is always a large proportion of natives as camp-followers, for servants and bazaar attendants, all rendered indispensable by the nature of the climate, and for want of whom the operations of a campaign have frequently been jeoparded at the most critical period. It has only been by a thorough familiarity with the customs and feelings of the inhabitants, so as to enable us to enlist their sympathy, that we have so successfully acquired possession of our vast territories. It was doubtless the neglect of these things, and especially through ignorance of the vernacular of the country, that our countrymen at Cabul were led to violate the most cherished feelings of nationality, which was, humanly speaking, the cause of all our misfortunes there.

It is a matter of primary importance, now that employés of railway and other companies resort to India in such great numbers, that all Europeans, government officials, and persons in positions of influence, should take a right view of the circumstances and character of the people, seek to understand their language, and enter into the spirit of that liberal policy which now happily characterises the measures of Government. But if in the aim to promote and secure the temporal interests of the native population they lend any encouragement to idolatry, a fatal error is committed. It is to be lamented that our countrymen have so often pandered to the superstitions and

idolatry of the land, that it seems as if they desired to make Christianity a scape-goat for their official deficiencies.

Even in regard to his religion, the native is rarely alienated by exposure of its falsehood or by denunciations, however severe, of his superstitious customs, if in the way of argument and without an overbearing spirit. Nothing is so potent as Christianity for counteracting error and corruption, and even for securing the attachment of the people. Any subserviency to their idolatry or superstition on the part of professing Christians is as much a blunder as a crime.

How frequently in times of emergency has our Government been compelled to avail itself of the aid of missionaries, who have effected the desired object when all political efforts failed. No governors have obtained such high estimation and influence amongst the people of India as those who were distinguished for personal religion. Even in periods of general anarchy like that of the late mutiny, persons of such character have often been preserved, frequently through the intervention of the natives themselves. In the case of those occupying high positions, the effect produced is not merely that of their own personal actions, *but also of those representing them*, for according to the native proverb, "If the master plucks a leaf the servants cut down the tree."

In the year 1850, when stationed with my company at Hooshearpoor, in the Punjab, my native Christian

servant brought me a ressildar* of cavalry, a fine-looking soldier, of very prepossessing manner and appearance. He wished to speak with me concerning our religion, having heard from my servant that I was in the habit of conversing with natives on the subject. I inquired regarding his history, and found that he came from Rohilcund, where he had been the disciple of a certain moolvie of great repute. He said, "On taking my leave, the moolvie thus addressed me: 'So you have enlisted into the service of the Circar? Well, they have the true faith; mind you learn all about it from your officers.' After I had been some time with my regiment, and had become a little acquainted with them, I one day took advantage of an opportunity when we were talking together on the parade ground, to tell a young officer that I wished to know something about his religion. He seemed astonished, and called the adjutant to hear what I was saying, and he in turn told the commanding-officer, and soon all the officers had collected around, and made me look such a fool that I got quite ashamed, and determined never to open my mouth on the subject again. When your servant informed me of you, I began to think there might be something in it after all." I had a long conversation with him on the great realities of the Gospel: his heart seemed open to conviction, and he drank in its truth most eagerly. I felt deeply interested in him, but never happened to meet him again. His narrative

* Native sergeant.

painfully shows how an ignorant heathen, anxious to learn the way of salvation, was ridiculed and discouraged by those who profess Christianity.

CHAPTER XI.

Farewell to Saugor—The march—My Pundit and the Brahmin—A novel evangelist—Troubadours and native bards—A new idea—Effect of a marching life—Native hospitality—Native Gamaliel—Rumours of wars—Sikh invasion—Break up my establishment—Savadah institution.

FOURTEEN years of my Indian career had now passed, and I had held no permanent command, nor enjoyed an opportunity of proving myself a soldier by the exercise of independent power. As adjutant I had been little more than the clerk of the commanding-officer. Half my time may be said to have been spent in the painful discipline through which I had to learn the first and indispensable lesson of self-restraint, for the benefit of my temper, habits, and health; and I had latterly been chiefly occupied in gaining a knowledge of the language, customs, and character of the natives. Too many found a royal road to this by illicit companionship with native females, who possess, in a remarkable degree, the secret of acquiring and retaining an almost irresistible influence over such of our countrymen as are weak enough to form irregular connexions with them. Being appointed to command a European company at Cawnpore, and having passed

the preliminary examination in the vernacular required by Government, I left Saugor in October, 1845, to prosecute further my military curriculum.

The parting between my school and myself was not without a struggle and mutual regrets. The four orphan boys who had always boarded in my house would not hear of leaving me. The young schoolmaster also, with that ardour which characterises all who cast in their lot with a European patron, resolved to share my fortunes. Whether their motive did not partake more of the restless curiosity of a Robinson Crusoe, than the faith of Ruth or of Bunyan's pilgrim, I will not decide. Very certain it is that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, of all our literature, the greatest favourite with our native schoolboys, probably as portraying so inimitably that phase of our national character in foreign lands which they most readily appreciate, and which most commends itself to their minds.

Accompanied solely by my native establishment I once more plunged into the jungles that, with occasional breaks of cultivation and forest glades, surround Saugor. I had abstained from requesting the usual Sepoy guard, because, as messengers from God, "We had spoken unto the people, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him;" and I felt that so long as I was my own master it became me, thus far at least, to manifest my independence of an arm of flesh. I trusted in some measure to the vigorous administration which had lately

been inaugurated by the government in these districts; yet it was not without risk, for my young pundit now came out in a new character, denouncing on every occasion the idols and superstitions that universally abounded. "Having more perfect knowledge of that way," priests and Brahmins had no chance with him in their arguments; he made his onslaught on the priesthood in their temples; suiting the action to the word, he poured out his contempt on all their most sacred objects, and proving his orthodoxy from their own sacred book, the Vedas (as distinguished from the later conception of the Purans), he declared himself an iconoclast of the most rigid order. Neither he nor I had counted the cost in this warfare, and neither my knowledge of the vernacular, nor of the religion of the natives, qualified me to sustain such a hand-to-hand conflict. When I found the rage and violent passions it excited on both sides I endeavoured to moderate my companion's ardour; and in this, after the first brush or two, when he saw how the danger began to thicken around us, I succeeded. I felt that any uproar, or damage sustained, in consequence of his fiery zeal, might compromise me, without benefit to the cause of Christ, for he was but a Deist in principles, and merely destructive in argument. We soon learnt a more excellent way. On arriving at isolated villages, uninformed of our previous doings, I always entered into the nearest one to our halting ground, and declared my character and object

by talking to the people, who soon thronged around, on the message of salvation. *This* was invariably acceptable, and drew forth every kindly attention for the supply of our wants. Our family altar, daily erected in the open air, excited curiosity, and commanded the respect of all. We had frequent conversations with parties from the villages, who were attracted by various motives, and I had full opportunity to proclaim the whole counsel of God, and was permitted to expose the evils that prevailed amongst them. Although I declared my calling to be that of an officer, I was quite identified with the missionaries who occasionally itinerated in these districts.

The pundit, still entering into my objects, soon struck out for himself a new path of no insignificant character. This was no other than that ancient and universally revered vocation of the pristine bard or troubadour, a mode of instruction as common in India now as it was in Greece in the time of Homer. He had received from me a little book containing a history of Christ in Hindu verse.* The merits of this book were first discovered by Colonel Wheler, who ordered a large impression of it to be printed for gratuitous circulation, and it has since been translated into Punjabi, by the Rev. John Newton, of the Loodiana mission. The pundit commenced in true prophetic style to "lift up his voice" among the people, chanting the glorious

* Translated from the Sanscrit version of the late Rev. Dr. Mill, by the late Mr. Thompson, Baptist missionary at Delhi.

truths of Christianity with all the fervour of a genuine disciple. I was astonished at the power he often obtained over the crowds; sometimes they would sit in little groups round our camp-fires until late at night, hanging on his lips, and apparently absorbed in devout solemnity, if not in tears. This henceforth became quite an institution of the camp, and put my humble efforts completely into the shade.

It forms an important consideration whether we might not more generally engraft such a method of instruction into the modern system of evangelization; that by descending somewhat from our ecclesiastical status we may become, in a greater degree, "all things to all men." Sir D. Macleod, Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, has lately expressed his opinion strongly in favour of some of our native envangelists conforming more to the acknowledged religious habits and tastes of the people, and of raising up a class of itinerant native preachers,* to go forth with no certain dwelling or fixed salary, but casting themselves in faith on God for their support. We require for this to yield greater margin to native ideas and talents, and to encourage any that come to us, saying, "We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name to take away our *reproach*." This, too, would furnish some antidote to that giant evil, the bane of our Indian missions, the want of independence and self-reliance in converts. The impro-

* "Church Missionary Intelligencer," p. 191, June, 1868.

visatore has been an institution from remote antiquity, nor is it confined to Oriental countries. The American missionaries at Ahmednuggur have enlisted the talents of some of their converts in reciting pieces of religious poetry at musical re-unions, or "kirttans," with the happiest results. I have myself been melted into tears by the pathos and "linked sweetness long drawn out" with which mendicant musicians sing their legends to an accompaniment of the "bina."*

Perhaps, ere "the lamp has gone out in the temple of the Lord," and before the race of our Celtic bards be utterly extinguished, there may be a resurrection of sacred minstrelsy in the East, and Oriental literature, in its noble language, baptized afresh with "the dew of heaven that falls upon the hill of Zion," be re-enlisted into the cause of the Redeemer.

In the strong utilitarianism of the age are we not, through our inordinate zeal for *book* learning and material progress, in danger of neglecting other valuable agencies, perhaps equally suitable for educating the oriental mind, as more closely resembling the "school of the prophets"? It is when we are "filled with the Spirit," and "the word of God dwells richly in us with all wisdom," that we are "to speak to ourselves," and to "*admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord.*"

India, as a whole, is no land of barbarism; she may

* Native guitar.

not be ripe for such institutions as the "Eisteddfod," and kindred agencies of the West; but she possesses her venerable antiquities, ancient languages, and a rich and glowing literature, embodying a civilization of almost scriptural type. Hindostan, which has accepted a government at our hands, will not refuse a religion, unless we try to put her off with second-hand garments, substituting our party-coloured raiment for the "white robes" and "righteousness of Christ."

In recalling the pleasant season of recreation presented by this journey, and the many opportunities it afforded for getting at the hearts of the people, I have since regretted my having so little appreciated and improved it; but three years of drudgery under the debilitating influences of Central India had, in fact, unfitted me for aught else than a season of relaxation, such as a march in the cold weather is always regarded; it acts on our spirits and health like a trip to the sea-side in England. Nothing is more enjoyable than the do-nothing life in camp, when ordinary comforts are possessed; its dangers and vicissitudes also are valuable in their effects on the religious experience.

"Nearer home."—
However dark and dreary,
The path by which we roam,
This is a journey only;
And though we, oft affrighted,
Shrink back with sigh and moan,
Our camp fire still is lighted,
"A day's march nearer home."

No wonder that the inhabitants of India so largely affect the habits and calling of pilgrims.

For some time I had no energy for evangelization beyond ordinary conversation with the more enlightened natives who came to pay their respects. On one occasion we visited a venerable old Shastree, who lived in a noble-looking edifice resembling the residence of an English gentleman. Of a Gamaliel-like disposition, he met our advances in a congenial spirit, telling the people around that God had overthrown all the states and kingdoms of India at the hands of these foreigners as a punishment for their sins; and his views on religious subjects seemed tolerably correct. On another occasion we received a very hospitable reception from a government native official, at a time when we were entirely dependent on him for the necessaries of life; his domestic arrangements being apparently founded on the European mode, he brought forth various little comforts served up according to the fashion of our country. I have often been struck with the way in which such characters seek to manifest a faith in Christianity itself by identifying themselves, even in earthly things, with those they regard as the servants of God.

We had thus pursued the even tenor of our way for a month or so, without any tidings from the outer world, until drawing nigh to Cawnpore some flying rumours reached us of a Sikh invasion and of battles fought with our troops. Accustomed to the fertility

of native imagination, and their proneness to circulate unfounded reports, I paid no attention to them. At our worship, a day or two before reaching Cawnpore, when reading in course Psalm xlvi., my mind was deeply impressed with a new thought on verses 8 and 9, as to the means God was using for destroying the reign of violence on the earth through the very agency of wars, such as had marked our career in India; and I warned our little party, as though foreseeing the terrible convulsions that impended, of what we might expect. The next day or so I heard of the bloody conflicts at Moodkee and Ferozshehir, and that an unparalleled crisis was at hand, that all the troops—my company amongst them—were in full march to reinforce our shattered army on the Sutlej, preparatory to a life and death struggle with the Sikhs for the possession of India.

I was taken by surprise in this rude upsetting of all my plans; I had to break up our little band, send back my pundit to his friends in Saugor, and provide for the orphans at the Savadah institution, in Cawnpore, then under the care of the Rev. Mr. Perkins. We stayed with them two days, and I was greatly refreshed by the manifest blessing of God on the dear children of this orphanage. Even my pundit faltered in his vedantism under the earnest appeals of Mr. Perkins, so that he could not but confess that "God was with them of a truth." I never again heard of the pundit, my lot being afterwards cast in distant regions of the North-

west, but now it was the old story, "Go thy way for this time;" "he went away sorrowful," and so I concluded my Saugor enterprise, which, though a failure in the main, was not altogether without fruit.

Whilst with Mr. Perkins on this occasion, I noticed two fine-looking young men, living under a tree in his compound, and found they were Sikhs, and as such creating, at that crisis, no favourable impressions amongst us. They were, however, welcomed as inquirers for the truth by Mr. Perkins, and were eventually baptized and admitted into the church as converts. One of them, Rev. Daood Sing, is now an ordained clergyman in the Church of England mission at Umritsur, and has lately undertaken to itinerate and preach the Gospel to his countrymen without salary or fixed abode. His character warrants our expectation of his success in this novel enterprise.

CHAPTER XII.

March for the field—Join my new company—First experience of the men—New companions—Comfortable prospects—Critical position—Praying band—Arrive at Commander-in-Chief's camp—Sikhs at bay—The Situation—Misgivings—The preparation—Night before the battle—Sobraon—The charge—The victory.

ROUSING my energies for the conflict before me, I pushed on with only my servants to overtake my company, then waiting at Delhi, to receive charge of the battering train to which we were posted. My first introduction to the company was the sight of a party of them reeling drunk through the streets of the city. It was not until our return to Delhi, six years later, that I had the opportunity of punishing the ringleader on that and most other occasions of wrong-doing in the company. I found myself again under my commanding-officer from Saugor, and amongst other old comrades, with that fine Christian officer, Colonel Eckford, in charge of the expedition. I met with every assistance in matters of duty, a good spirit animating all in prospect of the vast interests at stake, and I soon felt quite at home as regarded my personal comfort.

In my military capacity, I "entered into other men's labours." The 6th Battalion, of which I commanded

the 1st company, having been raised only three or four years before, had been under picked officers, and first-rate training, at the head-quarters of the regiment. Although but just emerged from Cawnpore, that pest-house, morally and physically, which was then filling up the measure of its iniquities for the fearful doom, in which this company was also involved, in 1857; the general character of the men—mostly young and unhardened, if not untainted—afforded me excellent material to work on. The present occasion, too, in drawing them forth from bad associations to the healthful excitement of work and trial, was all in my favour, so I thanked God and took courage. I was but poorly equipped for a campaign, and rather unprepared for (as it proved to be), a year in tents without a roof over my head, except for three months during the rains; I had not even a cloak to send for, like Paul to Timothy, and whilst shivering along in the frosty nights, at the snail's pace of a battering train, was fain to rob my poor horse of his blanket, as long as the darkness admitted of so unmilitary a costume.

My experience of God's providential care was still the same: I wanted for nothing essential, or even what was suitable for "my often infirmities," although, from scruples regarding the temptation of a mess, I abstained from joining it, and thereby deprived myself of some creature comforts.

Having received charge of the train, with its heavy guns, mortars, and howitzers, forming a line of six or

seven miles in length, sometimes extending from one camp ground to the next, we proceeded towards the army, which, under Lords Hardinge and Gough, was cornered by the Sikhs at the fords of the Sutlej, awaiting our arrival. We had only some two thousand troops, chiefly natives, to convoy all this important charge, and the enemy's force still kept the field, yet, through God's mercy, we safely but slowly pursued our course till we effected a junction with the commander-in-chief. We experienced a slight panic on one occasion, when some of our countrymen fled into our camp from the reverse sustained at Buddewal, at no great distance from us. These poor fellows told how they had seen their sick comrades butchered in the doolies, and all the baggage of Sir Harry Smith's force captured. It impressed on our minds how easily a more enterprising enemy might have swooped down on our unwieldy line, and captured the whole train. We had a little band of praying men, formed of those in command, as well as some in the ranks; in this consisted our strength, although we omitted no precaution dictated by wise generalship.

During our progress we passed the scene of the late bloody struggle at Moodkee, and Ferozshehir; others who visited the spot had their tales of horror to recount; I too remarked a cloud of ravenous birds darkening the sky in our vicinity, with sundry beasts of prey prowling amongst the jungle. Thus we completed

our task, and delivered over the battering train at the camp of the grand army.

Here we had in our front the collected armies of the late Runjeet Sing, capable of being supplemented, if events rendered it advisable, by the force of Golab Sing. The Sikhs were under the leadership of chiefs of great warlike experience, so that none looked forward without anxiety to the coming battle. My own commanding-officer, a Christian man, of tried character, with whom I had often taken sweet counsel, expressed his apprehension as to the result, and when I remarked that in the past history of India God had brought us through dangers equally threatening, he dubiously adverted to the wickedness prevalent amongst us, that He might now at last "turn to be our enemy." We could only conclude as sinners to cast ourselves once more on His mercy, through Jesus Christ. We little suspected what was afterwards discovered, by the well-thumbed tracts found on the persons of the slain Sikhs, that *they had those amongst them who, like ourselves, called upon the name of the Lord.*

On the Sunday before the battle there had been a very solemn service, when not a few partook of the Lord's Supper, and found it good to be there. After my arrival in the great camp, when visiting an outpost, I recognized my old Agra friends, the ninth regiment. It was our first meeting since we parted in 1839, but we had only time for looks of welcome recognition. They had returned from the war in

Cabul, and from many an arduous struggle, and their bronzed faces seemed to give earnest of the valour with which they distinguished themselves on the morrow.

On the afternoon previous to the battle I was hastily summoned to assume charge of a mortar battery, and become responsible then and there on the open plain, amidst hurry and bustle on every hand, that nothing was deficient of all the complicated apparatus and maétriel pertaining to its equipment. I deeply realized the helplessness of man in such an emergency; yet I felt much strengthened and self-possessed whilst surrounded by soldiers of various regiments, who seemed to scan with jealous eyes my competency for such momentous duties involving the general safety. Any oversight, however trivial, or deficiency in the various implements required in action, might have entailed most serious consequences. With all this before me, and without any written detail for my guidance, I was enabled to scrutinize my charge, and to ascertain its efficient condition in every particular. Returning to my solitary tent, I had a hearty meal and a comfortable sleep, from which I was only awakened by the signal for our march, at about ten o'clock, p.m., on the 9th February.

Wearisome were the hours of that cold winter night spent in dawdling about hither and thither, we knew not where, conscious only that we might at any moment find ourselves under the enemy's fire: here I

again crossed the path of the 9th, preparing, like ourselves, for the morning's work. I got into conversation with one of the men, a stranger to me, and asked news of my old friends in the corps. This was, on the whole, satisfactory; some had finished their course triumphantly, others were still pursuing the narrow way, with their faces Zionwards. The speaker himself confessed to me how happy it would be at that hour to enjoy their "good hope." I spoke a few words to him which the Lord gave me in pointing the way, and we parted to meet no more.

The night wore on; every one was sleepy, if not sullen; cigars alone seemed to soothe their minds, and we longed for the day. Ere it had fully broken, a boy-officer brought us an order to move; and, guided as if by an invisible hand, we found ourselves safely ensconced in the dry bed of a water-course, screened from view of the enemy by a high bank in front, and, as we afterwards discovered, nearly a mile distant from them. Here we completed our arrangements; the day beginning with a thick fog increased our secrecy and concealment. Heavy guns now opened at regular intervals on each flank, and, the fog holding off, we too opened fire from our heavy mortars, and thus commenced the battle of Sobraon.

The enemy, rudely awakened by the first guns, suddenly sounded to arms, their whole camp resounding with barbarous sounds of various musical instruments reminding one more of the tin trumpets

and rude uproar made by showmen at a fair, than the defiant notes of a "host shouting for the battle." It seemed to indicate that they were surprised and disheartened, and the impression instantly arose in my mind, "The Lord hath departed from them." I could not help entertaining a feeling of contempt hardly warranted by the circumstances. Our men seemed also similarly influenced; for, when, attracted by the sight of our ordnance bullocks and a European regiment drawn up in the rear for our protection, the enemy sent a few shot, causing a regular stampede of the cattle and their native drivers, there was a general outburst of laughter. The firing of the enemy soon increased, and when, guessing our position, they began to search us with their shells, the feeling became serious. A shell bursting in the midst of the battery, struck down two or three men, and the first sight of blood, as it poured out of the wounded man's shoulder, excited in me a sickening qualm for the moment; but the excitement soon dispelled all such feelings, the more so that we found the enemy's fire almost ineffectual; their shells, though well aimed, being badly constructed.

The twenty rounds per gun we had been ordered to prepare were soon expended, and we could then only employ ourselves by mounting the bank in front, to watch the fortunes of the battle, until we were driven back to our concealment by the passionate invectives of our commander, for thus exposing our position

to the enemy. We were next brought out on to the open plain to make a show, and replace some horse artillerymen, who, after firing away their ammunition, from heavy howitzers, were ordered back to camp to bring up their field-pieces. Here we were fully exposed to the enemy, who, however, had their hands full without paying any attention to us. Now came the crisis of the battle, compared with which our former proceedings were child's-play.

In full view of our position was one of three columns, each consisting of three or four regiments, advancing over the plain to charge the enemy's entrenchments, which formed the interior circle of the battle, their rear encircled again by the river Sutlej, just rising in flood, and threatening to cut off retreat. Terribly decimated by the fire of our heavy artillery, which, if persevered in, would of itself have effected their destruction, the Sikhs on its cessation revived their courage, and, seeing their last opportunity in resisting the coming assault, prepared to give the advancing column a fiery reception. Their noblest leader, Sham Sing, commandant of artillery, had been killed at his post, and their other chiefs—not perhaps being so zealous—these hardy veterans were only nerved to rely the more on their own strong arms, and stood like lions at bay. All adventitious advantage from science and manœuvre was now cast aside, and, as in the days of Alexander and Porus, two thousand years before, the European and the

Punjabee stood man to man to wrestle for the empire of the East.

As though disdaining the shelter of their heavy batteries, the British column steadily advanced against a fire of artillery, such as none but Sikh gunners could pour forth; our men progressed until within two or three hundred yards of the enemy, when musketry, jinjals and what-not, intensified the murderous storm poured upon their devoted heads. Soon we remarked that some of them began to straggle from the rear of the column; the pace slackened in front; presently they halted; and then, to our dismay, we saw them recoil, shattered and dispersed, over the plain; whilst the triumphant Sikhs, jumping over their entrenchments, pursued and cut the wounded to pieces. A general officer of artillery standing near me exclaimed, with an oath, "The fellows, they will have to do it all over again." Too true! With such leaders as Lord Hardinge and Gough, to say nothing of Sir Henry Lawrence, Broadfoot, —who fell in this action—and other noble heroes, there could be no evasion. Once and again was this terrific scene enacted before our eyes, until with numbers diminished to the last point of hope; seeing that retreat was destruction, and nerved to the reality that die they must, and better to die doing their duty than in ignominious discomfiture, our poor fellows hesitated no longer, but rushed boldly forward into the midst of the enemy, when the usual result soon followed,

and the Sikhs retreated. The other columns had meanwhile effected an entrance; and, coming down on the enemy's flank, contributed essentially to the victory. The Sikhs, still preserving their order, commenced their retreat across the Sutlej. Their bridge of boats had been swept away by the flood of the previous night, and the scarcely fordable depth of the river, with the fire of our light guns, now brought to bear upon them, and sweeping them away by sections, completed their destruction, so that by noon the victory was complete."

CHAPTER XIII.

Thankfulness—Reaction—The tents of the wounded—Visit a dying man—Effects of war on feelings—Servants desert—Our duty to servants—Rejoin head-quarters' camp—Surrender of Lahore—Prayer-meeting—Review—Solemn crisis—Army breaks up—Takes possession of Jullundur Doab—Discipline—Arrive at Loodiana.

ALL now rushed forward to the spoil. In deep thankfulness to Him who had covered my head in the day of battle, I retraced my solitary way back to the camp and to the quiet of my own tent. The silence which here reigned unbroken was in striking contrast to the tumult of strife I had so recently witnessed, where the very camp-followers were reaping their harvest amongst the spoil. I could here peacefully gather in my thoughts in meditation on God's mercies; I had seen Psalm xci. once more fulfilled to the letter; "a thousand had fallen before me, and ten thousand on my right hand, but it had not come nigh me, only with my eyes had I beheld and seen the reward of the wicked."

I may be excused, if with my own safety and that of all my friends and comrades, for Her Majesty's 9th achieved their usual success with comparatively slight loss, I felt overpowered with a somewhat selfish joy, the reaction from long-sustained excitement of military

duties at such a crisis being so great. I never thought of the numerous victims, or of those who even on the field of victory might be left to die in anguish. Shut up so long to the stern routine of discipline, and moving in everything by order, I seemed to have lost my higher powers of free-will and active benevolence. It was only after our army had crossed the Sutlej in pursuit of the enemy, and I had accompanied the heavy ordnance to Ferozepore for reorganization, that I began to realize another phase of our victory—the long line of hospital tents drawn up in sad uniformity and silent melancholy, on a dusty plain, destitute of a blade of grass and unsheltered by a single tree. Wretched as the scene appeared to a healthy man, inexpressibly dreary must it have been to those thus "appointed to die" in a heathen land. Crowded into tents which were no protection from the inclemencies of the weather, the hospital gangrene was fast completing what war had left unfinished, though doubtless their wants were supplied, and provision made for their comfort, so far as medical science and benevolence could dictate. Notwithstanding the pressure on my mind of earthly duties, and all the cares connected with military matters, I could never pass these tents with an easy conscience, knowing, as I did, how few would ever leave them alive. Having found out that one of my old acquaintances at Dumdum was amongst the wounded, I went to see him, although such was the effect of late

scenes on my spirit that I felt but little fitness or inclination for such a duty. The poor man, whose leg was amputated, had been a somewhat noted character; he seemed glad to see me: I listened to his sad story of wasted life, and of a last effort made to secure something for his neglected family from the spoils of the Sikh camp; of the wound he had received in the act, and all his useless regret for the past. I tried to turn his thoughts to religion, and to his approaching end, but we both seemed out of our element, and parted never to meet again in this world, our interview having, I fear, been little satisfactory to either party. It was almost a relief when I found myself once more on the move, with the battery train and park advancing on Lahore.

On this occasion I experienced for the first and only time a failure on the part of my native servants: through some panic, my head-man induced others of them to remain behind with my baggage when I crossed the Sutlej, but my groom, Emambuksh, whose conversion occurred some time after, revealed the plot, and enabled me to frustrate it. I dismissed the ringleader, whom I now discovered to be guilty of other evil practices, and promoted Emambuksh in his room. An act of this kind by servants when in the field is regarded in a very serious light; they are always expected, rightly or otherwise, to share all the danger of war with their master, by whom they are frequently sent ahead with his tents overnight,

to have all ready on his arrival in the morning: a service of considerable danger, when passing through an enemy's country. I had never exacted this, but allowed my servants to follow me at daybreak. The ordeal of a campaign acts favourably in some measure, by weeding out the more depraved of our numerous followers who have a tendency to collect like vermin in a station of European soldiers.

Throughout my twenty-three years' service I was never robbed or, except in this instance, neglected by my servants, although so frequently engaged in what they counted desperate service, and occasionally sent to the worst portion of our territories. I always "gave to my servants such things as were equal," regarded them as my family, and neither beat nor abused them, but cared for their souls as well as their bodies, conducting religious worship with them on Sundays, and endeavouring to lead them to the Saviour. They had thus learnt to realize their rights, on the broad ground of a Christianity freely offered to all, and to identify in some degree their interests with my own.

Crossing the river Sutlej for the first time, with our re-equipped battering-train, we had a quiet march, and rejoined the great camp pitched on the vast plain of Mean Meer, previous to the surrender of Lahore. I had considerable difficulty in finding my way through that city of canvas extending so many miles, but ere long made myself at home,

and discovered various old comrades scattered around. Under a growing persuasion that the fighting was at an end, we became more social, and a secret attraction, even amongst those who had never seen each other's face in the flesh, soon drew congenial spirits into the fellowship of Christ. My tent was the gathering-point for the soldiers of various regiments in my neighbourhood, and we enjoyed some delightful prayer-meetings, with no pretension to gifts or outward show, but precious in the grace bestowed at this solemn era. In reading to them one evening the first part of Isaiah xl., I was deeply impressed with its realization in the events then transpiring around us. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," but that "the word of our God shall stand for ever," is a solid ground of confidence, reconciling one to the vicissitudes of earthly failure so manifestly experienced amidst the horrors of war. The spurious glitter of battle fails to captivate those emerging from its shock. Never, though it was a magnificent spectacle, and not without a certain moral grandeur, did I feel less interest in such scenes than at the grand review of our victorious army, held as a beneficial lesson for the Sikhs, after the surrender of Lahore. There was the long line of gorgeously caparisoned elephants drawing the heavy batteries, and there also was the gallant array of our forces, headed by their veteran leaders—a sight not lost on the Sikh durbar. Amongst them all, Sir Charles Napier (who had come on ahead of the

army with which he was hurrying to our assistance, but who joined our camp after the battles that gained us the Punjab) was especially an object of their curiosity.

The usual aspect of the great camp was quiet in the extreme. It reminded one rather of the aspect of a Scotch town on the fast day preceding the communion, than of a victorious army taking possession of a conquered country. Amongst our Indian armies an impression prevails, perhaps not untinged by superstition, that battle is an appeal to God, and, as regards the natives, its result is supposed to prove the truth of the respective religions of the combatants.

It is remarkable that in the course of all our wars there often occurs a crisis, an interval of solemn suspense, when, from the highest to the lowest, all alike seem to be pervaded by a feeling of anxiety and dilemma. The fearful havoc amongst friends, the loss of many who had been regarded as pillars of the state, together with impending serious political and military complications, all tended at this time to deepen such feelings, and to hold every one in suspense. Thus were our armies kept so long idly waiting at Peshawur, Jellalabad, and Candahar, and subsequently before Mooltan, Delhi, and Lucknow, to say nothing of the Crimea and other similar occasions. Such circumstances, among the more serious, led to deep searchings of heart; and but for such a lull amid the horrible excitements of battle, with its accompanying atrocities,

soldiers would become wild beasts, and the camp a pandemonium. God brings us occasionally "into the wilderness, and pleads with us there," and "with a mighty hand, and stretched-out arm, and fury poured out," does He rule over us, His instruments for the chastisement of the heathen.

On the conclusion of the treaty, our army broke up before Lahore; and, after ratifying at Umritzur the alliance with Golab Sing, which assigned him the valley of Cashmeer, the larger portion of the force, with the commander-in-chief and governor-general, advanced to take possession of the ceded province of the Jullundur Doab. This territory (included between the Sutlej and Beas rivers) was the garden of the Punjab, and notwithstanding Sikh misrule, it contrasted favourably with many of our own provinces. "We marched through one waving sea of corn just coming into ear, and as the Israelites promised the Edomites that they would keep to the highway, so we turned not to the right or to the left, although we had to tread a road for ourselves through the fields. Even if a hungry horse or camel stretched out his neck for a bite, it was matter for castigation, and all damage was compensated. So subdued was the spirit of the army, that there was no necessity for interference by provost-martial, or other military authority. Within a fortnight of our leaving Lahore we found ourselves once more snug in barracks at Loodiana.

All now began to give vent to their long pent-up

feelings, amidst the comforts and indulgences presented by this fine city and first-class military cantonment. Under the pressing necessities of the war, a number of young men, just landed in the country, had been sent to join the army; these especially ran riot beyond all bounds. Untrained by actual experience, their heads seemed to be turned by the result of the victories. I was not, therefore, much annoyed when, ere a month had elapsed, we had notice to prepare for more marching, with a prospect of active service.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fresh alarms—More marching—Hooshearpore—The hills—Novel route for artillery—Hill scenery—Geological features—Himalayan valleys—Kangra—The fort—Its surrender—Return to Loodiana—Fall of the barracks—Providential escapes—Umballa.

KOT KANGRA, said to be the strongest fort in the Punjab, and a hundred miles distant amidst the hills to the north-west, had refused to surrender according to treaty, so our battering-train was again organized and manned by our companies. The hot winds had commenced, and deep, if not loud, was the grumbling of the men at having to leave their comfortable barracks, which they shared with one of Her Majesty's regiments. *Little did they think that Providence had thus ordained their escape from destruction.* Nothing certain was known of the rebel fort, but report among the natives declared it impregnable, being situated amidst precipices and almost impenetrable mountains. Rumours of Sikh treachery, and of their intended rise, when our troops should be all dispersed into cantonments, kept alive, as usual, the public anxiety.

With a strong force, consisting, with the exception of our artillery men, entirely of natives, and under

some of our ablest officers, amongst whom was Colonel, now Lord Napier of Magdala, we were soon sweltering under canvas, or plodding along at the one-mile-an-hour pace of a battering-train ; as we moved only in the night, we had to contrive how best to shield ourselves from the intolerable heat during the day. The country, now—in May—denuded of the crops, was a baked mass, becoming hotter every day, and retaining its heat all night. We crawled along to the Beas river, having at one spot met with some beautiful groves of mango trees, where we should have enjoyed a rest, for it was as an Elim in the desert, with palm trees and springs of water. I regarded with special interest some green turf which here, for the first time in Upper India, met my eyes. I did not then anticipate that a few years later a beautiful cantonment, with gardens and other appliances of civilization, would be found at this spot ; but so it came to pass. I was ordered there with my company in 1849, and having established the first Christian service ever held, we saw, ere we left Hooshearpore in 1852, an elegant place of worship rising to completion.

After a week's labour, which was required to transport our 7 or 8 miles' length of convoy across the Beas, we entered a gorge in the hills, between precipices varying in perpendicular height from four to twelve hundred feet. The path was as strange a one as ever was chosen for artillery. It was along the bed of a river running in a deep rift between the hills, where we

could seldom see more than a few hundred yards ahead, and we often appeared to be marching right up against the precipice; but a passage still continued to open out for our advance, as we moved along this valley of the shadow of death. Occasionally the stream was crossed twenty or thirty times in a day, and we were as often in as out of it; but the water being shallow at this season was far from disagreeable, and delightful was the deep shade "of a great rock in a weary land." Here and there lateral valleys stretched athwart our path, through which were seen hills clothed to their summits with pine and other forest trees, or their sides in a blaze with laburnum in full blossom. We seemed to have entered a new world, and to have joined a party of pleasure rather than an expedition bent on war. Despite the confusion inseparable from such a heterogeneous assembly we got accustomed to our work, and, stimulated by the novelty of things around, the spirits of all rose to the occasion. Quitting the stream where the hill-side presented a gradual rise, we began to ascend the first ridge to a height of about two thousand feet. It was quite dark ere all had gained the summit, and here we at once bivouacked, having neither time nor inclination for tent-pitching. In our progress through these hills we moved on as long as daylight lasted, finding full occupation in the tedious and difficult task of moving our heavy artillery up the heights. It being impossible to get ten or fifteen pairs of bullocks to

pull in a straight line along an ever-curving road, the word to "man the drag-ropes" was constantly being given; in this way the guns were dragged up the ascents, both officers and men uniting in the work, Sir Henry Lawrence himself, in some instances, setting the example.

It was whilst encamped among these hills that we encountered the heavy storm which, cooling and refreshing as it was to us, under our well-secured canvas, brought death and destruction to the regiment we had left in barracks at Loodiana.

Well do I remember the first ascent we climbed. In true "camp-fashion," fatigued with the exertion of the day, I sat down in the darkness amongst the feet of the cattle to eat my one solitary meal. My servants had spread some bedding for me on the ground, and in the midst of the indescribable medley of an Indian camp I soon fell into the soundest sleep I ever enjoyed. This lasted till a bright June sun began to dispel our slumbers, but ere I had opened my eyes, or quite realized my identity, the rich manly voice of Colonel Christie, the director of the train, rang forth like a trumpet, "Awake, awake! my merry merry men, this is our hunting day!" The effect was magical; we started up in wonder to admire the glorious panorama that met our view. We were on a plateau rich with vegetation and pine trees, reminding us of the park scenery of our native land. In our front, bounding the distant horizon, rose the magnificent

Chumba range of mountains to the height of thirteen thousand feet, their majestic summits still covered with snow in defiance of an Indian summer.

I drank in the prospect, glowing in all its freshness and beauty in the rays of a cloudless morning sun. It was a scene of surpassing loveliness to us poor waifs just escaped from the dust and heat of the parched plains below, and some were inclined to exclaim, "It is good to be here"; but our work was yet to do, and again the word was given, "Forward." Descending from the mount we plunged into another rifted gorge similar to that by which we had ascended. I noticed that in every direction these chasms intersected the plateau with their perpendicular fractures, as though produced by some latent power elevating the entire locality. The sides of the next water-course we met with exhibited strata of sandstone, varying in thickness from thirty to a hundred feet, piled one upon another in regular gradation, and at angles gradually increasing towards the axis of elevation. At one spot in the valley there issued hot sulphurous springs, at another I discovered a seam of coal, cropping out of the bank of the river, two feet or so in thickness, of which I gathered a specimen and sent it to Calcutta for analysis, but it proved to be "lignite," of no workable value. Up another ridge we pursued our toilsome march, and again descended. After crossing a third ridge and a well-watered valley cultivated with rice, a last ascent brought us to the plains of Kangra,

some sixteen miles in breadth, and extending to the foot of the Chumba range.

Having by a flank march turned the fortress, we occupied the high ground north-west of it, and were in possession of the richest valley in the country, except Cashmeer and Peshawur. These valleys extend along the entire Himalaya range, and each is a very paradise for beauty and fertility. Some of our best tea plantations in this part of India lie in the Kangra valley, which, from its many streams, possesses abundant irrigation—that soul of vegetable life in the East. Three crops in the year of every kind of cereal, besides fruits and other valuable produce, evidence its exuberant fertility.

Among villages, embosomed in orchards, we passed, at the end of our march, through a Devonshire-like lane of dog-roses and familiar European plants in full blossom. In the hearing of a soldier, one of a little religious band in the detachment, I could not refrain from giving utterance to the emotions excited by the charming scene, and he afterwards told me that my words, as with magical effect, had dispelled a cloud of darkness and misery that had hung over him during the whole march. They had recalled the memories of his native village, where in childhood he had been trained by godly parents. Thenceforward fresh vigour was apparent in his spiritual life, which bears good fruit to the present day. I gradually became acquainted with others of the same little company of

believers, who afterwards, so long as I knew them, proved to be steadfast in the cause of Christ.

The governor of the fort made a show of holding out, till we brought some 24-pounders along a ridge, at the extremity of which the fort was situated, when, having saved his honour, he surrendered his charge, and our flag waved over the citadel. The fort had no pretensions to strength against a properly appointed force, though it might have withstood native troops, who have no genius for siege operations. It owed its celebrity to its reputed inaccessibility.

The experience gained by this enterprise was not without its utility to me, in a professional point of view. The frequent petty accidents and perplexities incident to an up-hill march with heavy artillery,—as the breakage and upsetting of gun-carriages and waggons, for which the means of repair must be extemporised on the spot; the anxieties caused by men being at times without rations; cattle destitute of fodder, and casualties of like nature,—tax the resources and test the efficiency of an officer, who gains respect and influence with his men in the degree that they find him equal to such emergencies.

After a few years of idle life in cantonments, there is no more helpless being than the European soldier in India. Nursed and cared for at every turn, with native servants at his beck for every trifle, he becomes quite incompetent to shift for himself if cast on his own resources. Amidst the aggravation of these

influences by prevailing vices, the only agency for preserving the soldier's health, morals, and efficiency hitherto has been the frequent campaigning; for he must then rough it to escape disgrace if not destruction. Our invariable success had raised the men's self-respect and their interest in myself, for "whatsoever we did the Lord made it to prosper."

There being no quarters suitable for Europeans at Kot Kangra, and the rains at hand threatening to cut off our return by flooding with rapid torrents the gorges of the hills through which we came, we were ordered back to the plains without delay. The park and battering-train were left behind, and reserved to afford us a cold weather task. Not without reluctance to leave so goodly a land, we commenced our return to Loodiana, where we soon arrived with little trouble in comparison to our march from it.

Where now were they who had predicted our failure, and that none of us would ever return alive? *We*, safe and sound, having effected our object within a month, without the loss of a man. *They* ("how unsearchable are His judgments!") swept from the face of the earth by the storm that so refreshed us, but which, gathering strength as it rushed onwards, came down a terrible typhoon on the cantonment and comrades we had left behind. The furious blast levelled in an instant a range of ten barracks on the heads of the devoted regiment. It had recently borne the brunt of four great battles which had considerably reduced its

numbers, besides having been shipwrecked on the Andaman islands, on their passage to India, but a little while before. Now the women and children were also involved in the common destruction, and upwards of two hundred bodies were buried in the same grave. One man, who at the outburst of the storm was gambling, jumped under the mess-table, which was crushed by the walls falling on it, and his head being at the time over a large cooking vessel, he was decapitated, his head being found in the dish and the cards in his hand!

The Loodiana barracks, on the retreat of the army from Affghanistan in 1841, had been provided for the *temporary* shelter of a regiment, and were built on the surface of the indurated sandstone-like soil, without any foundation. The wind, rushing in at the doors, lifted the roofs with their cross-ties, thus drawing the walls inwards and causing the whole range of barracks to collapse simultaneously into a confused heap of ruins. Such was the sight that met our eyes on our return, as we encamped amidst the deserted debris.

As though to apply this tragical event more closely to ourselves, thus pulled, like Lot, out of the overthrow, the families of our men, who had been left at Cawnpore during the campaign, and were on their way up to join the companies at Loodiana, had arrived within two days' march of the station when the barracks fell. Two families belonging to the staff had actually arrived, and with their sepoy guard had

taken shelter in the barracks just before the storm came on: in the midst of the ruins stood one tall gable with its end room still uninjured, it was that into which they had entered, and were preserved! a visible memorial that "one shall be taken and another left."

I am bound to state that there was not a consistent professor of religion amongst the *men* of the regiment. This, with other particulars, I was told by the father of a promising and pious young girl, who was killed when occupied with the needle, and whose body was never recovered. He also confessed himself to have been at the time a wretched backslider.

The abundant plunder obtained during the campaign had filled the regiment with drunkenness and debauchery. That devoted chaplain and servant of God, Mr. Norgate, who had volunteered to visit the troops on the frontier, had recently rung an alarm in Loodiana with his wonted power. It was all in vain. "No man repented of his wickedness, none said, What have I done? Every one turned to his course, as the horse rusheth into the battle."

It was a striking fact that, during the war, the Sikh army had for a time held possession of these barracks. They had drank all the mess wines and burnt down the mess house, but in their self-confidence had reserved the rest of the buildings for their own use after their anticipated conquest of India. Yes! and *God had reserved these also for the punishment of*

hardened rebels, whom all His past deliverances had failed to move to repentance.

The question now arose as to where we should find shelter. Every other regiment was housed, but for us no place could be found. We had, therefore, to trudge off to Umballa, where in the cavalry stables room was made to shelter our heads just as the rains commenced. An old Christian friend, who owned the finest house and garden in the station, invited me to occupy his "prophet's chamber."

We enjoyed three or four months' rest in the finest cantonment of north-west India. I had, in 1840, passed through Umballa; it was then merely a dusty plain with a small village of native huts. It now boasted a well-built native bazaar, with 50 or 60,000 inhabitants, besides large military cantonments. It seemed, however, peculiarly dead to religion at this time, for out of seven or eight regiments I only saw three or four communicants at the Lord's supper. The sole building for worship was a structure of "wattle and dab," put up by an officer at his own expense. The booty taken was still plentiful amongst the soldiers, and facilities for vice abounded. It was, therefore, without regret that, on the termination of the rainy season, we again received orders to march.

CHAPTER XV.

Return to Kangra—Jullundur Doab—New route—Discipline—A storm in the hills—Hill dogs—Experimental draught for guns—Elephant shafts—Success—Return march—Resources of the valleys—Christian missions and colonization—Bethel flag.

ONCE more we were in motion to complete our task with the battering-train we had so toilsomely dragged up the hills and along the river courses to Kot Kangra, and which was now to be brought back to the arsenal at Philloor. With the delightful cold season in prospect, we were not sorry to escape the irksome routine of parades and drills, and to exchange the discomfort of crowded stables for cheerful tents and the bright atmosphere of a Punjab sky: in excellent health and jubilant spirits, we passed on amidst luxuriant crops, to cross the Sutlej for the fifth time.

The Sikhs are somewhat advanced in agriculture, and no part of India was more prosperous or highly cultivated than the Jullundur Doab (between the Sutlej and Beas rivers), even when we first occupied it in 1846. On a former march I once asked a cultivator my way to the camp; after some friendly talk, observing my fatigue, he said, "Wait a little and I'll bring you something to eat." Digging up a corner of

his field, he brought me a noble stalk of sugar-cane of the Otaheite variety, of which I had never before seen a specimen in India. They were a very hospitable people. I have sometimes been invited into baronial looking mansions, where a repast was extemporized behind tatties,* and served up in English style, the game—albeit but sparrows—being brought on willow-pattern plates. On other occasions, when going to their threshing-floors, where they were crushing sugar-cane (their vintage), they would insist on my sitting down, and would keep pressing me with the choicest morsels as long as I could eat. I once found myself in the midst of a family party, some of whom had formed part of the Khalsa army of Runjeet Sing, and we had a very animated crack about the battle of Sobraon, where most of them had fought. "That man," one remarked, "lost his arm;" and, pointing to another, "he had his brother killed," and so on. They thought none the worse of me for the part I took in that affair. Thus, wherever we marched through these districts we found ourselves welcomed, and were as much at home as in Bengal or Behar. For years past they had been sending their children for education to the American missionaries at Loodiana, who were at this time itinerating amongst them with the greatest acceptance and facility.

Unencumbered with guns or much baggage, we now penetrated the hills in a new direction from Hooshear-

* Wetted screens of grass for cooling the air.

pore, keeping more along their crests and passing over some very steep ridges, where I had opportunities of witnessing the powers of the camel, which I should scarcely otherwise have credited.

The neglect of the commissariat left us dependent on the resources of the country for our rations, and we had considerable difficulty at times in getting them, owing to the scruples of the people—either pretended or perhaps conscientious—as to the killing of bullocks. We were compelled, in one instance, and that on the sacred ground of the Jowallah Mookhi temple, to seize a bullock, and could not prevail on the man to take any remuneration. At this place a jet of inflammable air escapes from the earth, to which they set fire and pretend that it is miraculous. I therefore would not do it the homage of a visit.

Having arrived at Kangra, we found the temperature, in January, very pleasant till "the latter rain" set in, with a storm of two or three days' duration, which left the lofty ranges of the Chumba fully clothed in their mantle of snow—a sight sublime, indeed, but very trying to us, living in tents and without winter clothing. When the weather calmed and the sky resumed its brightness, the scene was very enjoyable, and we found plenty of occupation in loading thousands of Brinjarree bullocks with shot and shell. The Sikhs, by their religion, are allowed the use of spirits, and the sugar-cane being abundant in this fertile valley, I soon discovered that the art of distilling

was no secret—as common, in fact, as brewing in Britain—almost every farmer having his little still. By watchfulness over my camp I restrained this threatening evil, and was the more successful that the men were given every scope for recreation amidst the delights of the country. They were well supplied with fowling-pieces, and many a noble peacock was brought in, an acceptable replenishment to the larder, and waited on with keen appetites. My general experience of European soldiers leads me to say, that *when work was going on, or when on service,* I never, with common precaution, had any trouble with them, however great the facility for getting spirits.

During our first occupation of Kangra, I was roaming with a subaltern of the company about some of the neighbouring hills, and noticed the usual signs of a storm brewing on the summit of the Chumba range, sixteen miles distant, across the valley. From a cloud of small size it rapidly increased into the usual towering cumulus, with its cauliflower-like head, presenting a very imposing appearance. Ere long the mass seemed in wild commotion, as, with a rotatory movement, it swept towards us, with torrents of rain falling on the intervening valley, and accelerating its pace as it approached the hills on which we stood, it soon covered the sky with blackness. It was a most impressive scene, as the thunder began to roll overhead and the lightning to flash in close proximity, the hail also rattling down upon us, so that we were

glad to take shelter in one of the houses of a little hamlet amidst some fierce-looking well-armed men. We put the best face we could on it, not knowing how they might treat us as belonging to a force come to oust them from their fort of boasted impregnability; yet we met with a civil reception. We had, just before this, come on a flock of sheep guarded, as usual, by an immense red mastiff-like dog, who posted himself in a defile near the house, as much as to say, "Who goes there?" Not having the countersign, we were fain to call out to the shepherd, when, to our humiliation, a laughing shepherdess came to our rescue, and taking hold of the dog thus released the two British officers.*

Our previous march had taught us how desirable would be any contrivance by which the difficulty, delay, and even danger of getting our ordnance up the steeps could be overcome, and we had to congratulate ourselves on the successful carrying out of a project for that purpose, by the application of elephants for draught with heavy guns. This, though experimented on some years before at Dum-Dum, and tried during the late campaign, had never yet been brought into successful operation, and to the late Lieutenant Clifford, our commissary of ordnance, and the warrant-officers of his department, the merit

* These noble animals, armed with their iron-spiked collars, are a match for a leopard, and will even attack a bear when backed by their master. Their owners refuse to part with them for any money.

was due. The plan adopted was *the use of shafts* of teak wood, sheathed with iron. By means of these the elephant is enabled to work the guns up the hills with their circuitous ascents and descents, and round corners, almost as easily as if he were a pony in a light cart. It was interesting to witness the instinct of the elephant, especially in crossing streams. The sagacious beast feels his way with his trunk, step by step, listening meanwhile to the directions of his driver perched aloft. Whilst on our first expedition all was confusion, uproar, and delay, now all was order and progress, so that we made the regular infantry marches, and by the same route almost at the regular pace right through the hills. To behold the close column of these majestic animals, sixty to a hundred, perhaps, in all their trappings, rising out of a river-bed and ascending a hill-side, the Union Jack floating on the leading gun, was an imposing spectacle. Lieutenant Clifford, on our return, reported the successful working of his plan, but it was not until after the mutiny that five elephant batteries were ordered to be established after his model, of which three were again broken up in 1867.

There was around Kangra much to interest a man of science, and it was not difficult to foresee the prosperous future of this portion of the Punjab. A young officer of my company, Lieutenant Hawtayne Parish, R.A., was, a year or two after our return, deputed by the government to investigate its

undeveloped resources, and his favourable report has been justified in the success of the tea plantations, and also by the establishment of the sanatorium of Dalhousie on a spur of the Chumba range, accessible to our countrymen from all the stations in the Punjab.

It is through Kangra *vid* Ladak that our route at present lies with the Trans-Himalayan countries of Eastern Turkestan. It was here that our Indian Government established the rival fair at Palumpore to divert the rich mineral and other resources, especially the famed shawl wool of the provinces of Cashgar, Yarkund, and Kotan, from the Russian trade into our own territories.

The Tartar nations have hitherto been hermetically sealed against commercial intercourse with us by mountain barriers, but still more by the misrule and tyranny of China and fiscal oppression of the Cashmere ruler. By the intervention of our Government to secure justice and safety for travellers, by appointing a British agent at Leh, the capital of Ladak, there is every prospect of their restoration to their ancient importance and prosperity. Roads have been constructed, and other means of access opened through the passes of the Himalayas. Tea, which used to find its way to these tribes from China through the circuitous route of Bokhara and Kokand, is now cultivated in our northern valleys, only six hundred miles from their doors; and many other products equally essential to their comfort are now procured at

the Palumpore fair, which is intended to bring together the traders of central Asia.*

The nations of Eastern Turkestan, in the legitimate enterprise of trade and political relations, are as yet in the market for the rival bidding of Russia and India, and the gospel will naturally accompany the successful candidate.

A branch of the Church Missionary Society is established at Kangra, and the Chumba valley has become the locality of another missionary work by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of the Scotch Presbyterians, whilst the Moravian missionaries, from their centres at Kyelang and Upper Kunawur, are proposing to enter in and possess the land of Eastern Tartary, otherwise "Thibet."

Whether we regard the hill valleys and their interesting aboriginal races as the grand frontier barrier against the old hereditary invaders of Hindostan, the great antidote to the ungenial climate of the plains, *or as a most suitable sphere for establishing European colonies,* the Himalayas, like the Alps, seem designed by Providence to be the natural defence of the Christian empire towards heathendom, and as nurseries for the infant church.†

In leaving Kangra, I could not but desire that some testimony for Christ should be set up. The burden

* Church Missionary Intelligencer, Nov., 1868.

† See "Industrial Improvement by European Settlers of the Resources of India," by Archibald Graham, M.D., late Deputy Medical Inspector, Poonah division.

lying on me as commanding officer, and the perpetual worry of worldly calls, I found very detrimental to spirituality of mind; and once only, whilst encamped on a spot commanding a prospect of the varied and far spreading landscape, did I raise the Bethel flag, and held a Sabbath service, at which nearly everyone attended, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. With emotions deepened in view of God's glorious works around us, I spoke, for the first time, of the great salvation *as "He gave me utterance*; and, if I may judge by the impression made and the subsequent conduct of the men, my effort was not altogether in vain.

Having accomplished the object of our expedition, we had once more to turn our backs on these lovely valleys, embosomed amidst the everlasting hills. As yet the time was not come for the European to enter in and reap the fruit of his labours here; all was again given over to the native inhabitants. Looking back to the enjoyment experienced in our pleasant journeyings, it was with reluctance that we again set our faces towards the scorching plains and dusty cantonments. Like Eve, we were ready to exclaim,—

> "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
> Thee, native soil?—these happy walks and shades?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to Loodiana—Religious fellowship—An awakened sinner—Happy death of a prodigal—One without hope—Lack of visible results—A revival preacher—William Symes—His success and death—Loodiana mission—Dr. Morrison—The printing-press—Its mission.

HAVING delivered over the siege train, of which I had charge, to the fort of Philloor, I proceeded with my company to Loodiana, the weather being yet charming and cool. We found the station crowded with troops, and our men had to be separated and stowed away in detached guard-rooms or staff bungalows, relics that remained amidst the fallen barracks. With the American missionaries, and some pious officers then at the station, I here enjoyed much Christian fellowship. In another surviving building a party of European sappers, fine young men just arrived from England, were located. One of their young officers, recently converted, lived with me, and by his help we had some very interesting meetings with his men. As a religious teacher I was in some respects more acceptable to the sappers than to my own men. Perhaps my duties as commanding-officer brought me too much into collision with the latter. Thus, through the pressure brought to bear

on me by higher authority, I had on one occasion to permit a dance in barracks, a thing I was utterly opposed to from my experience of its demoralising effects. So anxious was I to counteract the evil, that I went in person and broke in on their festivities after midnight, and compelled them to close their revels and retire to rest.

A very notorious drunkard was about this time deeply awakened, but by no traceable human instrumentality. It was given out that he was insane, and he was put under confinement. It is possible that the effect of drink had disturbed his intellect, and that the change *at first* partook of the character of religious mania: he was always praying aloud. After continuing six months in a very excited state, his reason was restored, and he thenceforth became a very consistent Christian. He was soon after appointed staff-sergeant in a native infantry corps, and was much esteemed for his sterling piety and military efficiency. He often assured me that there had been nothing the matter with him at his strange awakening but conviction of sin, aggravated by drinking and the abounding wickedness around him.

Another man, of my own company, who was a hard drinker, and who had, before he joined the army, been a Methodist local preacher and class leader, was brought to his death-bed, and, when holding my usual religious service in the hospital, I found him deeply awakened. This case also resulted in hopeful

repentance and restoration of soul. He seemed to enjoy much peace, and I had hope in his end. He used to say that during the sleepless nights his mind was greatly refreshed by passages from Scripture and hymns he had learnt in his youth.

A third case presented a melancholy contrast to the above. During my stay at Dum-Dum, I had remarked a young man who was conspicuous for his smartness, intelligence, and general seriousness of behaviour. I also knew him to be one of the Christian band there. After an interval of twelve or fourteen years I again met with him at Loodiana; he had during that period been promoted to serjeant-major of a sepoy regiment. He was on his death-bed, and I visited him with great expectation of witnessing the sustaining power of the Gospel, but was shocked to find him cold and indifferent—without any religious concern. I could scarcely realize the distressing fact; but so he continued to the end—his deafness interrupting further efforts on his behalf—a backslider, apparently, of the most deplorable type.

Another character in my company, and who cost me more distress than many, was a graduate of Dublin University, and nephew of one of the highest officers in the army. The latter corresponded with me regarding his relative, offering any help to rescue him, if possible, from his present degradation. But the poor fellow was a hopeless drunkard, and had been reduced from rank more than once. Of excellent

talent, he held a diploma as M.D., and, detached as we frequently were without any medical man, he had all the little practice in that line of the company. He had, besides, prepossessing manners, and really valuable traits of character that made him a general favourite. He told me that he had once made a profession of religion, but confessed that he had entirely renounced it. He was awfully honest in his confessions, leading me to entertain no hopes of his restoration, as he himself had none. He obtained his discharge with the professed intention of setting up in practice as a medical man, but as I suspected rather with the desire to get loose from restraint, for he soon after died in one of the military hospitals, and I fear from the consequences of his excesses. He used to maintain, from such passages as Heb. vi. 4, that there could be no hope for him, and that if I was better acquainted with Scripture I should cease to make efforts for his conversion.

During all my experience amongst soldiers in India I had to look back with sorrowful regret on the lack of *visible* results, though conscious of an intense desire for their conversion, and an honest purpose to declare that truth which had been and still was God's sustaining power to my own soul. Doubtless the heathen atmosphere that environs us in India debilitates even in the believer the spiritual functions of his new life. The late Mr. Loewenthal of Peshawur, on a proposal to send revival preachers to itinerate through India, questioned

whether the overpowering effects of climate and other influences unfavourable to vital godliness, would not so neutralize their spiritual power that, after a year or so, the preachers would be as weak as other men. I hardly take so gloomy a view, and as an instance of what such agencies may effect in India, I will give the history of a revival preacher, which came partly under my own observation, which will explain the religious influences pervading my own men previous to my joining the company.

William Symes, who lately died in London after forty years' sojourn in India, was like too many of those to whom he afterwards so successfully ministered, a private soldier in the artillery. Like other recruits, on first landing, he was sent to Dum-Dum, the head-quarters of the regiment. Here, through the instrumentality of the Baptist missionaries, he was brought under the power of the truth. Being a man of superior natural abilities and of some education, he, according to custom in the army, took a personal share in the soldier's religious meetings. His addresses became increasingly acceptable, and were apparently the means of much awakening and conversion. Some influential parties amongst the warrant and non-commissioned officers at Dum-Dum thought it desirable that Symes' discharge from the army should be purchased, that he might be set apart for preaching to the soldiers. This was soon effected through the aid of the Serampore missionaries, who in the time of Carey

and Marshman possessed considerable interest in Calcutta, not to say with the government itself. Dum-Dum, being near Serampore, had long been a favourite sphere of labour with the Baptist mission.

An instance of their devotion to the religious interests of the soldier occurred there in 1854-5. The general then commanding the station, amongst other freaks, thought fit to demand the little Baptist chapel on the pretence that the ground was wanted for military purposes, although it was situated in an out of the way corner, quite unsuitable for such a purpose. The matter, after much correspondence between the missionaries and military authorities, was referred to Lord William Bentinck, then commander-in-chief, and his lordship, a stern foe to oppression, called on the general to state the *military* reasons that required the resumption of a right so long enjoyed, and finding that none could be assigned, ordered that the chapel should continue in the possession of the Baptists for the use of the soldiers; and this decree of the modern Cyrus has continued in force to the present time.

Here it was that Symes commenced his career as an evangelist to the artillery. Many, doubtless, were thus prepared for the early deaths awaiting them in that ungenial clime, where in the sickly season, fever, dysentery, and cholera would sometimes sweep them off in numbers daily. Symes thus gathered a church of the "dispersion," which as men were drafted into the upper provinces carried a germ of piety through-

out the land, and a harvest of souls was almost perennially reaped in the successive arrivals and departures from the station, so that the whole artillery regiment may be said to have come under Symes' influence and heard the word of the Lord Jesus. With all the apparent failure incident to the peculiar circumstances attending the after-career of his converts, many will be "his crown of rejoicing," for the word from his lips was in "demonstration of the Spirit and in power," though probably his ministry was more adapted to rouse sinners to repentance than to build up saints. His doctrinal views were much on the model of the old Puritan divines, of whom he was a great admirer and an indefatigable student. The gospel he preached was not however after man: "God's statutes were his song in the house of his pilgrimage"; but on some points, as on the second coming of our Lord, he was in advance of his time.

My battalion (the 6th), when first raised at Dum-Dum in 1840-1, had fully enjoyed the benefit of Symes' ministry, a church with office-bearers being organized in their midst. On their arrival at Cawnpore, finding it as regards both the civil and military community a moral wilderness, these Christian soldiers invited Symes to come up and settle there —a call with which he complied. It was not long ere the usual results accompanied his preaching, and he became very popular, not only amongst the military, but with influential residents, some of whom

were in business, who, although by their occupations connected with the army, were quite free from its restrictions. Amongst his hearers were also to be seen officers with their families, more than one of whom publicly professed their faith by being immersed in the Ganges. Cawnpore now again enjoyed a revival, and many souls were gathered into the Church of Christ.

When the work had thus progressed for a year or two a place of worship was required, and to obtain permission to erect it a deputation of the most respectable inhabitants waited on the general commanding the station, who, with all the prejudices of the old school, declared that as long as he lived no conventicle should disgrace the cantonment! This obstacle being soon after removed by his death in action, the chapel—a union one—was built, and opened for any orthodox ministrations. It unfortunately enjoyed but a short season of prosperity, whether from irregularities imputed to the minister—though it is but fair to state that amongst the most esteemed members of the church, all whom I ever met retained to the last the greatest affection for him—or whether animosities and jealousies had gained an ascendency amongst them, the church was broken up. Symes, during a period of nearly ten years, subsided into obscurity as teacher in an educational institution at Lucknow. Here the mutiny overtook him, perhaps, like too many others, at ease in Zion. It was only when the scene of his past labours in Cawnpore had been purified "by the

spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning," his flock mostly murdered with all their families, his very place of worship riddled with cannon balls and turned into a heap of ruins, that escaping "with the skin of his teeth" from the siege of Lucknow, Symes was again heard, in 1861-2, "lifting up his voice like a trumpet" amidst the vanities of the Landour community in the hills. These final efforts proved too much for his bodily frame: worn out by anxieties, hardships, and years of toil, he returned, after a brief sojourn at Landour, during which he won the affections of God's people and the loving admiration of all, to end his days in his native land, and in London, in 1866, entered into his rest, in full possession of the peace and hope of that Gospel, his ministry of which had been so blessed to others.

Symes had a peculiarly strong faith in the love of his Heavenly Father, especially as to everything pertaining to this present life and the provision for his bodily wants. He had an exalted idea of the believer's privilege to live in daily dependence on that Divine care, and always refused a stated salary for his spiritual ministrations; a course, the adoption of which the unwavering affection of his people never gave him cause to repent. We may safely affirm that none in India have ever surpassed William Symes in success and influence for good amongst the military community, and we anxiously look for him on whom the prophet's mantle shall fall.

From the effects of a severe attack of low fever under which I suffered at this time, together with absorbing military duties, I was prevented from interesting myself as fully as I wished in the great enterprise of the American Presbyterian Mission at Loodiana, then in active operation, with its agencies of printing-press, schools, orphanage, and poor-house. I was frequently present with the missionaries at their prayer-meetings, in which I had much enjoyment, as well as in social intercourse with those now departed saints—the first Mrs. Rudolph, the Janviers, and the Porters. I here too enjoyed the acquaintance of that veteran, Dr. Morrison, the originator of "the Loodiana week of prayer," a subject on which I heard him preach as early as 1847. Among other eminent servants of God, some of whom are still enduring the burden and heat of the day, I was privileged with the friendship of Colonel Colin Mackenzie, so well known for his gallantry at Cabul, and with the acquaintance of his lady, equally celebrated for her labours of love in various spheres, but especially, at that time, amongst the natives.

Though the recent campaign, by which the station had greatly suffered, and the complicated and uncertain state of affairs that threatened further warfare, and the evil conduct of the Europeans—that standing stumbling-block—were very unfavourable to missionary success, there were always overflowing schools and good congregations. The American Presbyterian

missionaries were pressing forward to "possess the land," and had established themselves at Jullundur, the capital of the lately annexed province. It was from their printing-press whence had emanated so many volumes of sacred literature, so many earnest appeals and solemn warnings to the Sikh nation; that the government proclamation went forth that decided the fate of their country. That very agency which, some thirteen years before, when Mr. Lowrie's party desired to establish the mission in Lahore, had been offered to Runjeet Sing, was now employed to declare the rejection of his kingdom and dynasty.

CHAPTER XVII.

Cantonments in the Himalayas—Subathoo—Pestilence and vice—Mr. Norgate—His death—Discouragements—Return to the plains—An incident and deliverance—Join the army—"To do all over again."

PREVIOUS to the Sikh war, the Government having come to the conclusion that the delightful climate of the hills would prove as invigorating to their soldiers as it was to the officers who had long resorted thither, began to erect barracks at the hill stations of Kussowlie and Subathoo, and to the latter of these my company was ordered for the hot season and rains of 1848. I was sensible of a growing attachment to my men, and began to anticipate the fulfilment of my dream of seven years before.* I fondly imagined that in the lovely scenery and healthful climate of the hills I could mould them at will into a model community of some ideal character of perfection. With glowing hopes we commenced our march, and as we approached and began to ascend the mountains the spirits of all, inspired by the magnificent scenery around, and the fresh and elastic air, seemed to rise higher almost in proportion to the altitude reached.

* See page 111.

After our camp had for some time been pitched in our new station, and the novelty had worn off, we began to discover that grave mistakes had been committed by those in authority. No barracks were ready, and the heavy rainy season was impending, so that a large body of Europeans had to be huddled together without any accommodation, and where there was no space either for exercise or recreation. Unlimited access for the men to ill-regulated canteens crowned all our misfortunes, and ere long a place, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," became an Acceldama. Virulent dysentery, consequent on drunkenness and other causes, broke out and swept off the men, sometimes two or three in a day. Out of my company of eighty or ninety men, I had lost over twenty ere we had been six months in the hills, and all were demoralised and debilitated. I attempted a prayer-meeting, but none of us seemed to have any spiritual life; very few attended, although the survivors of my favourite old Agra battalion were up with us at the time.

Our devoted chaplain, Mr. Norgate, had warned me of the mischief. His constitution was then fast giving way, and his remaining strength being worn out by increased hospital labour, he sank under it, broken in spirit like myself at the melancholy disorder and failure of all our hopes. So long as he survived, his influence in withstanding the abuses was considerable, for he had great power with the soldiers. After his

death they volunteered him a public funeral, when hardly a man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, was absent. There was no one to follow in his steps, and the men seemed to be given over to despair. All my fond dreams were rudely dissipated. I felt myself a mere cypher, and was ready to loathe the army and everything connected with it; but, like David when cast down, I was still enabled to strengthen myself in my God. It was a great relief to us all when, in October, we received orders to return to the plains, and join the army then forming at Ferozepore for the second Sikh war.

Change of scene, regular marching, and the cold season, soon recruited the health and spirits of the men, and ere we reached Lahore all were equal to the coming work. On the march one incident only occurred worth notice. Having drawn a month's pay for the company at Umballa, and fearing to disburse it in that large cantonment, with its temptations to drunkenness, I resolved to carry it on at my own risk, the rule being to give out pay on its receipt. Two days after leaving Umballa we passed through a thick jungle, and on coming to the encamping ground I found neither tent nor servants; they, with the native guard, and the camel that carried the treasure, were all alike missing. After an hour or two of very anxious waiting my servants made their appearance with the baggage, but with downcast looks they confessed to the loss of a camel, and that the very one

with the money! The fact, and the locality, left me no doubt of its having been stolen, while the guard smoked or slept.

Here was a fix! What was to be done? I thought I saw some wicked looks that told of triumph at my punishment for disappointing them of their expected revelry at Umballa. After I had applied to the commanding-officer for horsemen to scour the country, and had taken other requisite measures, I felt confident that all would end well, and went to sleep in my tent without a word of reproach to my servants or the guard. I dreamt, as I thought, that some man came and asked whether I had lost a camel, but I soon woke up to the reality of the question by seeing a messenger sent by the officials of the little state of Nabba, ten or fifteen miles distant, to say that a laden camel had strayed into their locality, and would be restored to the owner. It soon arrived in safety, and I lost no time in ridding myself of the ill-omened rupees.

We arrived without further adventure at Ferozepore, joined the army there gathered for the ensuing campaign, and with it advanced to Lahore. It had long ere this become evident that the last campaign had not been decisive, and that the whole of the Punjab was up in arms. "We had to do it all over again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lahore—Maharajah Duleep Sing—Melancholy case of murder—Visit the condemned cell—Gleam of hope—Ordered to the field—Painful dilemma—The Roman Catholic priest—Pleasant intercourse—Join the camp at Ramnuggur—A good Samaritan—A disappointment—Return to Lahore—The Panic—Sir Henry Lawrence—Brij Lall—His sad end.

HEN the army under Lord Gough advanced to the banks of the Chenab, at Ramnuggur, my company was left at Lahore, and occupied part of the citadel. The Rajah—now that Christian prince, His Highness Maharajah Duleep Sing—then a child, was living in the adjacent palace; and it was an important object at this crisis to secure his safety. The citadel itself, of no strength, was situated in the midst of a large and warlike city; it was said to contain an arsenal for the complete equipment of a considerable force, and was also frequented by numbers of Sikh retainers of the court.

Whilst in Lahore, on this occasion, a solemn scene was enacted, happily one of rare occurrence in the army. A thoughtless lad, a private in one of Her Majesty's regiments, having drunk himself insane, was seized with homicidal mania, and shot the canteen sergeant, who had refused to give him yet another glass. It was my painful duty to form one of the

general court-martial which sentenced him to be hanged. It was not until a few days before his execution that I was—*as a member of the court*—permitted to visit the unhappy man, who, to soothe his fears, was apparently still kept under the influence of liquor! I vainly attempted to convince him of his guilt—my inexperience on this first occasion of visiting a man in the condemned cell may partially account for my failure. On my next visit, seeing his indifference and disinclination to listen to my appeals, I "changed my voice," inviting him, as a lost sinner, to Jesus. I even dilated on the happiness of heaven, contrasting that glorious rest with this weary scene of sorrow and wickedness. It was a solemn experiment, for, as I afterwards reflected, what if I had opened up false hopes and "spoken peace when there was no peace!" Yet, if if ever the encouraging instance of the dying malefactor could be re-enacted on earth, surely this was a parallel case. I was not without hope as to the result. In place of his former dogged look of indifference, a new expression lighted up his countenance, and for the first time he expressed himself grateful for my visits.

Without venturing an opinion as to this man's condition, I would yet say, in words too often misapplied, "If such be lost, woe to the multitudes about us." Even by the "destruction of the flesh, the spirit may yet be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

We had some experience of a more pleasing kind

at this time at Lahore. One officer, who has since laboured most devotedly in the Lord's vineyard in India, was then awakened, and after a long and painful conflict attained to peace in believing. There were very decided Christians then in garrison, some of whom held daily religious meetings, which I occasionally joined; for it was a cherished duty with us not to neglect the assembling of ourselves together at such a time of anxiety and threatened peril.

After a few weeks in Lahore, I was summoned to leave my company and join one already in the field. With a number of officers, all strangers to me, I accompanied a convoy of provisions, proceeding to the camp of the commander-in-chief. I had a tender parting with the brethren—one of whom, an old Cabul campaigner, threw one of his two chogas*—his Ursa Minor—over my shoulder. He had filled the pockets with biscuits, saying, "When you are on active service you never know when you'll get your next meal." So it proved, for as is often the case on the first march out of a large city, my servants with my baggage lost their way, and I did not see them again for a week.

My first night in camp was anything but pleasant. I had to hunt about for quarters, and at last thrust myself uninvited into a tent crammed with young officers, already laid down on their bedding. Their conversation was of that coarse style, that I was in preference

* Affghan cloak of sheepskin.

almost inclined to brave the bitter cold of a January night in the open air. Here I learnt another lesson of humiliation. Shrinking from kneeling down in prayer before such spectators, as I believed myself to be unknown, I tried to pass unnoticed; but one of them I suspect recognized me, for he said, in a half-joking way, perhaps to unburden his own conscience, that they had not said their prayers. This remark drew forth a burst of levity, *in which he joined.* That lad, a few weeks later, saw, amidst the awful slaughter of Chillianwallah, his comrades and his own father amongst the killed; he himself escaping, "so as by fire."

Next day, unable to endure a repetition of this ordeal, while looking about for other resources, I noticed a Roman Catholic priest, who seemed as much out of his element as myself, and with him I managed to fraternize. I believe he was a man of God. We henceforth had all things in common, though in fact I lived *entirely on him.* He shared with me all his little stock, even to the few bottles of wine that formed a parting present from his flock. Of his two blankets he gave one to me, and I often thought I obtained the lion's share. With him I enjoyed true fellowship, for we opened our hearts freely to each other. During the daily march we walked together, and discussed all the disputed doctrines of the two churches. I found him to be a well-educated Frenchman, and liberal enough to converse on our Protestant views without

either bigotry or ill-temper. His stronghold was the Church as being the supreme source of appeal in all disputed points, and the only thing that appeared to give him a new and interesting view of the subject was my quotation of John xvi. 13, as to the promised Comforter, the Spirit of truth, being our sole guide.

His want of familiarity with the Scriptures was manifest. One day we arrived at our halting ground before the padre's tent and baggage had come up. Wearing my choga, I cast myself down on one of the scrubby bushes around us, that served as a rough kind of elastic cushion. Under the exhilarating influence of the morning sun, and a feeling of calm repose which filled my heart with a happy sense of God's presence, I began to recite aloud, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He maketh me to lie down," etc. (Psalm xxiii.) The padre listened attentively to the end, and with characteristic vivacity exclaimed, "Charming! where *did* you learn that?" Equally astonished, I replied, "Why, don't you know it's one of David's psalms?" "Ah," said he, "is it?" He did not forget this little incident, for when, a few days after, we were partaking of refreshment in company with the officers, my native preacher, Brij Lall, sent me a note reporting the arrival of my missing baggage, the padre exclaimed enthusiastically, "There! I told you it would arrive all safe, because the captain trusted in God; see, his prayers are answered." This view of the subject did not fall in with the officers'

ideas, and the priest's pious utterance obtained no response. In his own tent he would sometimes interrupt our conversation, saying, "Pardon me, it's my hour for prayer," and then perform his devotion at once, with every mark of solemnity.

We met again five years later at a remote station, where he was a prominent character, having built a place of worship, and where he laboured zealously with a large congregation. He afterwards shared in the horrors of the mutiny, and had undergone the perils and sufferings of a siege, and we may hope that these painful experiences have been the means of burning up the wood, hay, and stubble, which he seemed to have built on the true foundation.

On our arrival at Ramnuggur we found only a single brigade of troops, with the park and heavy guns. Lord Gough had, by a dexterous manœuvre, crossed the Chenab higher up, and turned the flank of the Sikh army. During the few days I remained here I visited the scene of the unfortunate mêlée in which the gallant Cureton and others fell. General Tennant, commanding the artillery, had given me the command of a 24-pounder battery drawn by elephants, but whilst I was getting acquainted with its details and condition, Lord Gough, in the exercise of his prerogative as commander-in-chief, put another officer in charge of it, ordering me back to my former post in Lahore. I could not but feel hurt at being thus superseded, after having been dragged to the front only to say I

was not wanted; but as the officer put in my place, Sir Richmond Shakespear, was much my senior, and a highly distinguished officer, Lord Gough could do no less. When once I had struck my tents, and found myself away from the army, I felt no regret at the change, for the scenes of confusion and carnage already looming in the horizon, had no attractions for me.

I did not return before I was required. He who succeeded me in charge of the company had allowed the men to do as they liked, and himself set them the worst example. After his removal, and with the assistance of my old subalterns, things were speedily set right.

On the eve of the battle of Goojerat, before General Whish's army had arrived from Mooltan to reinforce that of the commander-in-chief, a panic occurred at Lahore. There was no European regiment, and only two or three native corps to defend the city, filled with a warlike race, whose friends in the Sikh army were within hearing. Shere Sing was said to meditate a swoop down on the capital to take it by a *coup-de-main.* At the last moment all was hurry-skurry: barricading the streets and entrances of the city, throwing up batteries, and provisioning the citadel. At this crisis Sir Henry Lawrence, who had just returned from England, made his appearance, and—a host in himself—his presence restored confidence.

A few days previous to the battle of Goojerat, Sir

Henry's brother, Colonel G. Lawrence, and his family, who had been taken prisoners by the Sikhs at Kohat, came in from Shere Sing with offers to treat. It was a considerate act on his part to send them out of the way of danger, to which they must otherwise have been exposed during the expected battle. The gallant Sikhs, much to their honour, invariably treated their European prisoners well. I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Henry at the public breakfast given to welcome the restored captives, and had some conversation with him, which left on my mind indelible mementoes of his noble disposition. He seemed changed and matured in his expression since I last saw him, on his arrival in the Lahore camp, as the successor of Broadfoot, three years before. He was now bright and lively amidst all the critical circumstances of our position, and inspiring others with his own religious hopes and confidence.

My native catechist, Brij Lall, for whom on my leaving Saugor I had obtained a situation in that province as schoolmaster, rejoined me of his own accord in Lahore. He professed a desire for a more spiritual employment than school teaching, but I was not without suspicion that laziness, and a constitutional propensity to bodily indulgence, had its influence in this wish. He was aware, too, that I could not at this crisis afford any efficient superintendence over him. This man on his conversion to Christianity had been *induced to throw up his worldly occupation,*

by which he had been earning a good living; and his case illustrates the impolicy of too hastily "laying hands" on a convert to make him a preacher to his countrymen before Christian character and experience have to some degree ripened. He used to complain to me that when, in the pride of youth and gifts as a preacher, he had been exposed overmuch to temptation and overcome, he was hopelessly rejected by the mission that employed him, without any prospect of restoration. This had evidently preyed on his spirit, and when we first met with him his mind was embittered almost to desperation, that we feared it might end in apostasy.

Brij Lall, having taken European manners for his standard in everything, was rather proud of using strong drink, and was far from attempting to conceal it. I stated plainly my disapprobation of his conduct in this matter. Although it was only very lately I had myself adopted the abstinence principle, yet I was always strongly opposed to the natives becoming conformed to our usages in this, or indeed in anything not required by the principles of Christianity.

As the gospel had never yet been publicly proclaimed in Lahore, Brij Lall proposed that we should resume, as at Saugor, our old practice of going into the streets of the city to preach, but the circumstances were now very different. My hands were full. Perhaps the exciting scenes of warfare, and "cares of this life," had their influence in this reluctance on my part.

I wished him, perhaps unreasonably, to attempt the work alone, but from this he shrunk, and it was only when the American mission arrived from Loodiana that the standard of the cross was first lifted up in the capital of the Punjab.

When I was ordered to join the army at Ramnuggur I insisted on Brij Lall accompanying, for I did not like to leave him in such a city as Lahore, and amongst our European soldiers, with whom he had a propensity to fraternize. He came very reluctantly, and riding on his pony, as he seemed to think walking unclerical. On our return to Lahore I pressed forward by forced marches, which seemed to be too much for Brij Lall, and he took to his bed. One morning, soon after our return, I was hastily summoned to see him. I found him insensible, and he breathed his last a few minutes after. From what I have since learnt it seems that the cause of his death was apoplexy. Though I could not but lament his untimely end, for he possessed gifts of no ordinary kind, his death, nevertheless, relieved me from many anxieties.

Brij Lall's family, although they had embraced a profession of Christianity, went back after his death, like Orpah, "unto her people and unto her gods." In the outskirts of our European communities in India a generation of renegades is thus being propagated, which forms a gigantic obstacle to mission success. A due proportion of European loafers has latterly been added to this witches' cauldron, pro-

ducing a state of things to which the horrors of Delhi and Cawnpore form the natural consummation.

Having, at Lahore, resumed my work of visiting the hospitals, I was cheered to find a solemn interest pervading some of the sufferers. I discovered some of Colonel Wheler's favourite volumes carefully preserved and still much prized. I sometimes addressed the patients, especially on occasion of the panic before mentioned, with great plainness of speech, regarding the Lord's threatened judgments. When the wounded began to pour in from the bloody field of Chillianwallah, the scene was almost too much for me to witness—it reminded one of a slaughterhouse. I at first thought that religion was out of place amidst such confusion and horrors, but I soon reflected that there was *one* subject appropriate even here, and I read to them of our Lord's crucifixion. Speaking as to actually dying men, "I spake as though I ne'er should speak again." At such a time I seemed myself to realize in a new light that it was *Himself* and *His* cross could alone suffice, and for once, at least, I was "determined to know nothing but Christ, even Him crucified."

I had here very precious seasons with God's dear servants, who, each according to his gifts and province, were fellow-labourers with me in the gospel. I had on different occasions resided or encamped on all sides of the city, and as we had thus, at each corner, more or less, sounded the ram's horns, by lifting up our testi-

mony for Christ, I could not but be reminded of Jericho and its seven encompassings ere its walls fell. Marching, on one occasion, through the lofty gateway, and round the imposing walls of the city, my mind was powerfully impressed with the text, "Go ye up upon her walls and destroy, but make not a full end; take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's." This, when the fortifications were all levelled a few years later, was actually accomplished. As exposing a rich city to any sudden attack by our enemies from the north-west, the measure was at the time denounced by some as impolitic, but so it is, that Lahore remains open and undefended; yet as the truth is now established in it, we may hope that "salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."

One day as, deep in thought, I was taking a quiet stroll on a plain outside the city, a peculiar sound, that seemed to approach from behind, caught my ear. Musing as to the cause I turned to look round, and not too soon, for at the distance of a few yards, coming right down upon me like the swell of the ocean, was a line of caparisoned elephants mounted by the court, and the young rajah, and evidently bent on the joke of running down a sahib. I had barely time to clear the line by taking to my heels, leaving them to boast of putting a ghora* to flight, doubtless to the intense delight of the little prince.

The campaign being concluded by the dispersion

* European.

of the Sikh army at Goozerat, with the subsequent capture of all their arms, material, and forts, peace was declared, and the annexation of the Punjab proclaimed. We were once more ordered back to Loodiana, which we reached at the end of April, after a pleasant march. Before my departure I had the satisfaction of seeing a soldier's chapel, built by a Christian officer, opened at Lahore.

CHAPTER XIX.

Testimony against canteens and drunkenness—March to Hooshearpore—A rest on the way—A true yoke-fellow—A romantic history—A Ruth—A longed-for experiment—Fresh enemies—The church in the barrack—The choir—Intercourse with my men—The school—The work-shop—Barrack life—Preaching to my men—The Roman Catholic Priest—Parade scenes—Soldiers' amusements.

THE period of calm that now reigned throughout India gave officers an opportunity to take advantage of a holiday in the hills, and accordingly thither flocked all who were able to obtain leave, so that as one of the few left to do duty, I found myself in temporary command of the artillery at Loodiana. It was in this capacity that I was called on by Sir Charles Napier, who had succeeded Lord Gough as commander-in-chief, to furnish a report on the drink rations issued to the soldiers, and on the comparative merits, for this purpose, of spirits and beer. I was the better able to speak on the subject, because the experiment of issuing beer to the men had been made with my battalion at Agra. I strongly advised that the issue of spirits should be discontinued. Indeed, knowing how highly Sir Charles valued temperance, I thought it a good opportunity to bear witness to the dreadful effects of

drunkenness in the British army in India, and showed him how largely it was promoted (in fact, to a large extent caused) by the Government itself, in issuing spirits to the men. Not long afterwards the first step towards reformation of the evil was taken, by giving the soldier compensation in money, and serving out spirits only to those who specially asked for them; but the destructive canteen system, under government prestige, still remaining intact, the good anticipated from the change was greatly neutralized. No canteen had been accessible to our men since we left the Himalayas, sickness and crime had therefore ceased, and this favourable condition continued until 1853, so long as I remained with them.

After a few months' rest at Loodiana we were again, and for the ninth time, ordered across the Sutlej, the Chumba range of mountains being still our pole-star, to occupy Hooshearpore, where, since last we saw it, a military cantonment had been formed. Within a day's march of the hills, amidst scenery diversified by groves of mango and palm trees, and situated in a populous agricultural district, with a good climate, it was a pleasant locality. Here, on the plain on which we had so often encamped since 1846, we found two comfortable thatched barracks, one of them for the married people of the artillery, and neat and convenient bungalows, with gardens, for the officers. The country being subjected to our rule, we looked forward to the usual three

years' stationary term, as an interval of grateful repose from our past four years' wanderings.

I here met an old college friend, whom I had not seen since we were fellow-students at Addiscombe in 1832. He was now interpreter and quarter-master of a native regiment. He had become a decided Christian, and his family being in the hills, for he was married, we bought a house, and lived together. I found him quite ready to co-operate with me in the cause of Christ, or in any enterprise for the promotion of religion, and the benefit of our European soldiers. Like the pious men of my company, my friend also was a fruit of Symes' ministry, and ever retained a most ardent attachment for him.

A most romantic history attached to another officer of the same corps. Having, when a young subaltern, pushed his travels in the Himalayas to the Barinda pass, on the borders of Thibet, then an almost unknown country, he formed the acquaintance of the prime minister to the rajah of the independent state of Busahir, a man of talent and of qualities far beyond his people. Seclusion of females being unknown in that country, he became intimate with the sister of the prime minister, and subsequently married her. When he rejoined his regiment his wife was brought to the knowledge of Christ by means of a missionary, and her husband being careless as regards religion, she had to pass through a double conflict, both for her own and his salvation. Her earnest efforts, espe-

cially her assiduous attendance upon him during a dangerous illness, were at length blessed to his conversion. Their increasing family oppressed her with anxiety at the perils that beset her children in that land of sin and idolatry. She longed not for her native hills, but with a mother's love sacrificed the society of her husband, and left the land of her birth, to which she did not return until she had placed them within the reach of every means of grace and of Christian education in England. She had, in the morning of her new life, sympathized with the Plymouth brethren movement, ere divisions had marred its pristine beauty. Her husband and herself cordially laboured with us, and it was a privilege to be associated with such experienced Christians, who joined us in the "breaking of bread and in prayers," albeit no minister or clergyman was there to officiate. Her loving looks always encouraged the speaker, though his crude views of truth, and imperfect first attempts at preaching, must have grated harshly on her spiritually enlightened feelings. Disease was at length sent, as her summons to the presence of the Master. Her lingering illness proved the occasion for a manifestation of patience, faith, and love, till the beloved saint fell asleep in Jesus, at Lahore, soon after. Verily, many daughters in India "have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

I now again resumed my favourite military project of a model company, which had come to so unhappy

a termination in 1848. Although a senior officer was in command of the artillery at the station, I was left undisturbed in my own company arrangements, and was virtually commander of the European soldiers there. If there was neither chaplain nor place of worship, so neither was there a canteen; if I had no head-quarter staff to drill the men and teach the children, I had not to bend to any despotic power thwarting my efforts and paralyzing my influence, so that on the whole the balance was in my favour. I therefore became my own chaplain, sergeant-major, drill-sergeant, and schoolmaster. The system worked so efficiently that incorrigible characters from other detachments were sent to us, and my company constituted the reformatory of the division. In every case but two, a change of character for the better was manifested, and in both of these the men appeared, by long continuance in vice, to have become more or less insane. During the four years that we were thus without a canteen, there was not a single death in the company.

We suffered from the temptation to which European troops are usually exposed on occupying newly annexed provinces: like the Midianites of old, the natives vexed us with their wiles; an overpowering trial to men in the prime of life and "forbidden to marry." I stood out to the last against the practice usually adopted in such cases to preserve the health of the men, but had to yield in regard to certain measures

to which I was almost equally averse. On one occasion I pointedly addressed the men on parade on the dangers to which they were exposed through vice, and I have reason to believe that my solemn warning tended very effectually to check the evil.

I saw it was necessary to take a stand for religion from the first, even as regarded outward observances. Not only did military order leave me no alternative, but I had learnt that soldiers must in some things be dealt with very much as children; I therefore held the usual religious service on Sunday in barracks. To avoid formality, instead of *reading* sermons I was in the habit of addressing the men extemporaneously, my first text being Joshua's farewell to the Israelites, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." I pointed out the similarity of our circumstances; cut off from precedents and human aid; that on each personally rested the responsibility of deciding for God, and that all were bound to co-operate with me in sustaining religion at the station. I sometimes tried their patience and was wanting in judgment, but gaining experience, and not despising hints given by the more intelligent among them, our services were persevered in, and soon became popular.

The friend with whom I lived was a thorough musician, and a sweet psalmist in Israel. The service of song was his province, and he had a singing class amongst my men, whom he met regularly in barracks and formed into a choir. If they were not "cleansed

after the purification of the sanctuary"—one of the leading members of it was a zealous Roman Catholic —yet the Lord graciously bore with us, and I believe the children of God were edified.

Besides these public services we had special and voluntary meetings of the pious portion of the company, when we enjoyed worship of a higher spiritual character, and after a more scriptural order.

I took it on myself to administer the Lord's Supper, and although it created at first quite a sensation in barracks, the soldiers, with their usual strong common sense, soon decided the question, and agreed that so far from its being objectionable it was a very proper thing for me to do.

Our various gatherings for prayer, public worship, or practice of the choir, occupied every evening in the week, thus tending in a measure to counteract that great evil of the military system, through which the men in India are isolated from their officers and from every beneficial influence external to their own barracks. What with parades every morning, or other engagements, I was never absent from my men twelve hours at a time; and, without unnecessary interference with their liberty, or violating the maxim that "Every man's house is his castle," I could thus exercise considerable influence over them for good.

I paid much attention to the school, not merely for the sake of the children, but also for the benefit of the adults. At first it was carried on in the barrack occu-

pied by the married people, but when the increase of numbers demanded more room I hired a bungalow and sought—what it was difficult to find—an efficient schoolmaster. One of my men was quite competent for the office so long as I could keep him sober, I therefore removed him from barrack temptation and gave him a room to himself, thus securing his sobriety, so that the school prospered under his charge. I kept the management very much in my own hands, daily opening the school by reading the Scriptures and prayer. I had an interesting class for the men, some of whom were merely learning to read, but others were preparing to pass the examination for the Civil Engineers' College at Roorkee, in which several succeeded and obtained situations. A carpenter's shop was set up by some of the men, who, besides building a house for an officer, turned out various articles of furniture, while others employed themselves in making up their own clothes. The moral standard in barracks was visibly raised: no vice or grossness being openly tolerated. The constant melody of psalms and hymns, so often sung within hearing, exercised, to say the least, a civilizing influence, and the dread of being sure to hear of it on the following Sunday operated as a wholesome check to any indecorum or irregularity. So far were they from viewing all this as officious meddling that, from their own account, I believe it was the happiest period of their lives; not a few prodigals were brought to reflection, of whom several

took advantage of the expiring of their term of service to return literally, if not spiritually, to their father's house. Within the last year or two I have met with one who was a lost sheep amongst us, but is now in a most respectable walk in life, and a very devoted labourer in God's service. Of others, also, I hear excellent accounts as to their temporal condition, and am not without hope of their spiritual welfare.

Our path was not always smooth. The priest from Jullundur reported me to my commanding-officer and to the general of the division, because of my holding a religious service in hospital, though this was with my own men. I therefore ventured at the public service to discuss the subject of Romanism, and took occasion to state the main historical facts of Protestantism as a warning against Popery. Some careless Protestants took offence, and tried to excite odium against me as causing divisions, but a few sensible remarks in my favour, from a leading Romanist, put them down. On the following Sabbath I reversed the order of my remarks, taking 2 Peter ii. 2, as my text, and showed that the greatest enemies of Christianity were those who professed to hold the truth, but in unrighteousness. I did not spare the Protestants, and met with no more such interference.

As I had no other opportunity of warning the Romanists, I took occasion when men were brought before me as prisoners, for misdemeanours of a trifling kind, to speak a few words regarding their souls. As

this was done in the presence of considerable numbers it took effect, and in connection with my whole system was of benefit. Many would probably have suffered severe punishment rather than listen to this exhortation.

There was much in our outward circumstances and in the surrounding scenery to soften down the rude manners incident to military life. Except in the hot season the parade ground was a beautiful green sward, worthy of the emerald isle, skirted on one side by the golden sand of a river bed. The prospect was bounded on all sides by luxuriant crops, whilst above the lower range of hills rose the Chumba mountains, frequently clothed to their base with snow.

The destructive and degrading bullying system was utterly ignored with us, and the same feeling seemed to pervade the station. The men turned out for drill as for a morning walk; duty was performed with alacrity, and without any sense of drudgery. When on parade, with the variety of corps and costumes, and all the usual accompaniments of military sounds (excepting oaths and abuse), the sight was one gladdening to the heart. In the hot weather, to preserve them from the effects of enforced idleness and other temptations, the men were permitted to make occasional shooting parties to the lower range of hills, and during these excursions never gave occasion for complaints from the natives. They found amusement in trapping hyenas, which paid us frequent visits at night,

or the spirit of cruelty, so often predominant amongst soldiers, would manifest itself in the pursuit of some unfortunate stray jackal.

In the cold season we marched to Jullundur, the head-quarters of the division, thirty miles distant, for our two months' annual artillery practice. This was not unacceptable for the time, as it relieved me from responsibility, and afforded my men a season of thorough drilling by the staff of the battalion. Here two interesting cases came to my knowledge: one, that of an officer who, during my first five years' residence in India, had made himself conspicuous by his infidel sentiments, and had withstood many efforts by our party for his conversion; I now found him sitting and "in his right mind." Another, who was still unreclaimed from these errors, I used to remark passing my tent occasionally, with curious gaze, during my Sunday-school avocations. He, too, has since been converted, and straightway "preached in the barracks that Jesus is the Son of God."

There was a native missionary in Jullundur from the American Presbyterian mission, Loodiana, with whom I enjoyed a pleasant season, when attending the examination of his school. It was in a very efficient state, and he was highly complimented by the commissioner, now Sir Donald Macleod, who presided on the occasion. Goloknath, who was a Bengalee and a convert of Dr. Duff, was the apostle of the Jullundur Dooab, having evangelized throughout the

whole district, and gathered a little church of converts by his labours. He was greatly esteemed by God's people of all classes and denominations. On one occasion he visited us for a day or two at Hooshearpore, but I did not invite him to preach, from a cowardly fear that the soldiers would feel insulted on being addressed by a native. On after reflection I felt deeply humiliated under the conviction that my conduct in this instance sprung from unbelief and the fear of man, "that bringeth a snare." The effect so overcame me that I was hardly able to open my mouth at the usual public service, and felt constrained to make a kind of apology to my native friend. I afterwards discovered that my men had been much disappointed at not hearing him preach.

The native city of Hooshearpore was several miles distant from the cantonment, and I was thankful to find it so, for unless the discipline and religious teaching is of high order, to locate European troops in the vicinity of a native city, as in Delhi and Lucknow, is one of the surest means for their demoralization.

My ignorance of the Punjabi language, as well as the amount of my military duties, prevented my doing anything in evangelization, unless in stray moments of conversation, *with individuals I happened to meet during my walks.* I generally had one or two hapless beings attached to my domestic establishment, whom I had rescued from starvation or disease. Here I had a man who had become incurably crippled, by

being frost-bitten in a pilgrimage to the snowy range. The truths he listened to at our Sunday service, with the servants, seemed in time to take effect upon him, and he became very zealous in his spontaneous efforts to make it known. He recovered, in some measure, the use of his limbs; and on our departure from the station he expressed a desire to return to his own people —he was a Punjabee—and to tell them what God had done for his soul.

My Syce supplied the place in my household of the deceased native preacher Brij Lall; his influence over them was considerable, through his consistent example, and in other quiet ways. When officers, as is generally the case, have so many native retainers, unless there is one consistent Christian amongst them it is hard to prevent wickedness prevailing amongst them to a considerable extent, according to circumstances and surrounding temptations.

I had, on two occasions, slight collisions with my commanding-officer; once, when I declined giving the use of the government tents for the celebration of Roman Catholic worship; and again, when I refused the use of our guns for the native idolatrous festivals. Being an easy-going man, he took it on himself to issue the necessary orders for these things; I did not, however, withhold a faithful protest on the occasion.

Thus passed our four years at the station with a general quiet uniformity that seemed to characterise

all the troops and departments alike. The officers at their head were mostly men of superior character and attainments, with whom it was easy to carry on duty.

The closing scene of our sojourn at Hooshearpore was somewhat sensational. I had but just left the barracks after morning parade, when I heard some one behind me running and calling out. On turning round, it needed not his message to tell me what had happened, for I saw at once that one of our barracks was on fire, and ere I could reach the spot its thatched roof had fallen in, and all was over. Seeing from the first that there was no hope of saving the building, the men wisely employed themselves in rescuing the public property and their own kits; these were all preserved, as well as the adjoining barrack, occupied by the married men, although the two were but ten or twelve yards apart. The origin of the fire could not be discovered, but the men had been at exercise a short time previously, and a spark from the firing of the guns may have lodged on the dry thatch, and been fanned to a flame by the passing breeze.

This incident furnished me with a text for our farewell service, during which I was roused to more than usual earnestness. I took for my subject the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha. The contrast in the fate of the two barracks was too manifest. That in which resided all the professing Christians and their families, preserved; the other, where all apparently were ungodly, destroyed. I said that God must make

a difference between communities where He was worshipped, and those in which no knee was ever bent in homage to His name. Could I at that time have foreseen the awful events which, during the mutiny, seven years later, closed the career of this company in the Cawnpore entrenchments, and the wondrous distinction made even then in the preservation of the godly portion, I could hardly have spoken more appropriately. Truly, "the Lord gave the word."

I now, for the first and only time in my life, interfered with the ordinary course of events, by an application to head-quarters for permission to proceed to Agra with my company, instead of remaining, according to orders, to receive charge of the new one coming to relieve mine. My appeal, like that of Paul to Cæsar, seemed at one time to lead to results adverse to my interests, but eventually proved to be one of the things that "work together for good."

CHAPTER XX.

March for Agra—Delhi—The court-martial—An interesting meeting—Awful end—One of Havelock's saints—A pilgrim—European employés—Government *prestige*—Agra—A coincidence—Shortcomings in military duty.

CCOMPANIED by the head-quarters' staff of the battalion, we had a long but not uninteresting march to Agra, recrossing, for the tenth time, the Jullundur Dooab and river Sutlej. On the march I enjoyed the refreshment, so grateful to Indian pilgrims, of occasionally meeting old Christian friends, one of whom, a missionary, gave us a religious service on the Sabbath we passed in Umballa, but a tremendous storm raging all the previous night, flooding and causing havoc and confusion in the camp, made the attendance very small.

Passing through the long and uninviting stretch of intervening country, we arrived, without incident, once more at Delhi. Here again the usual temptations of large cities proved too strong for some of the men, a party of whom—some, too, who were on sentry—absented themselves all night without leave, which involved a court-martial, and a delay of several days. Extenuating circumstances procured the pardon of the

culprits, but in communicating this to them on parade I reminded them how, in that place, six years before, I had made my first acquaintance with the company by seeing some of the same party reeling intoxicated about the city.

One Sunday, as I held our usual service in Delhi, and spoke with some emotion touching our past history, thus brought safely back through so many vicissitudes and deliverances, I observed a well-dressed gentleman enter the tent and seat himself among the men, taking, apparently, an unusual interest in the service. At its close he came up to me and introduced himself as an old friend, who had belonged to our battalion at Agra, in 1837-39 (page 82), where he had been awakened through Wheler's labours. The work had since been deepened in his soul, under Syme's ministry in Cawnpore, and he now appeared to be an established Christian, eager to show his gratitude to one who had known him in his humble position, and had sympathised in his early spiritual conflicts and struggles for worldly advancement. He was now chief manager of the Delhi Bank, much valued both for his talents and other good qualities. On my promising at his earnest entreaty to visit him at his house, he sent his elegant equipage to convey me. I found him and his wife living in the handsomest residence in Upper India, formerly the palace of the Begum Sumroo, and now occupied partly by the bank, and partly as his private residence. Though it was

strictly a family party, all was in keeping with the place, and I could hardly reconcile myself to the contrast, since we used to sit and talk together in the modest quarters of the schoolmaster at Agra. Notwithstanding all the hearty welcome they gave me, I feared that the love of this present world had gained the ascendancy, and it was not without a feeling of gloom that I parted from them. Here, too, the awful events of the mutiny in 1857 closed the scene. The whole of the family then in India were murdered. Their daughters, educated in England, amiable and promising girls, returned to their parents just before the outbreak, only to share their fate!

Two days' march from Delhi, as I was about reaching my camp after a toilsome march, I passed a solitary residence, with an European standing at the gateway, with whom, after a little hesitation on both sides, I got into conversation. He proved to be an old pensioner of Havelock's regiment, and an earnest Christian. He overpowered my disinclination to remain by his pressing, Abraham-like, entreaties, so that I stayed the entire day with the old pilgrim, our talk being long and lively on matters interesting to both. He was employed in the customs, and had no light work where smuggling was so easy. He allowed no labour on the Sabbath, and was everywhere known as an energetic and decided character, "shaking his hands from holding of bribes." Having married a native woman of excellent qualities, he thus gained a

good knowledge of the vernacular, in which he conducted family worship—quite a congregation being sometimes present. Enquirers after the truth sought his instruction, and frequent were the conversations he had with them on religious topics. His military training in the 13th regiment, during the Cabul war and siege of Jellalabad, had fitted him for this kind of missionary work amidst the wild Jat race with whom he had to deal. I greatly enjoyed my visit to this patriarchal veteran, who, I have since gladly learnt, passed unscathed through the subsequent mutiny.

A few days later I was also refreshed by meeting at Muttra, shortly before the conclusion of our march, a somewhat similar character, who was also in the customs. He struck me as being deficient in the joyful confidence possessed by the former friend, though evidently with no small experience of the Christian life. The mutiny numbered him and all his family, I believe, amongst its victims.

I know of no more hopeful agency for the regeneration of India than a numerous class of such veterans from the army, scattered broadcast over the land; their habits, education, and daily avocations bring them into familiar contact with the natives, whose confidence they are thus enabled to secure. It is to be feared that of the numerous employés now placed in independent positions away from the restraints and influences of civilized life and religious agencies, few are of this high standard; and the influence of the

daily increasing number of agents, sent out to India by our railway, navigation, irrigation, tea-plantation, and other public companies, who are chosen chiefly for their talents and shrewdness, must often be evil and counteractive of all missionary efforts, if their spiritual interests be not met by some special agency for the purpose.

The prestige of our power is omnipotent with the natives. Every state in Hindostan, if not throughout Asia, has long since regarded our Government as paramount, and our rule as established. This invests every individual of the ruling race with vast influence for good or evil, and involves, correspondingly, great responsibility. By our conquest of Asia, the superior civilization and literature of the west are, as in the days of Alexander the Great and his successors, daily being diffused; and, let us hope, the way for gospel light and truth through the agency of colonization will also be prepared.

Although I had passed through it more than once, twelve years had elapsed since I resided in Agra, and it was not without emotion that I returned to that scene of hallowed associations, now become the seat of government, and centre of political, religious, and all other important institutions, in the north-western provinces. As I drew near the suburbs I noticed a marvellous change in the outward aspect of the place, and was lost amidst gardens, villas, and shady avenues, which had sprung up in the interval, a striking contrast

to the scene as I had known it in 1837, when desolated by the great famine. For miles around the station the eye then roved over a sun-baked, naked plain, dotted with unsightly ruins, and yawning with interminable ravines, the haunts of thuggs and wolves. I called to mind one particular season of meditation amongst the tombs, in those days when the promise that "They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolation," had, amidst the prevailing misery, come to my heart with power. We just then approached the place of that very experience, and I observed a well-dressed native superintending the roofing of a new house. He recognized us, and I discovered in him Wheler's pupil teacher, and his associate in labours of love. It seemed a token for good.

When in Agra before, so debilitated was I in mind and body that I was glad to escape all exertion and responsibility, and was certainly—perhaps unconsciously—deficient in attention to military duties. Being once called forward by the general at an annual inspection, and before a crowd of spectators, to put my battery through a number of manœuvres, it was only in answer to earnest prayer, and through the considerate forbearance of the general, himself a pious man, that I escaped the exposure of public failure. I underwent deep humiliation at that time, from a sense of my deficiencies as an officer, and the very anticipation of this ordeal had then filled my mind

with anxious forebodings. But my conscientious diligence for so many years past had not been without its reward, although the duty of commanding a parade was to the last a heavy cross to me. I had now a measure of self-confidence for its performance; and even under the scrutiny of my new commanding-officer, considered to be the smartest drill and greatest martinet in the service, could pass through the trial without much misgiving.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Baptists—The inquiry—A discussion—My baptism—The uncovenanted community—Rupture with my commanding-officer—Ordered to Attock—Overruling Providence—A merciful deliverance—The Cawnpore tragedy—Mutinous Sepoys—Native females.

DURING my former residence at the station, I found much congeniality of sentiment and spiritual life amongst the Baptists. A missionary, whom I had known at Cawnpore in 1841, had since that time changed his views regarding the ordinance of baptism, and was now become one of them; being a man of strong mind and much energy, he took great pains to convince me of the truth on this subject. Although I had been for so many years on terms of intimacy with the Baptists, and latterly had lived for three years in the same house with one of them, this question had hardly ever been brought to my notice, nor had I ever been led to consider it as of any importance; I rather shunned inquiry regarding what I considered a mere party question, tending only to strife and division. I was now, however, brought to see the duty of investigation, as to what the Scriptures taught on the subject, and having determined in favour of the views received by the Baptists, I was

publicly immersed in Havelock's chapel; an act that, at the time, created some excitement in the station. Having previously, when at Loodiana, held fellowship with the Presbyterians, who had a church in Agra also, all proper efforts were used to retain me: for this purpose a public disputation was held in their place of worship, responded to by another in the Baptist chapel. The discussion was maintained in a creditable spirit, and whilst exercising my own judgment in deciding between the two, I preserved to the last my old affection equally for both parties.

During my four or five months', stay at Agra I enjoyed many privileges of a religious and social character, especially in the families of some belonging to the uncovenanted service, in whose domestic life religion seemed to shine with peculiar grace and attractiveness. Agra, in its mercantile community and other permanent residents, had already the nucleus of an indigenous Christian colony: many of them having been brought up in India, their prospects and sympathies were all naturally identified with the permanent interests of the country. It is to this class we owe the first church of the saints, the first local missionary society, the first Sunday school, and most of the mercantile enterprises of the north-west provinces. Their congeniality with the climate, and practical knowledge of the country, and of the habits of its people, render their services invaluable in many public offices, thus supplying the missing link in the

political machine which the constant influx of a strange and alien race renders indispensable.

The officer then in command of the artillery at Agra (since deceased) was a distinguished and promising man, a military enthusiast, but prejudiced against our religious doings. I had been prepared to encounter his opposition, yet my admiration of his soldierly qualities led me to entertain the vain hope of disarming his hostility by congeniality of sentiment in military matters. I soon found that there was no identity of views between us, and my baptism tended to widen the breach still more. I had no scruples in attending the services of the Church of England, but I felt it a duty to assert the right of all in the army to worship according to their religious convictions, a right accorded by the regulations of the service. This was denied me, and though I appealed to the higher authorities on the subject, I got no redress. Ere long a rupture with my commanding-officer took place, and, as the ultimate result of these differences, I had to leave the battery and the station, and was ordered to join a native company at Attock, on the Indus, at the remotest part of our possessions in India, and thither I had to proceed in the blazing month of June. As on the former occasion of leaving Agra, I took an affectionate leave of God's dear people of all denominations, amongst whom were the Church Missionary brethren, Messrs. French and Stuart. It was worth all my troubles to get ac-

quainted with these devoted men, and to witness the great work that had been accomplished.

I felt that the Lord was going before me in the pillar and in the cloud, that I had been sent to Agra to deliver a testimony, and that now I was again permitted to resume my onward course. I had never felt disposed to remain long in stations richly endowed with religious privileges, rather feeling impelled to press forward to less favoured localities. I, therefore, not unwillingly, turned once more towards remoter countries and the regions beyond. Being allowed the ordinary time for marching, I obtained leisure, by going dawk, to stop at various places on my route, there to enjoy Christian fellowship.

A striking providence, regarding this separation from my command, deserves mention. It being considered desirable to break up *my party*—the little band of praying people—amongst the men of my late company, there was no other mode of effecting this, as their characters were so unexceptionable, than by giving them promotion to staff appointments, or to other situations out of the battalion. Thus the old device was attended by like results as when the first disciples, being "scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word." Not merely so. The *rest of the company*, in due time, found their way back again to Cawnpore, whence they had first come into my hands. Here the mutiny overwhelmed them in the ill-fated entrenchments; and, although I have hopes of some,

especially of the children, whom I had trained up and taught in my school, yet, if saved, "it was so as by fire." It was those chiefly who had been faithful through our day of trial that were preserved, like the early Christians at the destruction of Jerusalem.*

During my stay at Agra in 1852 some noteworthy circumstances occurred, indicating the spirit that pervaded the native army at that time—precursors of that outbreak of lawlessness which soon after plunged these regions into anarchy and blood. Even at the weekly market an unusually fierce spirit of bigotry and menace to Christians prevailed amongst the crowds of natives, which intimidated the native catechists from preaching on these occasions. My own military duties, as well as the fact of there being a large staff of missionaries in the station, kept me back from engaging in such labours. It was evident that the focus

* Whilst I was taking recreation at the seaside at Elgin and Lossiemouth, in June, 1857, the tidings arrived of the mutiny, and that my old company of the 6th battalion was in the utmost peril at Cawnpore. Under these circumstances, I felt as though it were a sin to be thus enjoying myself. When loitering about the seaside one hot day, I thought of taking a bath. I was at a lonely spot, called Gowsie, where there are some caves, with reefs of rock running down to and under the sea. Here I undressed, and before going into the water I was vividly struck with the contrast between my lot and that of my old company in their present emergency. I pictured to myself, too truly, all the perils of the case. Putting aside these gloomy thoughts, I waded slowly down into the sea, and, enjoying the delicious coolness of the water, I went on and on until it rose to my chin. I then turned to go back, but now, for the first time, discovered that I was in a strong tide, altogether too much to resist, and I at once realized with alarm the peril of my situation. It was useless to call for help; no one was within hearing, and only the gloomy old caves to re-echo my cries. As I caught a glimpse of my clothes lying on the rocks, I sadly reflected that they would soon

of this bad spirit, leavening more or less the entire native community, was in the Sepoy regiments, which manifested the greatest insubordination, to the extent even of reducing their officers, in some instances, to the position of mere ciphers. Collisions between parties of the rival regiments constantly occurred, and the direst threats of vengeance were bandied about amongst them, whilst rumours of an undefined nature, continually set afloat throughout the cantonment, kept up a chronic alarm and disquietude, that daily threatened to result in a panic. This is a common course of procedure with the evil-disposed in India, as though trying their strength, and preparing the way for disorder and insurrection. By allowing

be all that was left to tell of Henry Conran. The shock was momentary, but terrible. My long training and experience had somewhat prepared me to face danger, and I began to feel the duty of being calm. I could swim, though only able to keep up a few strokes at a time, and began to put my knowledge into practice. Casting myself off the bottom, and yielding to the tide without attempting to reach the shore direct, I struck out with studied coolness and regularity, trying to set my course in the direction of the rocks. When my little strength was exhausted I let down my feet, if perchance I could touch the bottom; but down I went, with the sea over my head. Again I struck out as before, when I thought I would try and float on my back; this I did, and thus managing to take breath, I turned to swim once more. My strength then utterly failed. I resigned myself to what now appeared inevitable, and again put down my feet, when, to my inexpressible relief, *I touched on a rock*, and was safe! I crawled along the ridge, which I found ran under water all the way to the shore; and then sat down to take a rest after my sore struggle for life. Some time after, when the sad tidings arrived of the catastrophe at Cawnpore, I was led to compare notes, and I discovered, by certain circumstances, that it was nearly at the same time, when I was battling with the billows of the Moray Firth, that the survivors of my old company were similarly situated, swimming for their lives down the Ganges. I knew the date, from its being on a Saturday, the 26th of June, and my birthday.

the evil to fester unchecked for several months, things had at last come to such a pass that leaders of the opposing factions were waylaid and murdered by bands of Sepoys. Whole regiments would openly boast of the deed, yet no clue leading to the detection of the perpetrators could be found. The European artillery had at one time to be held in readiness for instant service, and the mutinous spirit could only at last be restrained from breaking out into open violence by marching off the regiments at short notice, several hundreds of miles in opposite directions, to the great relief of every one at the station. *The origin of the whole affair was the rivalry of the Sepoys for a prostitute!* and the strife owed not a little of its bitterness to the native women, who all took part with one side or the other.

Our Oriental Helens are quite capable, on such occasions, of lighting up the flames of a Trojan war; and, if the whole truth were known, they have already more than once played a conspicuous part in such deadly strife.

CHAPTER XXII.

Return to the North-west—Meerut—Thuggee—Indian legislation—Low state of religion amongst soldiers—Lahore—Reformation in the city—Soldiers' prayer-meeting—American Presbyterian mission—Cross the Punjab—Arrive at Attock.

THE first stage on my journey towards the north-west brought me to Meerut, where I accepted the invitation of an old friend, holding the appointment of Superintendent for the suppression of Thuggee, to stay with him some weeks whilst my baggage was coming up. In his large, park-like grounds a village of reformed Thugs was domiciled, and a detachment of native infantry was encamped in it, to watch the various parties going and coming at each fresh capture. Besides the pleasant Christian fellowship I met with in this, the principal military station of Upper India, I had now an opportunity to study a very notable experiment for the reformation of criminals. Here we might be said to be living in the midst of professional murderers, some of whom performed the domestic duties of the establishment! Nor did I ever feel any misgivings at living amongst such a community. These people, as described in Colonel Sleeman's

admirable book on the subject, had organized an institution for murder and robbery, with ramifications extending throughout the greater part of India. The system was as perfect as that of the "Assassins" of the middle ages, but was more intensified in its action, being grafted on the superstitions of the country, and its votaries had wrought themselves to the belief that, by their murders, they did God service. It became evident that the vulgar remedy of the gallows, though used at first with unrelenting severity, was of itself inadequate to root out a taint so deeply seated in the whole community. Our Indian statesmen devised a more effectual mode of treatment, which has partly served as the model for reformatories at home. They first induced a few of the most celebrated Thugs to turn "king's evidence," or "approvers," and then "set a thief to catch a thief," on a most extensive scale. They thus discovered all the secrets of the fraternity, captured nearly all its members, and, having got everything into their own power, broke up the confederacy. The next step, combined with a certain grade of punishment for the most guilty, was to establish colonies of reformed Thugs, under strict surveillance, and to preserve the young from idleness by teaching them useful trades. I saw amongst these people as pleasant a scene of industry and domestic life as could be witnessed in most native villages. Two flourishing branches of trade in India, the manufactures of carpets and tents, originated with them.

I have since reflected that important principles of legislation were being elaborated by this experiment, and that even Britain may learn how sacrificing too much on the altar of liberty may work to the injury of law and morals. The system of repression adopted owed its success mainly to the recognition of three principles: 1st, a distinction between *ringleaders* and *mere tools:* 2nd, the *prevention*, as well as punishment, of crime; 3rd, that *vice*, as well as crime, should be punished; and that ignorance and idleness, the very seed-beds of atrocities, are proportionably penal with robbery and murder.

At Meerut I remarked considerable zeal and liveliness at the meetings of the native Christians, and in the public preaching of their catechists; but religion amongst the European soldiers was evidently at a very low ebb. The bishop had lately interfered in consecrating the place of worship *built by Havelock's regiment for their own meetings*, an act which I fear injured the cause it was meant to serve.

After six weeks' stay at Meerut I started westward, and once more crossing the Sutlej, found, as usual, on arrival at Lahore, a hospitable reception from the American Presbyterian missionary. The troops having been removed from Lahore to Mean-Meer, four miles distant, he occupied the soldiers' chapel which I had seen opened in 1849. It was the day of small things, yet a native church and school, with other auxiliary departments, existed; open-air preaching (a

thing new to Lahore) was being vigorously carried on, and a manifest blessing and precious savour of Christ pervaded the whole work. On one occasion I mustered strength to speak a few words to the crowd, and found it easy to bear testimony when the people were thirsting for the truth.

In a street where I used to see a throng of gaily-decked courtesans displaying themselves at their doors, all was now propriety. Under the régime of the Lawrences open vice found no immunity, stringent regulations against immorality were enforced, and the result was an evident reformation amongst this people, lately so notorious for their shameless profligacy.

During my stay I paid a visit to Mean-Meer, the scene of our first encampment in 1846. That grand plain was now converted into a cantonment, with barracks for several European regiments, and all their arrangements on a most princely scale; yet here our Christian soldiers were prohibited from building themselves a room for religious worship. In company with one of the chief residents, I visited the general, an old friend of mine; but all our remonstrances were insufficient to procure this boon for the pious men, and they were still obliged to hold their prayer meetings on the open plain. A circumstance like this, when combined with a spirit of restriction on the soldier's free exercise of his religious convictions, always acts injuriously on the character and *morale*

of the troops; consequently I here found, as at Meerut, that vital religion was almost entirely confined to the native community.*

Since the period of my visit, the labours of the American Presbyterian Mission have pervaded the city of Lahore—not to mention other cities—with various branches of religious labour, including the valuable agency of household visitation by Bible women, and other kindred work, but especially with their Christian schools of different grades for both boys and girls. The young men trained by them successfully compete for all the honours bestowed at the government universities, and their schools enjoy the highest esteem of the native community.

The annual examination of the missionary institution excites the most extraordinary interest, exceeded by nothing in the country. Messrs. Newton and Forman have, from the first establishment of the Loodiana Mission, fully earned and maintained the position of Apostles to the Sikhs; and of those who may since have followed in their steps, for the evangelization of the Punjab, none will refuse them the first place.

Somewhat refreshed by a month's sojourn amongst brethren, and my baggage, which with my servants I had sent forward from Meerut, having arrived, I prepared again to move onward. To spare them the

* An order was lately issued by the late Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence, authorising such buildings being erected for the European soldiers, but hitherto it has proved only partially operative.

toil of marching during the hot weather, I had provided my servants with conveyance to Lahore, yet I found them haggard and depressed, either from the effects of the heat, or a dread of Afghanistan—the land to which we were bound. I started them once more, with a strong cart for their females and children, and then continued my journey.

The excessive heat of the weather made me quite indifferent to the country I passed through, although all beyond the Chenab was new to me. That river, now in full flood, extended miles apparently beyond its banks, for I found my bearers one night wading through water of very suspicious depth, with my palki on their heads. It seemed an anxious time; nothing being visible but "water, water everywhere," but at last we reached a ferry-boat and got safely over. It was in this region of jungle that a fresh outbreak of Thuggee had lately been discovered, and many murders proved against the culprits. Across the most dreary districts of the Punjab, then destitute of a road, I continued my toilsome journey without incident or injury, until one night, when almost worn out into unconsciousness by the fatigue of continuous travelling, I was roused by hearing what resembled the sound of waves breaking on the sea shore. Finding that I had arrived at a dawk bungalow, I threw myself on a bed, and for the first time since leaving Lahore fell into a quiet slumber. On looking out in the morning to see the situation of my new

abode, the prospect that met my eyes was grand and imposing beyond measure. The bungalow stood on a rocky ridge, two or three hundred feet high, immediately on the bank of the Indus. That river, now in full flood, was in one direction three or four miles across, and extending in a reach of fifty miles, up to the notorious Black Mountain,* so that it had all the appearance of an inland sea. It was the roaring of its waters that I heard on my arrival in the darkness; and the sound during the stillness of night had a very solemn and somewhat soothing effect, mellowed as it was by echoes from rocky ravines and valleys around. Hills almost on every side encircled this vast body of water. Here then, at Attock, I found myself, in October, 1852, if not monarch of all I surveyed, at least in an independent position, being commandant of the station.

* "Sitana," the focus of so many insurrections, is situated in this mountain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Attock—Memorials of antiquity—New duties—Depreciation of natives—A lodging—The fort—The ferry—The Indus tunnel—Sepoy conversions—Rev. Robert Clark—Public worship—Irreligion of Europeans—A coincidence—A solemn warning—My old syce—His happy death—Colonel Wheler—Enquirers—A rival—A merciful preservation—The earthquake—The leper—Wild tribes—Midnight visitors—Aornos—Natural productions—Escape from drowning—The great flood—Reminiscences of native land—A gentleman of the olden time.

FOR a short time after my arrival in Attock, thankful for a temporary abode, and pleasingly impressed with the grandeur of the scene, I felt only disposed to sit down and enjoy repose. True, I was but as yet in the bungalow for travellers, without a servant, and almost without a change of clothes; but I could depend on Indian hospitality. It was such a relief to be free from the multiplicity of superiors, with all the rigid discipline and etiquette of a large military station. I realized, too, that charm of Indian life, the succession of unexpected experiences, and recalled with grateful feelings all the way by which the Lord had hitherto led me from my native village until I found myself in this *Ultima Thule*. My thoughts next reverted to the period of Grecian conquest, of which various memorials

existed; and I felt a deep interest in the remarkable people amongst whom I now found myself, who claim to be Beni-Israel,—descendants of the lost ten tribes. Everything around me—dress, language, customs, and people—proclaimed that I was indeed in a strange land. During my journey I had heard rumours of disturbances having broken out in these districts, and, with the responsibility of commanding the garrison, consisting of three companies of Sepoys, besides my own company of native artillery, I felt it needful, ere long, to apply myself to my duties.

The circumstances of my position afforded me a fresh lesson. Hitherto I had looked up to those over me of superior rank, and had always been associated with European troops. In every department in India we are prone to overvalue the European element, and consequently to depreciate the native. The greatest men have ever avoided this, and it does not augur well for the condition of affairs when the native is too much superseded, even in situations of responsibility. Having always had native auxiliaries attached to my European company, I was not inexperienced in their ways or unfavourable to them. I soon cultivated friendly relations with the people, and ere long found myself quite at home in one of the wildest regions of Hindostan.

Like the other officers, I procured a lodging in an ancient fortified caravanserai, overlooking the river: it had been fitted up by my predecessor with con-

siderable taste; there was a little terraced garden, the only one within fifty miles. Here, amidst the conglomerate, and black clay slate, with its veins of quartz, and rising immediately around me into hills from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in height, with only one tree existing for miles, I took up my abode. Close at hand, by the banks of the river, and hanging like a picture on the hill-side, was the fort, with its little town, containing a population of about 6,000 souls. The fort was quite strong enough to resist any native force, having been put into perfect repair by the Afghans after its capture from us in the last Sikh war. Commanding the principal ferry over the Indus, Attock was a place of some importance. For six months of the year the communication was kept up by a bridge of boats, until the river rose in flood, when it had to be replaced by a precarious ferry-boat, which was generally swamped more than once in a season, leaving no one to tell the tale. Once, watching it crossing with more than a hundred passengers, I looked aside for a minute, and on turning round found that the boat had disappeared, nor was any one belonging to it ever again seen; the only relic was a camel, dragged out miles down the Indus. With considerable depth, and a breadth of a hundred yards at the narrowest part, running between perpendicular rocks, with a current of from ten to thirteen miles an hour, the natives affirmed that the river could never be bridged. Now, however, it has been tunnelled, and this dangerous

ferry is likely to be soon superseded by the completion of this great work.

It is worthy of notice, that the first conversions in a Bengal native corps took place here in 1862, in the 32nd regiment, composed of Muzbee Sikhs,* when they were employed in making the tunnel. This remarkable work of grace, resulting in the conversion of some seventy men, was due to the labours of the Rev. Robert Clark, of the Church Missionary Society. His success at once gave the Gospel a local habitation and a name in Attock, leading to the erection of school, chapel, and other appliances; and it has been followed by other fruit amongst the European regiments since located in the neighbourhood. It was during my stay in Attock that Mr. Clark paid his first visit on his way to Peshawur, and preached a discourse in the Bazaar, after having been only a year in the country. I was then struck by the plaintive importunity with which the boys besought him to come back and open a school for them.

I felt it my duty to establish public worship on my arrival. I heard sad accounts of the dissipation practised amongst the sergeants and overseers, about thirty in number, attached to the garrison, very few of whom ever showed themselves at our worship, though one invariably attended, and with his wife and children formed our choir. He was a survivor of the Loodiana barrack disaster, and of many other dangers and

* A low sweeper caste.

hard service. I found that drink was, as usual, holding sway amongst this class. With one sergeant, who had been a hearer of Robert Hall in the Broadmead congregation, I especially laboured to awaken conviction of his danger. When suffering from delirium tremens he would send for me to pray with him, and on my next visit would solemnly announce his intention to reform—when a large case-bottle of rum that stood on a table was empty; but the natives employed under him took good care that it never should be empty. There was a constant succession of these European superintendents, most of them being returned to their regiments for misconduct. The officer in charge would never employ a European when he could get a native suitable for his work.

I found the officers a pleasant set of men. With some I had Christian fellowship, particularly with Lieutenant Henderson, of the Engineers, who was at the head of the public works here, in connection with the grand trunk road then in course of construction to Peshawur. This work, which entailed immense cuttings through rocks, involved a very large expenditure, and gave him great influence throughout the district. Lieutenant Henderson had been raised to this important post solely through his talents and high character, and his example exercised a very powerful effect on the side of Christianity amongst the natives. We held our worship in his room, and, having been slightly acquainted with him before my

arrival at Attock, we soon became intimate: I found his society both pleasant and profitable all the time I remained, besides conducing to my temporal comfort, wielding as he did the entire resources of the country. Long after my leaving Attock the religious services were still continued by Lieutenant Henderson, until a few years since, when he finished his course, full of peace and hope in believing.

With these exceptions, and that of a few poor country-born women, wives of the sergeants, who were left by them to the tender mercies of the heathen, I saw no fruit of my efforts in behalf of our little European community. I traced in these women the good leaven of Colonel Wheler's labours at Agra in 1838-39; but, living at the opposite side of the river, they had few opportunities of attending our religious services. There was little to attract those who lacked heartfelt zeal in the cause of God, although, by adopting the extemporaneous mode of address, I tried to render the meeting profitable.

Just before my arrival these sergeants had met together, according to custom, for a Sunday drinking bout; when, during one of the thunder-storms for which Attock is noted, a flash of lightning struck the crown of the tower they were in, and passing through the room, killed the native servant in their midst, leaving the rest of them unhurt. Even this produced no impression, or at least led to no change in their conduct.

Not long ago, when itinerating with the Gospel in Ross-shire, I visited a pious farmer. He was lamenting to me the loss of his eldest son, who had enlisted in the army, and had never since been heard of. By comparing notes as to his appearance, character, and name, I had little doubt that he was one of my flock in Attock, in whom I had taken more than usual interest, and regarding whose end—for he had died there—I was not without hope.

As I realized the darkness around me in a country where no missionary had ever been seen, I began to perceive the importance of some public testimony for God among the native population. My servants having meanwhile arrived with my baggage, I was enabled to resume my Sunday service with them. My old syce had lost his wife on the journey, and his own death occurring soon after, made a painful breach in the church in the house; but the old man's end was so edifying that it was an evident preparation for a greater work. He had become rather cold during our stay in Agra, through the influence of his two grown-up sons, who used much art in seducing him from his first love. The unexpected call to this wild region, of which he had always expressed a great horror, with the toil and anxieties of the journey, was blessed to his soul; his faith waxed brighter as his end approached, and he manifested a tender interest in the souls of the people around, not scrupling to declare his trust in Christ alone, even to the bigoted Moham-

medans of the city, where the fact of apostasy from their religion was a thing never heard of. His long maintained respectability of character and position amongst the natives as a "Sheikh,"* gave the greater weight to his testimony in their eyes. We buried him with Christian rites in the Machpelah provided for our own people.

Colonel Wheler, then stationed at Peshawur, visited Attock at this time, and, besides being a comfort to the old syce in his dying moments, he preached the Gospel to the natives with the manifest effect that usually attended his labours, and encouraged me at length to try and do likewise. I visited the bazaar, and, as the people soon collected directly I commenced speaking on religion, I lifted up my voice and told "the old, old story," continuing the practice so long as I remained at Attock, and finding an interest manifested and increasing to the last. The visit of the Reverends Robert Clark and James Smith, the latter now of Delhi, who preached in the bazaar on several occasions, contributed powerfully to the awakening that seemed to take place in the population. Others probably assisted in a less conspicuous manner, for Lieutenant Henderson, by his intercourse with the natives, had a marvellous tact in winning their attention and respect. Two of the most respectable shopkeepers even requested permission to put themselves under me for regular instruction in the gospel,

* A descendant of Ali.

but their ignorance of Hindostani, and my own inexperience, combined with want of leisure (as I had no clerk for my office work), prevented any success, and I had to excuse myself from continuing to receive their visits.

The foolishness of preaching was not without its results, although my time was so occupied by the multiplicity of my engagements that I hardly took notice of what went on. A report at length reached me that a very eminent saint—a Mohammedan—had arrived to challenge my assertions, and he appeared among my audience one Sunday when I was speaking to the people, being in appearance a stupid-looking red-bearded old man. After asking me some trifling questions, he declined any discussion, saying he did not understand Hindostani, though, as I afterwards found, he could talk it glibly enough *in private*. After he had been some weeks amongst us, trying to counteract the impression made, and the son of my old syce had become excited to great intolerance by some of his party, so that I was obliged to recommend his taking a visit to his native place, I began to realize that a formidable opposition to the gospel was in progress. An influence was even brought to bear against me through the civil authorities, and I received *advice* from the Commissioner at Rawul-Pindee to cease from interference with the religion of the people. The judge of the district, a worthy man, who lived with me on his tour of inspec-

tion, shortly after succeeded in quieting any opposition from that quarter.

When solemnly addressing the crowd one day, I was stopped by a man of large stature and stern look, who, putting himself before me with a beautifully polished hatchet on his shoulder, said, with a peculiar emphasis, "Will you inform me what you have to say against our prophet Mahomet?" Knowing the bigoted ignorance of these people, I saw at a glance that he wanted an excuse for cleaving my skull as a blasphemer, which, by a turn of the wrist, he could have effected with perfect impunity, and have escaped across the river to the hills, over which we had no control. The Lord preserved me in self-composure, and in the calmest tone I said, "I don't come here to preach about Mahomet," and then went on with my subject, addressing him on the realities of eternity. My answer quite disarmed his fierceness, and even so disconcerted him that he took himself off. I went home that day with a deep consciousness that there had been "but a step between me and death."

One day, on my return from parade, I found the red-bearded saint using his power to pervert my servants: on their account I drew him into conversation in order to expose his sophisms, one was that his perfect holiness superseded all need of prayer. I warned him very earnestly of the folly and wickedness of such notions; at length, wearied of his obstinacy, I retired to my little tower close by, and

throwing myself on my bed, committed my cause to the Most High. After enjoying a season of sweet meditation, my attention was drawn to an unusual sound, like loaded waggons passing through the serai; I began to reflect how that could be, as there was no passage there. At that moment my servant rushed into the room, with every mark of terror on his face, exclaiming, "Run, sahib! run!" I lay still, gazing at him as he continued to cry, "This is an earthquake; it's what overturns buildings," and he then bolted forthwith out of the house. I had meanwhile become quite curious to observe the phenomenon, and such a deep calmness filled my soul, as though God was saying, "Be still!" I could not move; and whilst the cries of the natives were echoing through the building, I continued perfectly quiet until all was over. At last I got up and went to the door; the first object that met my sight, amongst the crowd of natives outside their doors, was my red-bearded saint *on his knees, the picture of horror, and gabbling away prayers* at high pressure. His eye caught mine, but I said nothing, and returned into my room as though nothing had happened.

We saw no more of our holy man from that time, and, although it did not then occur to me, I have since reflected that at such a conjuncture when, on the arrival of Sir Herbert Edwardes at Peshawur, such special efforts were being made in favour of Christianity, and when the faith of many must have been

in suspense between the rival claims pressed for their acceptance, this earthquake, which was very severely felt throughout the scene of these efforts, might have been sent for confirmation of the truth, as of old were "the signs following." These countries are subject to such shocks, which are in consequence a source of great dread to the inhabitants.

The Lord was then in various ways making His voice heard; an epidemic having just swept away thousands in the Peshawur valley, and a severe hail-storm having destroyed men and cattle in some villages near us, which had escaped the fever.

Other things amongst ourselves contributed to impress some of the more observant of the people in favour of Christianity. One day in my walks I came on a wretched object, a leper of the worst type, whose toes and fingers were rotting off; he had been sent to this distant region by his priest on a pilgrimage, probably to get rid of him. I found him sitting by the river-side amongst the black rocks, as though meditating suicide—no unusual consummation to these desperate cases. I offered him an asylum in a part of the serai, away from the inhabited portion, which he thankfully accepted. Even my servants had a horror of approaching him, and considered it very heathenish of me to allow his attendance in my room at our Sunday service, and still more so, when I permitted the poor man to show his gratitude by puttering about my garden. When the jackals attacked

my melons and vines, he rigged out a rattle-trap contrivance, so that by a string, leading to his chamber in the gateway overlooking the garden, he kept up a constant alarum at night and drove them away. The kindness he received seemed to alleviate his terrible disease, and after a time he professed to believe the gospel: his countenance brightened, and I have hopes that he will one day be manifested as "the first-fruits of Achaia." On my leaving Attock he expressed a desire to return to his own village in Kumaon.

Attock being the high road to Cabul, and the doorway into Afghanistan, we had many interesting visits from those belonging to remote parts, or to the wilder tribes. It was interesting to observe how the latter would sometimes stamp their feet with savage earnestness at the difficulty they experienced in communicating their sentiments; for I was obliged to speak through a twofold interpretation into Persian and Pushtoo. To one man, who seemed better educated and much interested in the truth, I gave a Persian Testament, and in my strolls I one day came upon him, sitting in a cleft of the rocks, deeply absorbed in its study, quite unconscious of being observed.

Employment on the extensive government works attracting a miscellaneous rabble from all parts, my intercourse with the natives was not always of this peaceful character. Sometimes travelling merchants came to me for redress, their goods having been plundered; or similar complaints were made by people

from the town; and in every instance bloodshed had ensued, sometimes with loss of life or limb. Neither closed gates nor sentries afforded security, for these robbers would throw themselves from precipices into the Indus, down which, on their inflated skins, they quickly disappeared. One hot night, having read till late at an open window in my tower, with two large plated candlesticks on the table, visible from the opposite side of a ravine, I fell on my bed fast asleep, leaving the candles still burning. I was aroused by a peculiar sound, which excited a suspicion on my mind that some one was taking away the spade and pick-axe that stood in the window-sill, a few feet from my head. I managed to look round without moving, and, sure enough, there was a man half in at the window. In a moment springing on him and the spade—the pickaxe being already gone, I struck him a blow that sent him, half-falling half-clinging, some fifteen feet down to the ground. As I marked how these fellows stretched their legs across the ravine and over the hill—there were three of them—I felt inclined to have a good laugh: doubtless their object was to grasp what they believed to be solid silver candlesticks.

A lady of my acquaintance was awakened one night by a noise in her tent (near this place), and opening her eyes saw a robber bundling up all her property. She raised such an unearthly shriek that the fellow fled amain, but dropped a huge Afghan knife as a memento of his visit. Notwithstanding such things, and

amidst wars and rumours of wars in the hills around, we never had a shot fired or suffered any injury on our side the river, nor did any one even think it necessary to carry a weapon. In spite of the continual fighting going on at the Black Mountain, sixty miles off to the north, Henderson continued to draw from thence all his supplies of fine Deodar timber, his people being allowed to cut it—for a consideration.

Mr. Loewenthal, the late American missionary at Peshawur, thought that he could identify Attock with the ancient Aornos, where Alexander the Great crossed the Indus: many remains of sculpture that bore the impress of Grecian Art have been dug up in that neighbourhood, besides numerous coins of the ancient Bactrian empire. I was interested also in the natural productions, as showing so great an affinity with those of Britain, even in such common weeds as dock and nettle. A friend who visited me from Agra discovered a bed of jonquils in flower, and I have often found the wild pink and garlick. My predecessor had procured for his garden a bit of ivy, some violets, and a plant of horse chestnut. I have been affected almost to tears in coming suddenly on a field red with the wild poppy; it recalled my native land so vividly to mind. I never found any place so infested by reptiles, and my abode being amidst ruins, snakes of various kinds were quite domesticated there. As I sat one night on the house top, a huge guana, some four feet long, came sauntering near me; I caught hold

of his tail, but was put in jeopardy by the amazing strength he manifested, for he drew me to the very edge of the parapet, and then walked leisurely down the wall, fifty feet perpendicular, I being too glad to let go. Other varieties of hideous looking lizards, some reported venemous, abounded amidst the rocks, besides scorpions innumerable—due, perhaps, to the intense heat, and which was retained all night by the rocky hills around, so that my shrubs were sometimes killed, as by apoplexy, if I had neglected to water them for a day or two.

The temperature of the Indus, running so rapidly down from the snowy ranges, was often 30° below that of the air in our dwellings, so that we gladly resorted thither every evening, not only to bathe, but to eat our dinner, and even sleep in a boat moored for the purpose. As the heat increased, the river rose at times forty to sixty feet in a few days, owing to the rapid melting of the snow; but when the occurrence of a storm in the hills had the effect of cooling the air, there would be a fall of some twenty or thirty feet. In the year 1840, through a landslip in its valley far up in the mountains, the Indus became nearly dry for months, until the accumulated waters, breaking through the barrier, came down like a mighty avalanche through the gorge near Attock, sweeping away the villages around, and driving back the Cabul river so as to flood its valley for sixteen miles upwards. I have seen marks of this torrent 150 feet above the usual

height of the stream. A division of the Sikh army, who then held the country, were swept off by it, and great loss was sustained by the villagers who, although previously warned, had again grown careless, and returned to their houses. I had myself a providential escape one evening when bathing in the back-water used for the purpose. Having incautiously strayed too near the margin of the fierce current, in a moment I found it taking me off my legs, and only by casting myself down and grasping the boulders with hands and feet was I able slowly to draw myself out of the danger. A promising young officer had been drowned not long before, at the same spot.

Fish were abundant in all the streams, especially the famous Mahaseer or Indian trout, which I sometimes procured of an enormous size, and probably thirty or forty pounds in weight; but, from the indolence of the natives, only a small supply was taken. Gold has been found from time immemorial in the sands of the Indus near Attock, but not in a very remunerative quantity. The olive and horse chestnut abound in some of the neighbouring hills, but the former yields no oil, being wild olive—like the people. I found by cultivation in my little garden that the vine could easily be made to produce two crops in a year, and all our English vegetables flourished. Amongst our sportsmen the favourite game was the wild sheep abounding in the neighbouring hills; its flesh, however, was scarcely fit for food.

Apples from Cashmeer, and grapes—a mule load for three rupees—besides Cabul cabbages, and melons, supplied our table; and occasionally return camels from our own provinces brought us potatoes and oranges. One morning I was surprised to see a genuine English-looking blackbird hopping on my breakfast-table: at my entrance he flew out into the garden, and I never saw him again. I was also delighted by the present of a bouquet of actual "gowans,"* which, with the delicate taste of a native, one of our followers had brought from the hills in wet moss for our gratification. It almost seemed as if these repeated reminiscences of my native land were sent to nourish the desire to return, now fully awakened within me.

It had been a matter of regret to me that no one could ever be induced to join me in partaking of the Lord's Supper, and I began to think I should have to leave Attock without ever thus commemorating the Lord's death. In one of my occasional visits to Peshawur, to enjoy refreshing communion with the brethren there, I formed the acquaintance of a singular character, a Portuguese, upwards of eighty years of age, living as a friend with a Christian officer. He had in his time been a man of fortune, but had lost all by reverses. He had still quite the manner of a gentleman of the olden time, though he was not above making himself useful in superintending the household of his bene-

* Daisies.

factor. Having travelled over almost every part of the world, his conversation was most interesting, and he gave us a lively description of his journey through that country fifty years before, when he was attached to the household of Sir John Malcolm, in his embassy to the courts of Persia and Cabul. They had then to force a passage between Peshawur and Attock at the head of a considerable force, with artillery. Just before I left Attock I was gratified, one day, by the entrance of this venerable Christian, proceeding to Lahore in charge of his patron's baggage. We dined together, and in the prospect of this being our last meeting, the conversation took a very experimental turn. He mentioned that he had never in his life ventured to the Lord's table; we had just concluded family worship, when the thought occurred to me, what an appropriate occasion this was for breaking bread, and, with a few remarks on the subject, I suggested that we should do so. The eyes of the aged saint glistened, and he immediately caught at the proposal. I brought out the wine I had provided for this special use, and our parting act was the remembrance of the Lord's death. He was off on his last journey at daybreak before I was up, and, as his conversation had led me to expect, not many weeks elapsed ere he had completed his last march, and rested in Jesus.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Leave Attock—Sir H. B. Edwardes—Church mission and Dr. Pfander—Firstfruits—Preaching in the city of Peshawur—Tumult of the people—Afghans claim to be the ten lost tribes—Descendants of Abraham—A Jewish colony—Afghan habits, customs, and character—Predilection for Europeans—Cabul alliance—The fanatic—Predatory tribes—Missionary success—A remarkable convert—Agra friends—Irreligion of European soldiers, melancholy examples—Seed found after many days—H.M. 24th regiment—Warrant officers—Symé's converts—Yuhunna—A Deborah—Sepoys hear the Word gladly.

RE I had completed two years in Attock, I was removed to a station still more remote, and beyond the jurisdiction of the Commander-in-chief; the military posts in the Derajat, beyond Peshawur, being held by troops under the control of the civil power. With the exception of a solitary company of native artillery in the fort of Kohat, to which I was now posted, all were under the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

The vicinity of Peshawur to Attock had enabled me to form some intimate friendships in the former place, and had led me to take a warm interest in the locality. The recent arrival of Sir H. B. Edwardes, so well known for his eminent services as an officer and a statesman, had revived the Christians of Peshawur. The religious movement there had hitherto been

discouraged, but coming as he did to fill the post rendered vacant by the murder of Colonel Mackeson, Sir H. B. Edwardes at once threw all his influence into the missionary cause, and initiated a reaction, which commencing with a public meeting of the European residents, and an invitation to the Church Missionary Society to occupy the station, resulted in the well-known mission to the Afghans.

There were not wanting prognostications of evil from among ourselves, nor any lack of those threatening rumours amongst the natives by which they so well understood how to disturb society; but Edwardes' vigorous administration neutralized all their plots, and brought about a condition of quietude unprecedented in that valley. This continued to prevail during the whole period of his rule, so that ere he left he had the happiness of seeing Dr. Pfander, the successful antagonist of Mohammedanism, entire master of the situation, and preaching the gospel undisturbed to the crowds of the city, whilst the Moolvies, cowed by his intellectual powers, resigned themselves to a silent acquiescence.

As the little band of Christian officers at the station was broken up in the tour of relief, Edwardes' hospitable house formed the rallying-point of reunion for Bible readings, which I was occasionally privileged to attend. The chaplains and missionaries added the weight of their gifts, and the spirit of religious life continued to pervade the station.

There were not wanting a convert or two through the previous labours of Colonel Wheler and other like-minded officers, and the question of Christianity possessed a degree of interest amongst the native population; but no local habitation for the truth had as yet been established amongst the Afghans, nor even a public edifice for the worship of the Europeans. I had once or twice accompanied a native convert to the city for preaching to the people, but was obliged to desist on account of his vagaries, ignorance, and inconsistencies; this was before the arrival of Edwardes or the missionaries. On one occasion, when in company with another officer, I stood by him preaching in the city, his intemperate language so excited the rancour and bigotry of the Afghans, that it was only through the timely interposition of a native of rank that we were able to extricate ourselves, and escape unscathed; our ignorance of the vernacular placed us in a false position, from our inability to check what might be spoken wrongly or intemperately by our companion.

There was something so noble and attractive in the appearance of the Afghans, more especially as they promenaded for social intercourse on the Plaza of the city in the cool of the day, that one was irresistibly drawn to an interchange of sentiments on that subject which is ever uppermost in the Eastern mind—religion. I became acquainted with an interesting Jewish merchant, and was thus enabled occasionally to hold

conversation, around his door, with various branches of the race of Abraham, and to lead their thoughts to the grand subject of historic and prophetic truths common to them all. Here Jews, Arabs, and Afghans, each boasting their special interest in the great forefather of their tribes, would sometimes be excited into fierce rivalry; thus when the late Sir H. B. Edwardes, discussing with an Afghan their claim to be descended from the ten tribes, happened to speak of them as Jews, the man rejected the name with contempt, exclaiming, "Jews! accursed race! they murdered their Prophet! Our fathers were never guilty of this," and he added a reverent title of honour and blessing to the name of the Saviour. The Jewish firm in Peshawur, of which the merchant mentioned was a member, is a branch of a very interesting little colony of that nation in Cabul, where they have long settled as "a remnant that is left in great affliction and reproach." Ever since the temporary occupation of Afghanistan by our army occasional relations have been kept up with these remarkable people, and the Scriptures circulated amongst them, in the hope that some saving impression might be made. One of them—a man of learning and repute—in a visit he paid to Peshawur, received the missionary with great kindness, another member of the family even expressing delight in the subject of his conversations.

It is in the Afghans, however, that all interest naturally centres at Peshawur. They—that is, all amongst

them who possess their scanty records of historic knowledge—affirm that they are descended from the ten tribes, who we know from Scripture were led captive into the far East by Shalmanezer (2 Kings xvii. 6); and Sir William Jones and other eminent scholars are favourable to this claim. No one can go amongst these people without recognizing many peculiar customs, names, and traditions familiar to Old Testament students. In many of these things *they are so distinguished from the Mohammedan nations around*, that one is strongly reminded of the prophecies which went before on them, "The people shall dwell alone." Their laws of inheritance, division of land, and intermarriage, with many of the more familiar habits of social life, manifest a strong nationality, *to which even their Mohammedanism is subservient.* Thus they show less partiality towards their Hindostanee co-religionists than towards ourselves, for they claim a common interest with us in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; whilst for idolaters, as they regard all Hindostanees, they have most profound contempt. They are free from the superstitious rites that abound amongst Mohammedans in India, and do not refuse to eat with Christians. The very gait of this people is peculiar, and may be recognized at a considerable distance; to see them handling a shovel and throwing up earth out of a deep cutting, you would, if not very near, take them for regular "navvies." Even in conversation the same difference exists, and I have

been interested to see how they will at once strike at the root of the matter, and avoiding the controversial tactics and circumlocution of the Hindoo, demand a catechetical reply to their questions, as, "Do you mean to say Jesus is the Son of God?" exhibiting rather the spirit of inquiry than the bigotry peculiar to Mohammedans in other countries.

Our present policy of non-interference seems calculated to maintain good feeling between us and the Afghans. It was through the wise measures of Sir H. B. Edwardes that a renewal of our ancient alliance with the Cabul government took place. It was ratified whilst I was in Peshawur, when the heir to the throne headed the embassy. There is little doubt that this arrangement has much conduced to the pacification of our frontier.

Whilst this embassy was at Peshawur, a fanatic amongst its followers, either seized with a sudden fit of religious zeal, or under the remembrance of our former hostilities, suddenly drew his sword, and rode, cutting at every one he met, towards the hospital, where he wounded two sick Europeans before he was overtaken and dispatched by some of the guards. He crossed the road on the very same spot where, only a short time before, I had been talking with the Jew before alluded to.

Surrounded, as the Peshawur cantonment is, with defiles running into the hills, whence the wild mountaineers visited us daily on various pretexts, and

whither they could fly to their fastnesses in an hour or two, the peace was often disturbed; and during the dark hours of the winter nights firing was almost continually heard, as the doubled sentries gave the alarm. At that time officers had to move about armed even in the station, and a guard was needed to accompany them to the mess at night, and over each house. Sometimes a sudden ambition for paradise, as assured by killing a Kaffir, but more frequently their insatiable thirst for plunder of arms and horses, prompted these outrages. Various attempts were made on the lives of Europeans whilst I was in Peshawur; providentially all of them failed.

Even at this time so perceptible a change for the better was coming over that portion of the people who lived in the valley, that a doctor or a lady could travel in security, though unarmed; and several of us had a pleasant visit to the fort of Hoti-Murdan, in Eusufzai, receiving a very kindly welcome from the people, and holding some interesting religious conversations in the assembly of the elders. These patriarchs expressed surprise to us that having taken the country, and exercising such unlimited authority, we should not have made any provision for teaching our religion to the people. The gospel was manifestly the remedy required, and its successful introduction under the ægis of Edwardes's firm government, testified to his foresight. Through preaching, schools, and translation of the Scriptures, the good seed has been

sown, and the influence of the gospel extended far and wide into central Asia. Converts have been received from various parts of Afghanistan, and above all, native evangelists of that race, imbued with a genuine love of souls, have penetrated the Hautes Alpes of Afghanistan, and preached the salvation of Christ to the still darker heathens of Kafferistan, who have maintained their isolation from time immemorial, in the very centre of Mohammedanism. The gospel, thus fairly domesticated beyond the Indus, is already pluming her wings for further flight, as the cry reaches her from the regions beyond, "Come over and help us." One of the leading Mohammedans of Candahar was at this time drawn by a marvellous providence into a meeting with Dr. Pfander, at Peshawur. He manifested wonderful ardour in seeking the truth, was soon after baptized, and returned, like the eunuch, to his own country rejoicing.*

During my various visits to Peshawur I had not quite overlooked what I considered my special

* Yahiya Bakir, a gentleman of Candahar, having been convinced of the falsehood of Mohammedanism, through reading a copy of the late Dr. Pfander's "Mizan al Hakk," which he received during a pilgrimage to Mecca, determined to find out the author. On his journey to Hindostan for this purpose he met Dr. Pfander, in Feb., 1854, at Peshawur, whither he had just arrived from Agra. A few days after his baptism Yahiya Bakir was found, one morning, lying senseless in his lodging, from the effect of five wounds inflicted by some fanatic. His work was not yet done, and he recovered: and by recent news from Cabul (Nov., 1869) he writes that he is preaching the gospel there with acceptance, and under the protection of the Ameer.

sphere of labour,—the large body of European soldiers; following in this respect in the footsteps of Colonel Wheler and others, who had not been forgetful of their interests, I had yet to lament the usual reckless disregard of all religion manifested among them under the mischievous canteen system, and other influences prejudicial to right principle. The soldiers' chapel was neglected, and its excellent library of religious books, procured from the Tract Society through the influence of Mr. Macleod Wylie, was rarely visited. The same state of things existed amongst my "first love," the old Agra battalion, whom I once more met here. One or two cases may afford a specimen of the rest. I recognized a man whom I had first noticed at Dum-Dum, soon after he landed in the country, when he was at a comrade's funeral, and the worse for drink. His intelligent countenance and engaging manner even then attracted my attention; but it was not until he joined my company at Agra that I got into close acquaintance with him. He then became interested in the work effected among the soldiers by Colonel Wheler's labours, and on different occasions opened his mind very freely to me. He had undergone a good religious training in the Sunday-schools and churches of Manchester, and he confessed that his convictions of sin had been poignant, though too often drowned in drink. He seemed to love the Scriptures, and to have dived deep into some of the sublime truths of the Old Testament, with a very

sensitive appreciation of "whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were honest, lovely," etc., but withal so strong a tinge of self-righteousness clung to him that *he never entirely broke with sin.* He had, since we were at Agra, passed through many perils and trials in which most of our old comrades had perished, but he seemed in a less hopeful state than ever, evidently settling down into misanthropy and rebellion against God; and speaking bitter things in self-justification against some of God's dear servants. The last I heard of him was that, on the battalion leaving the station, he was taken away a prisoner for disgraceful conduct in selling his clothing and appointments, and being drunk on duty.

Another survivor of the Agra band (the sergeant-major of the battalion) I found in a somewhat more hopeful condition. I had first known this man years before, then slightly softened by a dangerous illness, the result of vice, though professing to be a sceptic. He was then leader of the battalion in every dissipation, boasting—and I fear not vainly—that he could, at any time, lay the whole company drunk. He, too, was temporarily awakened under Wheler's efforts, but relapsing, was brought before a court-martial, and degraded to the ranks. This was the crisis of his life. Coming to me on that occasion, he threatened, in his passion, to burn the barracks, but special prayer on his behalf was answered, and soon after he was seen sitting amongst the disciples in his right mind; from that time he was

changed in character, and I had good hopes of him. I now found him thoughtful and moral, not averse to religious conversation, but a certain shyness to close dealing was manifest, and I was not quite satisfied. About a year afterwards I heard of his death, and under very mysterious circumstances.

Such was the apparent fruit of twenty years' yearning over poor perishing ones in barracks, and pitiful were the narratives I heard concerning others who "were not." With no single individual of them did I enjoy any true spiritual refreshment.

One night, very late, I was summoned to visit a dying soldier in the crowded hospital, a stranger to me, and a poor uneducated waif from the streets of Glasgow; he manifested a very tender spirit of penitence, of the dying thief description, and I felt more comfort in this hasty visit than in most of my work there. My spirit was so oppressed that I could do no more than point him to Jesus, with a few weak utterances of prayer. Six years after this, when I was in Edinburgh, I was again asked to visit a sick soldier in the infirmary, who said he had known me in India. I found him to be the man who had attended this dying-bed; and he expressed great gratitude to me for this visit, whence he dated the awakening of his soul, and a consequent change of life. He had been severely wounded in the mutiny, and was now purposing to enter on a career more in accordance with his birth and education, his brother being a minister.

On the arrival of H.M.'s 24th regiment there was a change for the better; a little company of its Christian men met regularly in the soldiers' chapel, and with them it was a treat to have fellowship. Even in this fine regiment the pious men were "lamenting after the Lord," in recollecting the past revivals they had enjoyed under Mr. Norgate's ministry. They had also some godly officers, a circumstance which is greatly conducive to the prosperity of religion in the army. Some of these pious soldiers are still successfully labouring in India as city missionaries.

It was chiefly amongst a community who had risen from the barracks into a class half-way between the soldiers and officers (such as conductors, sergeant-majors, and superintendents in various departments), that I found the healthiest type of Christian character. They were chiefly married men, and otherwise independent of the debasing regulations of the army. Each possessing his own house, social life was maintained in its simplicity and purity. I met amongst them several old friends, in whose society, as in a family of brethren, I found solace and renewal of my strength. One whom I recollected as a firm witness for God at Dum-Dum, in 1833, had gradually advanced in rank, but still more so in maturity of grace and Christian character, having trained a grown-up family now walking in the steps of their parents.

Another, who had entered into business, and had a large shop, was cumbered with much serving, but the

root of the matter was in him ; and at parting he besought me most pressingly to send them a pastor from England ; earnestly exclaiming, "*Oh, let him be a true man!*" These two converts were both fruits of Mr. Syme's ministry, and naturally desired to have a church where they might worship according to their own principles. A devoted right-hearted man need never doubt of a hearty welcome, and liberal support, in seeking the care of such. All over India they build chapels, and cheerfully provide salaries in such a cause. They are also rapidly increasing in number, amidst the many new enterprises of the country, but unhappily they are as yet a greatly neglected class.

Seeing the great numbers of our Hindostanee camp-followers, strangers, like ourselves, in the land, and no man caring for their souls, I could not but feel a longing to "have some fruit among them also." With one man, who had been awakened to an interest in Christianity by conversations with the medical officer, my host, I had some earnest talk ; he seemed "almost persuaded," but something was lacking, and I never heard of his coming to the truth.

When driving one night to the Bible meeting, during a tremendous storm, it was so dark that we could not see the road ; just then some people approached, and hailing them, we asked them to guide us, to which they readily consented. We found one of the party to be a native catechist of the church missionaries just arrived, and already on his way to hold a meeting in a

Sepoy regiment. We knew not that such a person was in Peshawur, but I was afterwards better acquainted with Yahanna; who possessed great faith and devoted zeal, with a very loving spirit. He had no fear in going about at all hours alone and unarmed, and said that the natives never showed him any incivility. The Sepoys of one regiment were so fond of hearing him preach that they sometimes kept him all night. I held a meeting there myself, and experienced a hearty reception. The band-master's wife was a zealous Christian, and seemed to exercise greater influence for good than anyone else in the lines, like Deborah, judging Israel under her palm tree.* These country-born people, especially when they fall in with officers to instruct and encourage them, often produce some of the brightest specimens of Christians, like Bowley of Chunar, Thompson of Delhi, and others, "whose names are in the Book of Life."

* She was a convert of that devoted Bishop, Daniel Corrie.

CHAPTER XXV.

March to Kohat—Mutunni—The pass—Kohat—Reception—A disturbance—Fruit of a preached gospel—Native visitors—Fever and ague—Rev. I. Loewenthal—A friend in need—Trip for change of air—Leave again for Bunnoo—Dr. Hely's murder—Savage scenery—Companions on the road—Sublime view—Bahadoor Khel—The salt mines—Christmas-day in the fort—A convert of Dr. Duff's—The Thull—Kaffir-ke-Kot—A salt stream—Bunnoo—Duleepghur—Nicholson—Return to Kohat—A chieftain's gallantry—His funeral—Resign the service—Get through the pass—A bloody foray.

HAVING been much encouraged by what I saw in Peshawur, I once again took leave of the brethren, who commended me to the grace of God for my fresh enterprise. I was quite ignorant of everything connected with my new station, Kohat, but that it lay amongst the roots of the lofty Sufaid Koh, south of Peshawur, and separated from it by the notorious Kohat pass, the scene of perpetual outrages by the Afreedies, and where Sir Charles Napier was so roughly handled. The usual resource of Government for punishing these tribes was to close the pass, thus cutting off their supplies, as it was their only outlet to the plains. I hastened to take advantage of its having been lately reopened, to penetrate into the interior. I found a strong force of native troops at Mutunni, the mouth of the pass, and a well-planned

field-work in course of construction as a security against surprise. No houses having yet been built, an officer friend of mine had prepared himself for the hot weather by digging a tye-khana,* in which I stayed with him a few days, thus consecrating the first social worship of that locality "in caves and dens of the earth."

I next pushed on through the ill-omened pass, of some twenty odd miles in length. I threaded its Glencoe-like defiles, almost without a sign of humankind, and apparently no possibility of their subsistencé, though I met some pleasant-looking children, who gazed unconcernedly at me as I galloped past. We crossed a somewhat high ridge, on the summit of which stood a tower for a guard, but then unoccupied for lack of water. It was in this pass, in 1849-50, that a party of our native sappers, engaged in constructing the road, were set upon and all murdered at dead of night. The view from the top was magnificent, embracing the Kohat valley and interminable ranges of mountains on every side. A few miles of rather steep descent brought us to the cantonment of Kohat.

I found a pretty little station of well-built houses; a good many surrounded by fields, orchards, and gardens. The valley was well watered everywhere, and the little town, though only composed of mud huts, seemed in prosperous circumstances. The garrison consisted of

* A cellar or underground room.

three Sepoy regiments, one of cavalry, and a horse battery, with some twenty officers, and altogether about thirty Europeans. There was a rather respectable field-work also, occupied by my Golundauze company. I received a very hospitable welcome from the officers, and lived with one of my own regiment, until a little building, previously occupied as a dog-kennel, and still retaining an unmistakable odour, was vacated. I was pleased to find everything conducted with great external propriety, and I made myself once more at home. All the Europeans assembled in the mess-house on Sunday, for divine service, which was conducted by the commanding-officer, the head political officer of the district. Here, for the first time since my march from Dum-Dum, I joined the mess. No European females were allowed in any stations beyond the Indus, except in Peshawur, a system much to be deprecated, but which was happily abolished by Sir John Lawrence not long afterwards.

Having hardly any military duty, I began to make acquaintance with the natives, whom I found sunk in the deepest ignorance and superstition. Although Mohammedans, they resembled the idolatrous heathen in many of their ways. For a time I confined myself to conversation with small parties in the outskirts, but feeling my spirit stirred at their dark condition, I one day commenced addressing a crowd in the town. After doing so once or twice a great uproar ensued,

for the priests were able to distort my words, owing to my want of knowledge of the vernacular of the locality; and I was obliged to make my way out of the mob as best I could, amidst hooting and a slight shower of stones and dirt. The commanding-officer was greatly scandalized, and for a time we had a serious misunderstanding on this matter; but on the approach of the unhealthy season I was prostrated by the fever and ague peculiar to these rice-growing valleys, which prevented my doing anything more in missionary work.

My feeble effort at preaching the gospel was nevertheless not without fruit, as, indeed, the very opposition it excited showed. In my undignified retreat from the town on the above occasion I encountered a stalwart-looking native in his field, who quickly drove off my assailants, and coming up to me begged me not to be discomposed by such vile creatures. "I know all about your religion," he said; "it's the true way." On subsequent occasions, whenever I passed through the town, he would insist on my coming into his house, where he transacted a considerable business, though from a distant village. Setting me down amongst his retainers, he would say in the words of Cornelius, "We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God;" and every one manifested the deepest attention to the few words I was able to speak to them. When from the effect of the fever I became too weak to go abroad,

this man, and a few sympathizing friends, would come and sit at my feet like little children, even when, through sickness, I was scarcely able to say anything to them. "God, who comforteth those that are cast down," thus comforted me by the coming "of these brethren, and not by their coming only," but the earnest desire they thus manifested for the truth. This man told me that he had heard a missionary preaching at the Hurdwar fair years before, and had received a book which he and all his village had read. He begged me to visit his native place, assuring me that I should be most eagerly welcomed.

Ten years later, when I had returned to my native land, a correspondent* thus wrote to me from Kohat: "Here it is worse than in Peshawur. There at least the people let me speak for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before they began to cavil or dispute; but here, so soon as I take my stand in the bazaar, there is a perfect hurricane of confused noises around me, and it is almost physically impossible to speak, much more to reach minds and hearts;" yet even here he mentions a small party of Sepoys who expressed deep interest in the Word of God.

The long continuance of the fever became very trying, quite unfitting me for duty of any kind; all my servants, likewise, were ill with it, and in that strange

* Rev. Isidor Loewenthal, a converted Jew, and a distinguished linguist and scholar, of the American Presbyterian mission, shot by a native at Peshawur, after seven years' devoted labours among the Trans-Indus population.

land, cast entirely on my care, this was an additional source of anxiety. A christian friend, the late Major Jacob, commanding a cavalry regiment, to whom I had been introduced at a Bible reading in Peshawur, now took me into his mansion, where I enjoyed the comforts so needful to an invalid, a beautiful garden and trees, so refreshing in that scorching climate, being attached to his house; I here also found that christian fellowship which, in my debilitated condition of mind and body, I stood yet more in need of. The fever still clinging to me, I at last took the only remedy, change of air, and started off to Attock, on leave of absence. This had some effect, but after returning by the Indus, before the cold weather had set in, in company with two officers who were on their way to Kohat from Cashmere, I had a relapse, and there was no alternative but to move again. This time I went due south, to Bunnoo, a route recommended by an old Agra friend in the medical service, whom I met on his way from that direction, going to Peshawur, and riding quite unattended! This afforded a grand testimony to the efficiency of Nicholson, as political head of those districts. It was only a few years previous to this that Dr. Hely, having loitered somewhat behind his guard in the locality I had just passed through, was shot dead in sight of his attendants. I longed to see more of this strange country, and it was with me a matter of life and death to get out of Kohat.

With a couple of ponies to carry a tent sufficiently

large to contain a small bed, and a few cooking utensils, another to ride upon, with servants and mounted escort, I started as soon as the rains were over; the latter rain is but scanty in this region. We managed to make out the regular marches, though, beyond the walls of an occasional staging bungalow, accommodation there was none. The natives irreverently describe the wild confusion of rock and ravine through which we passed as a relic of chaos, and truly the scenery was after "Salvator Rosa" with a vengeance. We found, at rare intervals, a few wretched inhabitants; at one place they were dependent on scanty filtering of a brackish liquid oozing out of holes, scooped in the dry bed of a nullah. In defect of water, there was no vegetation. I overtook a sleek Hindoo merchant, who was loud in his praise of Nicholson sahib, for his success in putting down robbers; I also fell in with a native officer of a Sepoy regiment, who had been induced by extravagant promises to take service with the ruler of Kokan. This potentate had already penetrated the designs of Russia on Bokhara, and was moving every stone to obtain assistance from our Government; but the sources of the Syr Daria were beyond the length even of our arm.

After about sixty miles wandering amidst precipices and dry water-courses, with rocks of every shade of colour, we ascended a lofty plateau, affording a sublime prospect and a view of the Bahadoor Khel fort,—the site of the celebrated salt mines, and nearly the

sole source of subsistence for the population of the district. It needed the garrison, consisting of a strong detachment of guides, to enforce the moderate tax of one rupee per maund of 80lbs., on all salt carried away. The miners, even for that country, were a lawless set, not unfrequently exchanging shots with the sentries on the fort walls at night. Our power to extinguish their trade alone enforced submission. No one ever stirred out of the fort after dark, or even in the daytime, without arms and an efficient escort. I visited the salt mines, which are merely pits cut in the bed of a neighbouring valley, reminding one of peat holes, and filling up in like manner with salt after a year or two. The valley had quite the appearance of being covered with a coat of snow or hoar-frost. To facilitate the work, a tunnel was being cut through a lofty hill of some hundreds of feet intervening between the salt mines and the fort. The hill itself is said to be of solid salt, and seems to form part of a range running east and west, and for some considerable distance through the Punjab ; these mines yield a large revenue to the Government, the salt being taken all over northern India.

I found here two of our Kohat officers, and at their pressing entreaty agreed to make out Christmas-day in the fort, the promise of a plum-pudding coming post from Kohat being held out as an inducement. I found, however, more congenial matter in a book lent to me by one of them, "The Great Teacher," by Dr.

Hamilton ; with this I retreated to the house-top, and viewing thence the everlasting hills, I had a real Christmas banquet, a feast of fat things.

Rambling amongst some of the dark subterranean rooms of the fort, I came upon a poor, careworn Bengalee clerk, with whom I soon got into kindly talk ; being as a sheep amongst wolves in this land, he seemed to court a little intimacy with me. After a time he drew forth from his breast, not without suspicious glances around, a well-thumbed English Bible ; and pointing to Hebrews vi. 4, begged me to explain it. I soon discovered where the shoe pinched, and set before him the salvation that is in Christ. I did not wonder that in such a place, where he was doubly an alien by religion and nation, he had been tempted to conceal his convictions, if not, Peter like, to deny his Lord. Not to "break the bruised reed," I gave him all the encouragement in my power ; and he seemed to find some comfort in my words. He said he had been educated in Dr. Duff's school, in Calcutta. I once found a fine young lad in Kohat, who rather affected my company, in a somewhat similar state of mind through reading a Testament that had been given to a relative of his by one of the Lawrences ; he asked me to explain the parable of the barren fig tree. On reminding him of the duty of becoming a Christian, he said, "How could I ? My brother would cut my head off if I did so." It made me reflect how far I could follow out the course I laid

down for him, if placed in similar circumstances. There are, doubtless, thousands in India feeling just like these two youths, painfully struggling with conviction, and yearning for the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free.

In these parts officers usually ride post, accomplishing in twenty-four hours what took me a week. After leaving the salt mines we emerged from the hills, and had an easier journey over the desolate but level Thull.* We halted at a little village half way, where a detachment of the guides insisted on preparing me a dinner. Here was an entrance to the pass into the Wuzerree hills, whose towering heights were crowned by a rock resembling a fort, and which served as a landmark throughout the rest of our journey. Its name, Kaffir-ke-kot, is significant of their estimation of the place, Kaffir being with them expressive of all that is execrable. Towards the end of the journey my tired beast eagerly plunged his head into a considerable stream we were then crossing, but quickly withdrew it with a most disconsolate air, the water being quite salt.

At last I reached my terminus, in the fertile valley of Bunnoo, secluded amongst the hills, and well watered by two fine streams, the Koorrum and the Goombelah. Besides its great agricultural wealth, it commands the important Golaree pass, the channel

* An undulating wilderness between the hills and the Indus, frequented by hill tribes for its pasturage.

of much of the commerce carried on between Afghanistan and Western India. The population, hitherto a very degraded one, was rapidly increasing in numbers, and their character, under British administration, was gradually rising in the moral scale to the general level of the rest of the Punjab. The universal verdure everywhere around, with brooks of water and pleasant shade, was very refreshing to the eye after the dreary scenes through which I had passed. The famous four hundred forts of the valley* were now replaced by a strong field-work of scientific construction, called "Duleepghur"; and everything bore the stamp, not only of prosperity, but of the highest state of equipment, a strong military force under Colonel Nicholson, the assistant commissioner of the district, maintaining the most perfect order and security. I experienced the usual hospitable welcome, dined with the officers of the station at their mess, and found everything on the same scale of elegance that prevails in the largest city of India. I highly appreciated, in this community of our countrymen on the remotest confines of civilization, their power of adaptation, which was gradually grafting the high tone of western manners on the wild barbarism that surrounded them. Having enjoyed a few days' rest, and made some valuable acquaintance, I again retraced my steps, and without

* See "A Year on the Frontier," by Sir H. B. Edwardes, K.C.B.; and the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, June, 1867.

adventure returned to Kohat. Here the cold weather had now set in, and the lofty ranges around were sublime in their winter vest of snow.

I witnessed here an imposing spectacle in the funeral of a much respected chieftain, the principal man of the district. He had been a veteran warrior, and still full of spirit and vigour in his old age. Riding a few days before with his retainers, he heard a boy crying, and found on going up to him that a leopard had just carried off one of his flock; telling the child to show him the place, the old chief, without waiting for his people, drew his sword, and charged the leopard. The infuriated beast sprang at his breast, and inflicted wounds of which he shortly after died. All the inhabitants attended the funeral, which was conducted with the greatest simplicity and solemnity. The crowds in their long flowing white garments, all in profound silence, whilst the priest recited prayers; the mild winter sun lighting up the scene with radiance, formed an impressive and beautiful spectacle.

The fever still clinging to me, and my strength diminishing daily, I began seriously to entertain the idea of resigning the service. I was in a country where calls might suddenly be made upon me, demanding the most vigorous exercise of mind and body, and I was painfully conscious of my deficiences. My twenty-three years' continuous residence in India had evidently undermined my constitution in a way that there was no prospect of remedying but by a return

to my native country. Other circumstances had, to say the least, made me desirous of a liberty in preaching the gospel which I should enjoy more fully when released from military subjection. I was, moreover, entitled to a pension, and with some reluctance, owing to the attachment I felt towards the country and its people, I finally came to the conclusion that, if God had any further work for me in connection with India, I should be more likely to accomplish it by getting my health restored through a long residence in Britain; and I therefore applied to the Government for leave to retire from the service.

Ere the cold weather was far advanced I had obtained permission to start by the Indus to Bombay, in anticipation of my application being granted. The pass, which had been closed for some months, through the usual misdoings of the lawless clans in its neighbourhood, was just then reopened for a brief interval only, as it proved, previous to its being shut up for the rest of the year; and I just got through in time.

A day's march from Peshawur I found an officer of my regiment encamped with a large party of native workmen, building a bridge; he was anxious for me to stop, but I was disposed to press on, and reached my friends in Peshawur the same day. That night, or the one after, the hill-men came down on the party I had left, surrounding and setting fire to their tents when they were all asleep, and cutting down each man as, half awake and half suffocated, he tried to escape.

The officer, unarmed, but for a revolver left with him the day before by another officer in passing, watched his opportunity, and by shooting successively two men as they attacked him, got off in the darkness into a ravine and escaped.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Embark on the Indus—" Impedimenta " — Mukkud—Kalabagh—Religious boatmen—A storm—Power of prayer—Influence over the crew—The prophet's flower—A village preaching—Deep impression—Revolt of the boat's crew—Appeal to a magistrate—Mithenkote—Part with my boatmen—Wait for the Mooltan steamer—Asnee—The wild ass—A neglected field—Swimming funeral—Water robbers—Avenger of blood—A young Egypt—The steamer—Old friends—Kotree—The sailors' chaplain—Karrachee—The port of the future—Bombay—Dr. Wilson—Embark for Europe—Egypt—Scenes of sacred interest—Land in Europe—Trieste— First impressions—Longing for home—Arrival—Praise.

REMAINED a few days in Peshawur to renew old friendships, and then returned to Attock, *viâ* Euzofzai, some Christian friends accompanying me part of the way. Lieutenant Henderson, who had all the boatmen in that quarter under his influence, here provided me with a trustworthy boat and crew, and, with saddened feelings, I took a last farewell of that interesting country.

At Attock I had commenced a process of gradually relinquishing what Cæsar terms " impedimenta," reducing the ten camels' load, with which I used to march, to the modest dimensions of two carpet-bags and two trunks, with which I finally boarded the

steamer in Bombay. The most difficult matter was the parting with my servants, who had been with me so long, and whom I had brought, after many privations and dangers, safe out of Kohat. One made a pretence of having relations down the Indus; two others insisted, pay or no pay, on accompanying me. So with these, and several burly Afghans, I commenced my voyage towards Bombay.

We arrived, the first day, at Mukkud, a place of much boat-building, where the crew had to make family arrangements. I found that the increasing prosperity of the spot was giving an impetus to superstition and its accompaniments, so that I had some difficulty in getting them off again. At Kalabagh, another rising place, where the Indus issues from the hills, there are mineral treasures; but here, too, during a short delay, I found the people's minds averse to all serious concerns. I gradually obtained some influence with the crew by resting on the Sabbath; for, what with hauling off sand-banks and rowing, we had six days' labour in right earnest. The crew were a very well-behaved and even religious set, in their own way. We always moored at night, and every morning, before starting, it was their custom to pray, or whenever they got off from a sand-bank. They cheerfully attended my Sunday services, and seemed inclined to consider me as their priest; for they brought before me one of their number who was sceptical, and laughed at all their religious doings,

that I might use my influence in bringing him to repentance.

The day we emerged from the hills a storm came on, and grew so severe towards night that, having struck on a mud-bank in the middle of the river, which was there very wide, we lay bumping for hours. At last the men, at the dead of night, came and asked me to pray for them, stating that if the wind did not soon moderate the bottom of the boat would be broken. I replied, "Pray yourselves." "No; you must pray." I then objected that I could not, as they did, pray to their prophet. "Oh, you pray in your own way; it will be all right." They were really like men in earnest, and I could not resist any longer; so I said, "I will go and pray." I entered into the little matted room in which I slept, and, though my own faith was very slack, I felt it was a solemn occasion, if only on their account; and truly, whilst I was speaking in prayer, I was suddenly conscious of a lull. "The wind had ceased, and there was a calm." It struck an awe into my mind, so little was I prepared for such an immediate answer to prayer. Through such interposition of Providence, God's people often obtain great influence over the natives. My poor fellows henceforth regarded me with increasing respect, volunteering gladly for any service, either of a religious kind, or for the more carnal efforts to procure food by expeditions over the wilderness.

At one place where we had moored for the night

we met one of the Povindiahs,* who trade between Cabul and Calcutta by caravans and camels. He had lost one of his camels by death, and did not hesitate to throw down its load—two bales of valuable merchandise—at the side of my boat, saying, "You can take care of this, and I will send back a camel for it from the next stage." Such confidence did this stranger place in an European officer and in the Punjab police. I had some interesting conversation with him, and tried to draw his attention to Christianity; but, having just fought his way through the Wuzeeree hills and the Golaree pass, his mind was entirely preoccupied, though he thankfully accepted a copy of Dr. Pfander's "Mizan al Hakk."† There is no finer type of humanity in India than these men, nor a better stock on which to graft Christian character. Numbers of their families sojourn in these provinces, under our protection, whilst their relatives proceed to Bombay, Calcutta, and other parts of India. They form a great contrast to the superstitious "Bunoochees," who were wont to murder a priest in order to consecrate a holy place.

In coasting along the Bunnoo district I recognized the camp of Colonel Nicholson, the Deputy Commissioner. They said that he was on a hunting expedition, though the hot winds had already set in. But his sport was to keep an eye on every

* Caravan merchant tribes from central Asia.]
† "Balance of Truth."

hole and corner of his district, and to exercise even his judicial functions on horseback. It was thus that he *reigned* over countries which the Governor-General only conquered and annexed.

In my experience of the Trans-Indus provinces, I obtained some additional insight into the oriental character. The satrapial form of government, first instituted by Darius Hystaspes,* is still the one best adapted for the Asiatic countries, as represented by our Indian empire; it has prevailed there as a kind of patriarchal institution from time immemorial, but is by no means to be confounded with a mere despotism, or treated as incapable of harmonizing with the genius and free institutions of the Gospel. True, the native mind is far more susceptible to influence from the outward symbols of power, than through those constitutional principles so highly prized in the West; but their loyalty and attachment can be as fully secured by personal qualities, joined with exalted rank; and under these influences they will exemplify all the great qualities that were manifested by the Highlanders in their devotion to Prince Charles. None have a higher estimate of the office of ruler than the people of India, more particularly the north-western tribes. They recognize in him the true Scriptural idea, "I said ye are gods;" but woe unto "the unjust judge" when they are compelled, in defence of outraged rights, to take the law into their own hands!

* Sir H. Rawlinson's "Five Ancient Monarchies."

In such a country as that inhabited by the wild border tribes of Trans-Indus territory, the Government, whether in Calcutta or London, must be content to delegate its powers to such men as the Lawrences, Edwardes, and Nicholson; to clip the wings and hamper the action of such born-rulers by an extreme centralization of authority, would be very detrimental to that personal influence which has achieved so much success in India, and which we should aim to sustain and extend.

I believe that many of the eminent men who have exercised authority on the frontiers have been true pioneers of Christianity, and channels for diffusing truth, where more direct religious agencies were ineffectual, and over races impervious to other forms of influence. To quote a high authority* on the condition of the frontier districts; after an extract from Blackstone, to the effect that the laws of England are based on Christianity, the writer goes on to show that the principles of Christian law are fast superseding the native laws in India, and adds: "Thus, through a Christian administration of law and justice, Christian morality is making itself felt throughout the land, and is preparing the way for Christian doctrine. Hence the Christian legislator is preceding the Christian missionary. The decisions of Christian administrators are more acceptable to the natives than those that have been ruled by the unmitigated

* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, June, 1867.

action of their own native laws. The change which has been made has beneficially affected them; of this they are aware, and thus over the face of India a highway is being raised up by which missionaries may advance to preach with acceptance the Gospel of Christ to the natives of that country. Of the beneficial character of British legislation, and the mode whereby Christian principles, *which at first have no other place than in the breast of a British official*, tell through his acts on a great community, so as to reduce what had previously been a chaos to order and arrangement, Bunnoo may be cited as an instance."

Ere the boat emerged from the hills, an Afghan of the Kohat district brought on board a bunch of the celebrated prophet's flower in bloom, the exquisite fragrance of which, as its blossoms opened in succession, filled my little cabin with perfume as though it were a conservatory. It is said not to grow anywhere east of the Indus.

We rarely saw any villages, but on approaching the neighbourhood of Mooltan, hearing that there was one a mile or two from the place where we brought-to for the night, and feeling the want of something to relieve the weariness and monotony of the voyage, only varied by the booming over the waters of the falling river banks, I took my native tracts and Testaments, and, with one or two of my people, plunged into the jungle. We found quite a stirring little Hindoo town, with some intelligent Mussulman offi-

cials of the Government. The sight of a European, so rare in these parts, soon attracted a crowd, and I began at once to proclaim the Gospel in its simplicity to a very attentive audience. I was quite unprepared for the extraordinary impression it appeared to produce on the simple-minded villagers. As I encouraged them to talk, some of the more respectable shopkeepers began ere long to open their minds, and to tell me of their doubts and difficulties. One especially interesting looking man, whose thoughtful face bore rather a care-worn expression, told me the difficulty he felt as to how the great Creator and Almighty God could compromise His holy law by forgiving men, however great their crimes had been. This drew from me a full statement regarding the atonement made for sin, until I noticed a glow of recognition and acquiescence light up his face, and that of others, as each kept talking and explaining to his neighbour. With the general assent of all, I continued dilating and illustrating the story of salvation till darkness fell upon us, and then I reluctantly tore myself away from these poor people. "Rejoicing for the consolation," they kindly insisted on escorting me back through the jungle, to protect me from the wild beasts, and carried me on their backs over a stream in the way. They afterwards sat down with me in the boat, and would have stayed all night, but that, through weakness, induced by such excitement, I was compelled to dismiss them.

From the effect of this scene, I was beginning to speculate on the conversion of my boatmen *en masse,* so much interest had they manifested, but soon discovered that I had not yet brought them to the test; for, having proposed, according to written agreement made with them at Attock, that they should, if so desired, go on with me as far as Kotree, the temptation to extort money was too great, and they refused to go farther than Mithenkote without an exorbitant extra charge. Having discovered that a European magistrate was stationed there, I landed, and summoned them to appear before him for breach of their agreement. I merely suggested to the magistrate to act as arbitrator, for I had a kindly feeling towards the poor fellows, and as he was a perfect stranger to both parties, they could have no fear of any partiality. The magistrate, a kind and upright man, managed to satisfy them as to the pay they were entitled to; but they were caught in their own trap, for he insisted on my discharging them, and taking up my abode with him, to wait for the steamer, which in about a fortnight would be due from Mooltan; and this I accordingly did.

I took advantage of this delay to pay a visit to Asnée, the most southern military station in the Derajat, and stayed a day or two with a brother officer commanding a battery there. It was a flat bleak region, "a joy of wild asses." One of these beautiful creatures, which can only be caught within a few

days of their birth, was domesticated, and herded with the cows of the station; a pair of them used to be driven in a gig until sent to Bombay. At Asnee, the field loudly called for spiritual labours; no public religious service having ever been held amongst them, nor any European female allowed to enter their border!

I learnt from the magistrate many interesting particulars respecting the district, which, until brought under our jurisdiction with the rest of the Punjab, had been a regular nest of moss-troopers, and of amphibious habits to boot. I one day saw from my boat what I at first imagined to be wild fowl swimming in the river; but as we drew nigh I found it was a party of men, a funeral party, in short; each of them on his inflated hide; the corpse in the same way floating in their midst, going with all formality to inter the deceased at his native place, across the Indus.

The river at its flood creating a sea-like expanse of sixteen miles or so in breadth, the cattle swim, browsing at the same time, amidst the gigantic tufts of grass, with their drivers in tow. Their robberies were, therefore, cattle lifting, or rather cattle swimming, a herd being frequently carried thirty or forty miles down the stream in a night; and thus the property of the people, all in cattle, had so often changed hands, it was only by a mutual compromise to allow everything to remain as it was, "and bygones to be bygones," that any arrangement could be made under

the new *régime*. As in all Afghan tribes, death for adultery, and the "avenger of blood," formed the great difficulty with the magistrate, and one not always to be evaded.

When the land is overflowed, its fertility, quite like another Egypt, is amazing. My host, wishing to show the productiveness of his garden, had one day some fifteen different dishes of the finest European vegetables on the table.

Whilst enjoying this pleasant interlude in my voyage, I was one day suddenly summoned to catch the steamer, and after a kindly parting with my hospitable entertainer, I hurried on board, and in a very few minutes found myself in earnest on my way to Europe.

It was, after twenty-three years, a novel sight to behold once more a real English vessel and sailors. The very smell of the tarred ropes recalled old times and pleasing associations. Moreover, I fell in with an agreeable party of old Dum-Dum, Agra, and Saugor friends, on their way to their native land. We made a slight stay at Kotree, opposite to Hyderabad, —then the head-quarters of the steam flotilla. Feeling weak, I did not accompany the other passengers ashore, but noticing a clergyman come on board, and who was very cordial with the sailors, I introduced myself to him, and we soon became intimate. He insisted on my going to his house, and I found that he was the chaplain of the place, who had been sent for

from England, and was supported by the people. We passed a delightful evening together, and he introduced me to some excellent men of his flock. He was a thorough missionary in spirit, having already a class of young Scindians under his training and teaching. I afterwards looked back to this meeting with the greater interest from having, a year or two later, been present at a committee meeting of the Church Missionary Society, when the offer of this gentleman to become one of their missionaries was accepted.

Without farther incident we proceeded on our voyage, and threaded the muddy channels, through the Delta of the Indus, to Karrachee. Here, again, I felt myself in a theatre rich in classic memories. Even the long-accumulated remains of pearl oyster shells, and the various whale-jaw trophies, recalled to mind the voyage of Nearchus. The fresh sea breezes, and the billows rolling on the shore in uninterrupted progress from the south pole, seemed to infuse new life into me. The sight of the pier, a work due to Sir Charles Napier; the lofty church tower, destined, probably, to welcome future navies by its landmark; and the well-planned cantonment, with other enterprises in active operation, all which promise to make Karrachee the chief port of northern India, tended to stir up my languid feelings. Amidst the kind missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and living with an esteemed Christian merchant of our old Agra community, whose house was washed by the

waves of the Indian Ocean, I tasted real happiness, and also recovered a measure of health. I felt nearer home whilst enjoying the oysters, soles, and other sea fish so familiar in my boyish days. The hot weather and the approaching monsoon lessened my reluctance to leave such a scene of hospitality, when the time arrived for our party to reunite on board the steamer bound for Bombay.

We had a good run, and on landing I sought that hospitable resort of strangers and pilgrims, the dwelling of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Free Church mission. With his family, and that of the late Rev. Dr. Nisbet, I was privileged to visit the sights and institutions of Bombay, and to hear of the blessed work in progress, besides being introduced to many of the excellent of the earth. It proved, indeed, too much for me in my state of debility. I again fell ill, and it needed all the tender nursing of the late excellent Mrs. Wilson to refit me for the voyage. I much regretted my unfitness fully to avail myself of the abounding blessings connected with God's cause in this thriving emporium of western India. After a stay of a few weeks I finally left India in May, 1854, got on board the P. and O. steamer for a little more rude tossing, made endurable, however, by the thought that each wave carried me nearer home.

We had a prosperous voyage, and although I was never able to leave the deck, a fine northerly breeze made the passage up the Red Sea very enjoyable. We

passed rapidly through the desert to Cairo, where to my surprise a very heavy fall of rain had occurred the night before. These sacred scenes through which we passed, for ever memorable in the imperishable records of Scripture, the theatre of so many wonders, where Israel "passed through the flood on foot" and there rejoiced in her deliverer; the desert coast along which they wandered; the pyramids they, perhaps, were tasked to rear; the Nile on which we embarked, amongst whose sedgy reeds was cradled the world's grandest legislator—all awakened solemn emotions; but these have now become a tale familiar to every ear.

Having been sea-sick throughout my voyage, and experiencing no recovery of strength, it was only on landing at Trieste that I began to feel myself again. Here I first realized my return, in being able to communicate with my relatives by telegraph. We went ashore after dark, and I had not as yet discovered my whereabouts when I obtained a bed at an English-like hotel. I slept delightfully, and was awakened by the sound of church bells. Strange thoughts of undefined delight went coursing through my mind. I was conscious of bright sunshine around me, though afraid to open my eyes lest it should all prove to be a dream. I heard various familiar sounds, but above all, that merry peal of bells brought back to my mind scenes and days long past. I lay for a time in a kind of ecstasy. Yes, I thought, they are rejoicing for my

return. "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again: was lost, and is found." I sat up; it was no dream. Church bells were ringing, and as a bright June sun filled the room with its radiance, all around wore that genial aspect peculiar to a Christian land.

Despite the constant changes from steamer to steamer; the grandeur of the Alps; the varied scenes and novel sights of the route through Italy and France, one idea grew stronger and stronger with overpowering sweetness—"I'm going home."

I became quite unmanned, during the last few stages of my journey ere I reached my native place. What with the beauty of the country in the rich garb of summer, and the thousand associations of olden times, awakened by every object that met my eyes, I could not speak, except in playful response to the infantile prattle of a little child which seemed to have caught the infection of my happiness, and kept laughing and smirking to me throughout the journey. Then by some unknown road, I suddenly find myself at the terminus, on the scene of my childhood. All was changed! No one at the station knew me. I looked at a youth who was gazing wonderingly at me, each thinking who the other could be. Yes, I too was changed; my former self,—old habits, old appearance, and if philosophers are right, my old body also; certainly my old principles and character, all were left behind. A short space of time sufficed for mutual explanation; my nephew and myself recognized each

other, and in a few minutes I was in the midst of my relatives—at home.

Thus was my prayer—in the day of my calamity—"SAVE US, O LORD OUR GOD, AND GATHER US FROM AMONG THE HEATHEN, TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THY HOLY NAME, AND TO TRIUMPH IN THY PRAISE," at length answered.

"BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING: AND LET ALL THE PEOPLE SAY, AMEN. PRAISE YE THE LORD." (Psalm cvi. 47, 48.)

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